SEAL OF THE STATE OF ARKANSAS

Stonewall Jackson

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JOHN BANISTER TABB

[1845—1909*]

WILLIAM HAND BROWNE

WHEN the American colonists had severed the ties that held them in political subservience to the mother country, and, after about a quarter of a century of indecision, addressed themselves to producing a distinctly American literature, one would have expected this to be characterized by rude vigor, defiance of tradition, and almost lawless impatience of restraint. On the contrary, the bent of this literature, and especially of such poetry as deserves the name, was distinguished by a striving for finish and refinement. Throughout the Nineteenth Century the passion for perfection of form and expression is noticeable in all our poets; but it is perhaps most conspicuous, and we may almost say hereditary, in those of the South, even where differing as much in other respects as do Timrod, Hayne, and Lanier. This perfection within self-imposed limitations, no Southern poet has more nearly attained than the poet-priest, John B. Tabb.

John Banister Tabb was born March 22, 1845, on the old family homestead, "The Forest" (since destroyed by fire) in Amelia County, Virginia.

In his early boyhood a keen interest in literature, especially poetry, was awakened in him, the first impulse coming from a friend of the family, Colonel Frank G. Ruffin, who one morning read to him from Wordsworth and Hood. That single reading was like a revelation to him, and the impression never faded. Somewhat later, his brother, William Barksdale, (an alumnus of the University of Virginia) led him to Tennyson and Poe.

Young Tabb was passionately fond of music, and in this he received encouragement and instruction from a friend, Mrs. Judith C. Blair, of Lexington, Virginia, with whom also music was a passion. Though there was no kinship between them, he always called her "Aunt Judith" as a sign of affection. This lady also took a warm and sympathetic interest in the youth's early attempts in literature.

He had always suffered from a weakness of the eyes, and in his twelfth year consulted an oculist, who found in them an imperfection which science could not remedy.

Young Tabb's early days glided peacefully on at his country home

*Father Tabb, as he was lovingly known by all, without regard to creed, died at St. Charles College on November 19, 1909.

until the outbreak of the Civil War convulsed the South and broke up social conditions which have no counterpart in history, which never can return, and which not many now can understand—the life of the Southern planter.

Young Tabb's defective sight disqualified him for the army, but he entered the Confederate service as captain's clerk on the C.S. Steamer *Robert E. Lee.* In June, 1864, having passed the blockading fleet more than twenty times, always in danger, and sometimes under fire, he was captured off Beaufort, North Carolina, by the U.S. Steamer *Keystone State,* and sent a prisoner to Point Lookout, Maryland. It was in this period of captivity that he made the acquaintance of a fellow-prisoner, Sidney Lanier, being first attracted by the music of his flute. Congenial tastes and feelings drew together these two poet-souls, and a friendship grew up between them which never was broken until Lanier's death.

Released in 1865, young Tabb found himself in the hard circumstances with which most Southerners had to contend. Even where the lands had not been confiscated, nor homes ravaged, the whole system of society had been broken up; there was no labor to work the plantations, and the infamous "Reconstruction" government with ingenious malignity pursued a systematic policy of frustrating all attempts of the people to better their condition. The problem, how to live, became a most serious one.

Young Tabb was especially handicapped by the trouble with his eyes; but something had to be done. He pursued the study of music for more than a year, but later took up the calling of a teacher, for which, as his later life has shown, he was admirably qualified. Gradually he became convinced that his true vocation was the Church, and he entered upon studies preparatory to taking orders in the Episcopal Church; but these studies led him to the path which had been followed by Newman, and in 1872 he was received into the Catholic fold. After two years' study at St. Charles College, Maryland, he was appointed teacher of English in that institution, a position which he still holds. In 1884 he received priest's orders.

His sight has now failed entirely, but the loss nowise abates the sunny cheerfulness of his spirit.

Father Tabb's poems are all short, few extending beyond the limits of the sonnet, while many are still briefer, a favorite form being the quatrain. Many poets, when they seize a thought, are apt to expand and develop it, as a musician develops a theme; Tabb condenses it, many of his poems consisting of a single simile or metaphor expressed in perfect phrase. Critics have aptly called them "cameos"—the most delicate art in the smallest compass. Rounded and complete, they are like dew-drops on the jewel-weed, each per-

fect, and each distinct. In their tenderness and simplicity they remind one of Simonides or Meleager; but the faith of the Christian gives a depth which the pagan could not attain. For the Greek poet there was nothing beyond—no symbolism of a life beyond the veil. Tender memories remained, but the threads of sympathy broke off at the grave.

Father Tabb, like Wordsworth, is a poet of nature, but he does not lose himself in the vision. Lovely in themselves, to him the aspects of nature are far more lovely as symbols. To him, as to Berkeley, nature is a language in which God speaks to man, the poet being the interpreter. And the nature which is ever present in his memory is that of his native Virginia—its gentle hills, wide expanses, and "smooth-sliding" streams; its trees and flowers and birds. Who that has ever heard the unforgetable call of the killdee at twilight, or the liquid fluting of the wood-robin, will not feel his heart swell as the poet brings them back to memory? So intimate are they that one doubts whether any reader can feel the full beauty of these nature-touches who does not know the land that inspired them.

But, beautiful as is the symbol, it is not the symbol, but the suggested thought, that is the poem. For instance:

> Where limpid waters lie between,
> There only heaven to heaven is seen:
> Where flows the tide of human tears,
> There only heart to heart appears.

Often the thought suggests the symbol, as in this quatrain on a babe dying in winter:

> Niva, Child of Innocence,
> Dust to dust *we* go;
> Thou, when winter wooed thee hence,
> Wentest snow to snow.

But we shall fall short in our judgment if we look upon the poet merely as one who seizes a delicate or tender fancy and embodies it in a stanza. Detached as these poems seem, under them lies a profound unity—a philosophy felt, not formulated. When St. Francis addressed not birds and beasts alone but inanimate things as his brothers and sisters, he did not mean merely that they were creatures of the same Creator. And to Father Tabb (as it seems to me) the lark and the golden-rod are not merely objects perceived by the senses, but, like ourselves, they live and have their being in God.

The more purely devotional poems, dealing with the mysterious and sacred things of his faith, are not within the province of merely literary criticism. But, as we might expect, it is the tenderer and

more human aspect of things divine that appeals to him most strongly: the Holy Babe as the type of infant innocence and His Mother as the type of motherhood. Many of these poems treat of children and childhood, and always with an ineffable tenderness and almost reverence, as if some light from the manger at Bethlehem shone about each baby head.

Poetry of this kind demands a very refined technique, and that of Father Tabb, within his self-imposed limitations, seems absolutely perfect. He attempts no innovations or audacities; his measures and rhythms are simple and familiar. The phrase is always the right phrase, which cannot be bettered; the diction pure, direct, and noble.

The poet Herrick, whose best work in delicacy and felicity of phrase is not unlike Father Tabb's, was also threatened with loss of sight, and cheerfully alludes to his failing vision:

"I begin to wane in sight—
Shortly I shall bid good-night;
Then no gazing more about,
When the tapers all are out."

Father Tabb bears his privations with equal serenity, but with graver thought, as shown by the quatrain called "A Prayer in Darkness":

"The day is nearer unto night
Than to another day;
If closer to Thee, Lord of Light,
Let me in darkness stay."

I think the following pieces are fairly representative; but selection has been like culling a posy from a patch of wood-violets; those we leave always seem bluer than those we have taken.

Wm. Hand Browne

SLUMBER-SONG

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Sleep! the spirits that attend
  On thy waking hours are fled.
Heaven thou canst not now offend
  Till thy slumber-plumes are shed;
Consciousness alone doth lend
  Life its pain, and Death its dread;
Innocence and Peace befriend
  All the sleeping and the dead.

AGAINST THE SKY

See, where the foliage fronts the sky,
How many a meaning we descry
That else had never to the eye
  A signal shown!

So we, on life's horizon-line,
To watchers waiting for a sign,
Perchance interpret Love's design,
  To us unknown.

ASLEEP

  Nay, wake him not!
Unfelt our presence near,
Nor falls a whisper on his dreaming ear:
He sees but Sleep's celestial visions clear,
  All else forgot.

  And who shall say
That, in life's waking dream,
There be not ever near us those we deem
(As now our faces to the Sleeper seem)
  Far, far away?

ALTER IDEM

'Tis what thou wast—*not* what thou art,
Which I no longer know—
That made thee sovereign of my heart,
And serves to keep thee so;

And couldst thou, coming to the throne,
Thy Self, *unaltered,* see,
Thou mightst the occupant disown,
And scout his sovereignty.

THE DEPARTED

They cannot wholly pass away,
How far soe'er above;
Nor we, the lingerers, wholly stay
Apart from those we love:
For spirits in eternity,
As shadows in the sun,
Reach backward into Time, as we,
Like lifted clouds, reach on.

SUSPENSE

Breathless as the blue above thee
Where a pausing vapor lies;
Here, the hearts on earth that love thee,
There, the souls in Paradise—
Host for host expectant of thee!
Who shall win the prize?

MY SECRET

'T is not what I am fain to hide,
That doth in deepest darkness dwell,
But what my tongue hath often tried,
Alas, in vain, to tell.

THE SNOW-BIRD

When snow, like silence visible,
  Hath hushed the summer bird,
Thy voice, a never-frozen rill
  Of melody, is heard.

But when from winter's lethargy
  The buds begin to blow,
Thy voice is mute, and suddenly
  Thou vanishest like snow.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

'Tis Christmas night! Again—
  But not from heaven to earth—
Rings forth the old refrain
    "A Saviour's Birth!"

Nay, listen: 'tis below!
  A song that soars above,
From human hearts aglow
    With heavenly love!

INTIMATIONS

I knew the flowers had dreamed of you,
  And hailed the morning with regret;
For all their faces with the dew
  Of vanished joy were wet.

I knew the winds had passed your way,
  Though not a sound the truth betrayed;
About their pinions all the day
  A summer fragrance stayed.

And so, awaking or asleep,
  A memory of lost delight
By day the sightless breezes keep,
  And silent flowers by night.

EASTER FLOWERS

We are His witnesses; out of the dim,
Dank region of Death we have risen with Him.
Back from our sepulchre rolleth the stone,
And Spring, the bright Angel, sits smiling thereon.

We are His witnesses. See, where we lay
The snow that late bound us is folded away;
And April, fair Magdalen, weeping anon,
Stands flooded with light of the new-risen Sun!

CHARITY

If but the world would give to Love
  The crumbs that from its table fall,
  'T were bounty large enough for all
The famishing to feed thereof.

And Love, that still the laurel wins
  Of Sacrifice, would lovelier grow,
  And round the world a mantle throw
To hide its multitude of sins.

GRIEF-SONG

New grief, new tears;—
  Brief the reign of sorrow;
Clouds that gather with the night
  Scatter on the morrow.

Old grief, old tears;—
  Come and gone together;
Not a fleck upon the sky
  Telling whence or whither.

Old grief, new tears;—
  Deep to deep is calling:
Life is but a passing cloud
  Whence the rain is falling.

IN ABSENCE

All that thou art not, makes not up the sum
  Of what thou art, beloved, unto me:
All other voices, wanting thine, are dumb;
  All vision, in thine absence, vacancy.

MY STAR

Since that the dewdrop holds the star
  The long night through,
Perchance the satellite afar
  Reflects the dew.

And while thine image in my heart
  Doth steadfast shine;
There haply, in thy heaven apart
  Thou keepest mine.

ENSHRINED

Come quickly in and close the door,
For none hath entered here before,
The secret chamber set apart
Within the cloister of the heart.

Tread softly! 'T is the Holy Place
Where memory meets face to face
A sacred sorrow, felt of yore,
But sleeping now forevermore.

It cannot die; for nought of pain,
Its fleeting vesture, doth remain:
Behold upon the shrouded eye
The seal of immortality!

Love would not wake it, nor efface
Of anguish one abiding trace,
Since e'en the calm of heaven were less,
Untouched of human tenderness.

EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,
  Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
  Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
  Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
  Life again.

LOVE'S HYBLA

My thoughts fly to thee, as the bees
  To find their favorite flower;
Then home, with honeyed memories
  Of many a fragrant hour:

For with thee is the place apart
  Where sunshine ever dwells,
The Hybla, whence my hoarding heart
  Would fill its wintry cells.

KILLDEE

Killdee! Killdee! far o'er the lea
  At twilight comes the cry.
Killdee! a marsh-mate answereth
  Across the shallow sky.

Killdee! Killdee! thrills over me
  A rhapsody of light,
As star to star gives utterance
  Between the day and night.

Killdee! Killdee! O Memory,
  The twin birds, Joy and Pain,
Like shadows parted by the sun,
  At twilight meet again!

AN INFLUENCE

I see thee,—heaven's unclouded face
A vacancy around thee made,
Its sunshine a subservient grace
Thy lovelier light to shade.

I feel thee, as the billows feel
A river freshening the brine;
A life's libation poured to heal
The bitterness of mine.

COMPENSATION

How many an acorn falls to die
For one that makes a tree!
How many a heart must pass me by
For one that cleaves to me!

How many a suppliant wave of sound
Must still unheeded roll,
For one low utterance that found
An echo in my soul!

BABY'S DIMPLES

Love goes playing hide-and-seek
'Mid the roses on her cheek,
With a little imp of Laughter,
Who, the while he follows after,
Leaves the footprints that we trace
All about the Kissing-place.

"FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY"

Ay, every day the rain doth fall,
And every day doth rise:
'T is thus the heavens incessant call,
And thus the earth replies.

NARCISSUS

The god enamoured never knew
The shadow that beguiled his view,
Nor deemed it less divinely true
Than Life and Love.

And so the poet, while he wrought
His image in the tide of thought,
Deemed it a glimpse in darkness caught
Of light above.

CONFIDED

Another lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,
Among Thy Father's sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother's breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest waking, it should bleat and pine for me!

SILENCE

Temple of God, from all eternity
Alone like Him without beginning found;
Of time and space and solitude the bound,
Yet in thyself of all communion free.
Is, then, the temple holier than He
That dwells therein? Must reverence surround
With barriers the portal, lest a sound
Profane it? Nay; behold a mystery!

What was, abides; what is, hath ever been:
The lowliest the loftiest sustains.
A silence, by no breath of utterance stirred—
Virginity in motherhood—remains,
Clear, midst a cloud of all-pervading sin,
The voice of Love's unutterable word.

THE BUBBLE

Why should I stay? Nor seed nor fruit have I.
But, sprung at once to beauty's perfect round,
Nor loss, nor gain, nor change in me is found—
A life—complete in death—complete to die.

DEPRECATION

From a Manuscript

Low I listen in my grave,
For a silence soon to be,
When—a slow receding wave—
Hushed is Memory.

Now the falling of a tear,
Or the breathing, half-suppressed,
Of a sigh, re-echoed here,
Holds me from my rest.

O ye breakers of the past
From the never-resting deep
On the coast of Silence cast,
Cease, and let me sleep!

BEYOND

From a Manuscript

The River to the Sea,
In language of the Land;
Interpreter would be
Of life beyond the strand,
Of billowy heights that never fall
When winds have gone their way,
Of waving forests dark and tall,
Of flocks and herds and fertile vales,
Of warbling birds and blossom-spray,
That scents the wandering gales.
Alas! 'tis all a mystery!
She doth not understand.

IN TOUCH

From a Manuscript

How slight so e'er the motion be,
With palpitating hand,
The gentlest breaker of the sea
Betrays it to the strand.

And, though a vaster mystery
Hath set our souls apart,
Each wafture from eternity
Reveals thee to my heart.

DUSK

From a Manuscript

Alone I am, but lonelier
The Twilight seems to be;
The lengthening shadows leading her
To human sympathy.

No word; but a mysterious clew
To feelings deeper far,
She fashions in the trembling dew,
And in the steadfast star.

MATINS

From a Manuscript

Still sing the Morning Stars remote
With echoes now unheard,
Save in the scintillating note
Of some dawn-wakened bird
Whose heart—a fountain in the light—
Prolongs the limpid strain,
Till, on the border-land of Night,
The stars begin again.

A TRYSTING-PLACE

From a Manuscript

As stars amid the darkness seen,
When flows the deepening dawn between
To cover them from sight,
O'erleap the spaces of the dark,
And, spark to quickening sister-spark,
Commingle in the light;

E'en so a solitary way
Do we, Beloved, day by day,
In weariness and pain,
Climb, desolate, from steep to steep,
Till, in the shadowy vale of Sleep,
Our spirits blend again.

HANNIS TAYLOR

[1851—]

CORRY MONTAGUE STADDEN

"BY their fruits ye shall know them" is a test infallible and ancient, and the editor of the *North American Review,* applying it to Dr. Hannis Taylor, lawyer, diplomatist, and author, epitomized the achievements of his energetic and illustrious career in the following language:

"Hannis Taylor, who is recognized throughout the world as one of the most eminent living authorities on constitutional history and constitutional law, was born in New Berne, North Carolina, in 1851. Having graduated at the university of his native State, he was admitted to the Bar and achieved great distinction in the practice of his profession. He was appointed Minister to Spain by President Cleveland in 1893. The wide literary fame gained for Mr. Taylor by his great work on 'The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution' was materially enhanced by his treatise on 'International Public Law,' which has been declared by a high authority to be the most exhaustive work of its kind issued in this country since Dana's 'Wheaton.' In recognition of the service which he had rendered to literature and learning by the publication of these works, the Universities of Dublin and Edinburgh simultaneously conferred upon Dr. Taylor the honorary degree of LL.D. He recently published a third treatise, of a like scholarly and comprehensive character, on the 'Jurisdiction and Procedure of the United States Supreme Court,' upon which the Justices of that court put the imprimatur of their high approval and commendation. Mr. Taylor represented the United States before the Alaskan Boundary Commission."

Dr. Taylor's parents were Richard Nixon and Susan Stevenson Taylor, who descended from two colonial families that settled in North Carolina prior to the Revolution. From his mother, a woman of strong intellect and rare culture in English history and literature, he inherited those literary traits which have given him enduring fame, while from his father, who was brother to William H. Taylor, the inventor of submarine armor, he acquired habits of industry and perseverance, more to be desired than fortune. Taylor, as a boy, was a diligent student, whose soul was fired with the ambition to go through college and achieve big things in the world's affairs. He

entered the University of North Carolina, but before he had completed his course, financial misfortunes overtaking his family, made it necessary for him to return home. There, at the age of seventeen, he took up the study of law, which was completed at Mobile, Alabama, to which place his father removed; and soon after his eighteenth birthday he was admitted to practice in the lower courts, receiving with his license from the circuit judge a temporary appointment as prosecuting attorney for the adjoining county of Baldwin. From that day law and literature took possession of his ample and capacious mind; and, as he matured, philosophy directed his industry, attaining for him most remarkable success in his chosen field.

'The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution,' which was Dr. Taylor's first important work, was begun shortly after he had attained his majority, and to its composition he devoted about twenty years. His was the first attempt ever made by an American to write the history of the Constitution of the mother country, from which our system of constitutional law has been derived. The appearance of the first volume in 1889 challenged the admiration of Professor Rufus King of the Cincinnati Law School, who wrote: "I cannot help congratulating our country upon the singular coincidence that in return for Mr. Bryce's tribute to the 'American Commonwealth,' you have so quickly responded with your profound analysis of 'The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution.' I remember nothing like it in the history of letters."

On both sides of the Atlantic the work was instantly declared to be a success. Professor Montagu Burrows, of the University of Oxford, in commendation of it, wrote: "No other book exhibits so clear a view of the English Constitution, broadening down from precedent to precedent." The University of Dublin, by a formal vote of its Senate, adopted it as a text-book, in preference to the English works, after conferring upon its author the degree of Doctor of Laws. Its popularity continues undiminished, and it is now in the eighth edition. *The Review of Reviews* said of it in 1898: "The completion of the second volume rounds out one of the most important recent achievements of American scholarship."

The greatest compliment, however, that came to Dr. Taylor because of this work, was from President Cleveland, who in 1893 tendered to him the mission to Spain, which in other days had been offered to those illustrious authors, Washington Irving and James Russell Lowell. For four years and a half Dr. Taylor remained at his post in Madrid, without leave of absence, performing the most delicate and exacting duties imposed upon him by the insurrection in Cuba and the strained relations between Spain and the United

States, due to American sympathy for the insurgents' cause, which at length precipitated the Spanish War. During a period of two years his residence in Madrid was surrounded night and day by a guard of soldiers. At the conclusion of his arduous service he returned to the United States, proud of the unqualified thanks which had been bestowed by Presidents Cleveland and McKinley, and of the fact that his every act had had the warm support of the Department of State.

Four years and a half of exciting diplomatic experience centered Dr. Taylor's mind upon the subject of international law; and the outcome was the publication, in 1901, of his 'International Public Law,' a work now recognized as a standard authority throughout the world. The *Harvard Law Review* has characterized it as "the best American work since Wheaton," and the *Law Quarterly Review* of London has said: "This book is, probably, on the whole, the fullest treatise in the language on its subject." In special recognition of this work the University of Edinburgh conferred upon Mr. Taylor its LL.D. and at his laureation Sir Ludovic Grant, professor of international law in that institution, said: "I do not hesitate to say that Dr. Hannis Taylor's 'International Public Law,' replete with historical learning, characterized by philosophical breadth of view, and distinguished for the classical stateliness of its diction, entitles its author to a conspicuous place in a galaxy which includes the names of Wheaton and Kent and Halleck, of Woolsey and Dudley Field."

Shortly after the publication of this work, the Government of the United States retained Dr. Taylor as an expert in international law, to represent it as its Special Counsel in all cases before the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission; and subsequently retained him as one of the three counsel who presented and argued its case in London before the Alaskan Boundary Commission. His employment as special counsel before the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission has made it possible for him to live in Washington and to build up an important practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. The outcome of that experience is his work on the 'Jurisdiction and Procedure of the Supreme Court of the United States,' which appeared in 1905. Unusual tributes to the merits of that work have been paid by Mr. Chief Justice Fuller, Mr. Justice Harlan, Mr. Justice Brewer, Mr. Justice Peckham, and Mr. Justice Day. Mr. Justice Harlan has said: "Your book on the 'Jurisdiction and Procedure of the United States Supreme Court' is most admirable in every way, and will become a necessity to every lawyer who practices in our Court, or who prepares a case which may come here for final determination."

Dr. Taylor's most original and ambitious work is entitled 'The

Science of Jurisprudence,' a treatise in which the growth of positive law is unfolded by the historical method, its elements being classified and defined by the analytical, published by the Macmillan Company in 1908. In that work he has announced a discovery in the history of Roman and English law of world-wide importance. This discovery, set forth in a single sentence, is that "out of the blending of Roman and English law there is rapidly arising a typical state-law system whose outer shell is English public law, including jury trials in criminal cases, and whose interior code is Roman private law." The Honorable James Bryce and Thomas Erskine Holland, the great jurist of Oxford, were "struck with the truth and originality" of this conclusion. This new thought as to the world-wide fusion now going on between Roman and English law, when submitted to the great Romanists of Germany—Dr. Rudolph Sohm and Dr. Von L. Mitteis of the University of Leipsic—elicited from them most significant personal compliments and congratulations and sincere professional commendation of his "scholarly and valuable work." To Señor Nabuco, now Brazilian Ambassador at Washington, this new conception seemed "eminently suggestive and full of potentialities for new scholars"; and to Dr. Westlake, the great authority on international law at the University of Cambridge, "a sane and fruitful generalization."

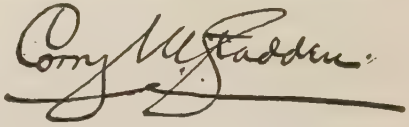
Judge Shackelford Miller, Dean of the Jefferson School of Law, and a specialist in comparative law, said in a review: "Indeed, it must be said that 'The Science of Jurisprudence' is the most important contribution to the scientific side of law that has appeared on this side of the ocean since Maine's 'Ancient Law' was published in 1861. The generalization of the fusion of Roman and English law now first worked out by Dr. Taylor is an entirely new contribution to legal and political science. Like the accurate and profound generalization of Maine, that summed up the agencies of legal progress in Fiction, Equity, and Legislation, this new and equally accurate and profound generalization of Dr. Taylor must be readily accepted by students of jurisprudence everywhere."

If a State may be compared to a watch, its outer shell or case represents the State's political constitution or public law, while its inner mechanism represents the State's interior code of private law. With that illustration clearly in view it is easy to comprehend at a glance the nature of the union of two distinct systems of law, in a new combination, as that union now appears in the state-law systems of Continental Europe and Latin America. Everywhere the outer shell of the State, the public or constitutional law, is English by conscious adoption since the French Revolution, while the inner mechanism or private law is everywhere Roman. If Napoleon were

now alive he could say—"this union of the strongest parts of the two great law systems of the world has all taken place under my eyes." That fact should help us to realize the suddenness with which the two survivals—Roman private law and English public law—after ripening for ages in isolation, have united in a new combination. Mr. Taylor's discovery and portrayal of this notable phenomenon in the history of legal development have been justly characterized by Judge Shackelford Miller as "an entirely new contribution to legal and political science." Beyond question a sense of its importance will grow with time.

Scarcely less notable is the work done by Dr. Taylor in settling the paternity of our Federal Constitution. As all the world knows, the existing Constitution of the United States, drafted at Philadelphia in 1787, embodies, as Tocqueville says, "a wholly novel theory," so unique that it can no more be confounded with any preceding federal government than a modern mogul engine can be confounded with an ancient stage-coach. No system of government devised by man was ever so distinctly an invention. Suddenly a new kind of federalism came into existence, resting upon entirely new principles. These new principles are set forth in the epoch-making document of thirty octavo pages published by Pelatiah Webster, February 16, 1783, at Philadelphia—a document just as authentic as the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution itself. In it every material element of the great invention is worked out in minute detail. For years before they began their work, the draftsmen of the three "plans" held in their hands the text of the great invention, which passed through such "plans," as conduits, into the existing Constitution of the United States. Those who shall hereafter strive to take away from Pelatiah Webster the honor of having made this free and priceless gift to the country that has for so long a time neglected and forgotten him, must be prepared to meet the concrete issue of historical fact involved; they must be prepared to name some particular man who announced some one of the four basic principles in question, *prior to February 16, 1783.* As that can not be done, the cavilers must forever hold their peace. Strange, indeed, it is that the most important document connected with our constitutional history should, at this late day, be presented to the jurists and statesmen of the United States as if it were a papyrus from Egypt or Herculaneum. It has been the good fortune of Mr. Taylor to unearth the epoch-making document, and to place it in its proper light. At his request it was reprinted in May, 1908, after an interval of 116 years, as Senate Document, No. 461 (Sixtieth Congress, first session), which contains Mr. Taylor's commentary upon Pelatiah Webster's work. The eminent French critic and historian, Ch. V.

Langlais, has said: "History is studied from documents. Documents are the traces which have been left by the thoughts and actions of men of former times. There is no substitute for documents: no documents, no history." The great document in question, so long neglected and forgotten, tells its own story and settles the paternity of the Federal Constitution of the United States. It dispels the nebulous and impossible assumption that the greatest of all political inventions had no inventor. One of the most eminent English historians now living, after a careful examination of Senate Document, No. 461, recently wrote to Mr. Taylor: "You have, I think, definitely established the claim of Webster to the paternity of the American Federal Constitution." That statement will pass without challenge.



THE BLENDING OF ROMAN AND ENGLISH LAW

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THE group of scholars who founded something more than a century ago the science now known as Comparative Philology revolutionized the thought of the world not so much through the marvelous revelations of that science as by the discovery of the new method of investigation that made such revelations possible. Out of the application of the new method to fresh subject-matters have since arisen Comparative Mythology, Comparative Politics, and Comparative Law. By the aid of the two sciences last named a flood of light has been shed upon the processes through which the aggregate, generally known as government and law, emerged from progressive history in the nations that have made the deepest impress upon civilization.

The most important single outcome of Comparative Politics—which may be called the science of state building, the science of constitutions—is embodied in the discovery that the only two conceptions of the state known to the ancient and modern world have been and are represented by aggregations or federations in which the starting point was the village community. The unit of state organization, from Ireland to Hindostan, was the naturally organized association of kindred; the family swelled into the clan which, in a settled state, assumed the form of the village community represented, in a general way, by the γένος of Athens, the *gens* of Rome, the *mir* of Russia, the clan of Ireland, the *mark* or *gemeinde* of the Teutonic nations which appeared in Britain as the *tun* or township. When we turn to the Mediterranean world in which the Science of Politics was born we there find that the ancient conception of the state as the city-commonwealth was the product of aggregations in which the village community was the unit or starting point. In Greece the first stage in the aggregation is represented by the gathering of a group of village communities or clans into a brotherhood (φρατρία); the second by the gathering of φρατρίαε into a tribe; the last by the gathering of the tribes into a city-state. In Italy the village com-

munity appears as the *gens*. Out of the union of *gentes* arose the *curia;* out of the union of *curiæ* arose the tribe; out of the union of tribes arose the city-state. It was upon the soil of Italy that a group of village communities grew into a single independent city-state that centralized within its walls the political power of the world. Out of the settlements made by the Teutonic nations upon the wreck of the Roman Empire has gradually arisen the modern conception of the state as a nation occupying a definite area of territory with fixed geographical boundaries—the state, as known to modern international law. The homogeneous race called Teutonic was broken up into an endless number of political communities or tribes which stood to each other in a state of complete political isolation, except when united in temporary confederacies. The typical Teutonic tribe—the *civitas* of Cæsar and Tacitus—represented an aggregation of hundreds; while the hundreds represented an aggregation of village communities. The parallel between the Teutonic, the Greek, and the Latin tribe seems to be complete. The γένος, the *gens,* the *mark,* represent the same thing, the village community; while the φρατρία, the *curia,* the hundred, seem to represent the same thing, a group or union of village communities. Out of the aggregation of such indeterminate groups or hundreds arose the tribe itself. But here the parallel ceases. In the Mediterranean peninsulas the resultant of a union of tribes was the city-state; in Teutonic lands the resultant of a union of tribes was not a city at all, but a nation. When we turn to the existing European state system, built up in the main out of the fragments of the empire of Charles the Great, we there find that the modern conception of the state as a nation is the product of aggregations in which the village community is the unit or starting point. The typical modern state in Britain, known as England, represents an aggregation of shires; each shire an aggregation of hundreds; each hundred an aggregation of village communities or townships. The power to subdue and settle a new country, and then to build up a state by this process of aggregation constitutes the strength of the English nation as a colonizing nation. By that process, capable under favorable geographical conditions of unlimited expansion, has been built up the federal republic of the United States. As Tocqueville has

expressed it: "In America . . . it may be said that the township was organized before the county, the county before the State, the State before the Union." After thus unfolding the origin and growth of the political constitutions of states, ancient and modern, Comparative Politics has undertaken to classify and label such constitutions as buildings and animals are classified and labeled by those to whom buildings and animals are objects of study. Students of Comparative Politics and students of Comparative Anatomy, beginning with the incomplete data embodied in traces and survivals, supply the deficiencies and work out results through substantially the same process of reasoning.

Not until the history of the outer shells or constitutions of states had been thus subjected to critical examination at the hands of Comparative Politics, did Comparative Law undertake to unfold the history of such bodies of interior or private law as have existed as distinct codes. The outcome is the discovery that the world has so far produced only five distinct systems of law: (1) the Roman; (2) the English; (3) the Muhammadan; (4) the Hindoo; (5) the Chinese. An attempt has been made to indicate the limits of the several geographical areas to which each is confined. By that survey the fact is established that about nine-tenths of the civilized world is now dominated by Roman and English law, in not very unequal proportions. It thus appears that the student of the Science of Jurisprudence, as defined herein, is directly concerned only with Roman and English law, from whose histories are to be drawn practically the entire data with which he has to deal. For that reason, in the central chapters of this work, entitled respectively "The External History of Roman Law" and "The External History of English Law," an effort has been made to outline, as progressive and unbroken developments, first, the growth of the code that grew out of the primitive customs of the great Italian city; second, the growth of the code that grew out of the primitive customs of that group of Teutonic tribes which founded in Britain the English commonwealth. When the external histories of these two world codes are thus unfolded, side by side, the coincidences, the likenesses are striking indeed. Each consisted at the outset of a body of customary law which became rigid and unelastic the

moment it was reduced to written formulas. Long after that stage was reached each state grew into a world power with vast territorial dependencies. Thus each state was forced so to expand its meager and unelastic code of archaic law as to meet the manifold and ever changing conditions of the after-growth. That result was worked out in each by identically the same agencies—legal fictions, equity, and legislation. Each state as it advanced manifested its conservatism by promoting law reform mainly through the agency of judge-made law—the Roman *responsa* and the English case-law system presenting parallel processes of innovation in existing rules, made only after exhaustive discussion as to particular deficiencies revealed by the facts of individual cases. As old institutions became obsolete they were, as a general rule, permitted simply to die out, without formal abrogation. Thus at Rome as in England out of the old was slowly evolved, bit by bit, the new. There is, however, an utter lack of similarity between the two world systems of positive law when antiquity, fullness, and philosophical completeness are taken into account. So far as antiquity is concerned Roman law, after a thousand years of historic growth, had passed into the second stage of codification before the Teutonic conquest and settlement of Britain was fairly begun. Ethelbert had ruled the men of Kent only some five years in 565, when Justinian died. And yet in thinking of any possible influence of Roman forms and institutions in England prior to the Norman Conquest, there can be no question of Justinian's Corpus Juris, which was as such still a new thing in the Eastern Empire itself at the time of Augustine's mission to Kent. How the Teutonic state that arose in Britain, known as England, was affected in later times by successive infusions of Roman law will be indicated hereafter.

The lost text of Gaius, which has shed great light on portions of the history of Roman law previously most obscure, was discovered at Verona in 1816 by the historian Niebuhr, just at the moment when the founders of the historical school of jurisprudence were beginning to assert their influence. Niebuhr communicated the fact to Savigny, who pointed to Gaius as the real author. He, as well as his immediate followers, dealt only with Roman materials. The founder, or rather, consolidator of the historical school, applied that method

only in a very limited way to the general theory of politics. When in 1803 Savigny published his *Das Recht des Besitzes,* or the right of possession, jurists perceived that the old uncritical study of Roman law was at an end. Instead of considering law as the creation of the will of individuals, Savigny maintained it to be the natural outcome of the consciousness of the people, like their social history or their language. In his *Geschicte des Römischen Rechts,* the first volume of which appeared in 1815, is embodied an emphatic protest against the habit of viewing the law of a nation as an arbitrary creation, not connected with its history and condition. In his famous pamphlet (*Beruf unserer Zeit*), published the year before, he expressed the then new idea that law is a part and parcel of national life. Down to that time comparative investigation of archaic legal systems had scarcely been undertaken at all, certainly not on any considerable scale. The almost unbroken soil of that rich and inviting field was to be turned over by the plow of one who revealed wonders. Sir Henry Sumner Maine, whose *Ancient Law* appeared in 1861, said in his preface that—"the chief object of the following pages is to indicate some of the earliest ideas of mankind, as they are reflected in ancient law, and to point out the relation of those ideas to modern thought." In the masterly demonstration that followed he showed that legal ideas and institutions have a real course of development as much as the genera and species of living creatures; that they cannot be treated as mere incidents in the general history of the societies where they occur. The works of these epoch-making men, the one German, the other English, have resulted in the creation of what may be called the natural history of law. But long before the advent of Maine the torch lighted in Germany by the historical school of jurisprudence had passed into England by the hand of John Mitchell Kemble. He was the real path breaker into the jungle of early English institutional history. To him belongs the imperishable honor of being the first to bring to light the most valuable of the early records, and to apply to their interpretation the rich results of German research into the childhood of the whole Teutonic race. After studying under the brothers Grimm at Göttingen, Kemble was the first to reject every suggestion of Roman influence at the outset, and to perceive

clearly the all-important fact, now generally admitted, that the national life of the English people, both natural and political, began with the coming of the Teutonic invaders who, during the fifth and sixth centuries, transferred from the continent into Britain their entire scheme of barbaric life. The historians who have enlarged and refined upon his work have put it beyond all question that the German element is the paternal element in the English system, natural and political. The Roman elements which have been since absorbed, whether by conscious adaptation or otherwise, *ab extra,* are not of the essence of the system, however largely they may have entered into the private law side of it. Specialists who have followed Kemble have devoted themselves rather to English institutional history than to that of private law for the obvious reason that of the two it is by far the most distinctive and far-reaching in its influence. An exception must, however, be made in favor of Pollock and Maitland's *History of English Law,* whose excellence is universally recognized.

Emphasis has been given at the proper place to the fact that the public law of Rome, constitutional and administrative, was rejected because inapplicable to the new conditions that arose when the state system of modern Europe, in which the state as the nation is the unit, swept away and superseded the ancient state system in which the city-commonwealth had been the unit. What did survive was the private civil law of family and property, of contract and tort, based on principles of natural equity and universal reason which have not lost their force with the altered circumstances of more recent times. It is that system of Roman private law which became the basis of the codes of the Continental nations, whence it passed into Mexico, Central and South America, to certain states in South Africa, as well as to Scotland and Louisiana. On the other hand, it is the public law of England that has had the widest extension, and is exercising by far the most potent influence by reason of the fact that the English constitutional system stands out as the accepted political model after which have been fashioned the many systems of popular government now existing throughout the world. Since the beginning of the French Revolution nearly all the states of Continental Europe have organized national assemblies after the model of the English

Parliament in a spirit of conscious imitation. Not, however, until the typical English national assembly, embodying what is generally known as the bicameral system, had been popularized by the founders of the federal republic of the United States, was it copied into the Continental European constitutions. Nothing is more interesting in the institutional history of the world than the approaches now being made to the constitutional system of the United States by Mexico and the states of Central and South America. In some instances in Latin America single states approach very closely, so far as their constitutional law is concerned, to the English original as modified by American innovations; in others, federal states are organized on the American plan, with certain reservations. But no matter to what extent a Mexican, Central, or South American state may adopt English constitutional law in the structure of its outer shell, its interior code of private law is invariably Roman—a fact equally true of every Continental European state whose constitution has been founded on the English model. Jurists who view the existing state system of the world as a connected whole cannot fail to perceive, when their attention is specially directed to the subject, that, within a century, in the blending of Roman and English law there has occurred a phenomenon that marks a turning point in the history of legal development. After centuries of growth Roman public law, constituted and administrative, perished, leaving behind it the inner part, the private law, largely judge-made, which lives on as an immortality and universality—as the fittest it survives. In the same way and for the same reason English public law, the distinctive and least alloyed part of that system, is living on and expanding as the one accepted model of popular government. The phenomenon in question is presented by the blending now going on between the strongest elements of Roman and English law in the state systems of Continental Europe, in those of Latin America, and in that of the state of Louisiana. If the existing state system of France is taken as a typical illustration, we there find the outer shell of the state, the system of parliamentary government, to be purely English through deliberate and recent imitation, while the interior code of private law is essentially Roman. The same thing may be said of every other Continental European

state having a parliamentary government. In the state system of Louisiana we find the outer shell of the state to be English as modified by American innovations, while the interior private law is based on the Code Napoleon. The same thing is true of the seventeen Latin-American republics which have adopted English constitutions in the North American form, while retaining the private law drawn from Roman sources. Is it not therefore manifest that out of this blending of Roman and English law there is rapidly arising a typical state-law system whose outer shell is English public law, including jury trials in criminal cases, and whose interior code is Roman private law? This far-reaching generalization, now submitted to the consideration of students of the Science of Jurisprudence for the first time, so far as the author knows, has been subjected in advance to the searching and approving criticism of a few of the most eminent jurists of the English speaking world.

The representative systems that sprang up as a part of the constitutional machinery of the several provincial states founded by English settlers upon American soil were in no proper sense the result of imitation. Like the states themselves of which they were a part, they were the predestined product of a national process of reproduction. The constitutional history of these provincial states does not begin with the landing of the English in America in the seventeenth century, but with the landing of the English in Britain in the fifth. When, after the severance of the tie that bound these provincial states to the mother country, the time came for them to confederate, they simply reproduced the ancient type of a federal union as then existing between the Low-Dutch communities at the mouth of the Rhine, and between the High-Dutch communities in the mountains of Switzerland, and upon the plains of Germany. The fundamental principle underlying all such fabrics was the requisition system, under which the federal head was simply endowed with the power to make requisitions for men and money upon the states or cities composing the league for federal purposes, while the states alone, in their corporate capacity possessed the power to execute and enforce them. In their first effort American statesmen exhibited no fertility of resource whatever in the making of federal constitutions. The first fabric simply embodied the very old story of a confed-

eration with the entire federal power vested in a single assembly, without an executive head, and without a judiciary. In 1787—eleven years after the drafting of the first federal constitution, which proved to be a failure—the world was startled by the announcement that a second had been drafted, embodying a radical departure from all preceding experiments. As Tocqueville has expressed it: "This constitution, which may at first be confounded with federal constitutions that have preceded it, rests in truth upon a wholly novel theory which may be considered a great discovery in modern political science." As the second constitution has no prototype in history, Gladstone made no mistake when he declared it to be "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." No other viable constitution was ever so distinctly an invention; its basic principles were discovered suddenly by some man or by some body of men. And yet, despite that fact, there has been no curiosity to discover who was the real inventor of the greatest of inventions. The popular and un-critical idea has been that, in some mysterious way, the invention was made as a composite work by the leaders who sat in the Federal Convention during the 125 days that intervened between May 14th and September 17th, 1787. The impossibility of that nebulous theory is manifest the moment we remember it is admitted, on all hands, that the finished product was the outcome of four kindred "plans"—each embodying the basic principles of the great invention—which were carefully formulated some time beforehand. We know that Madison, the draftsman of the most important of the "plans," was at work upon it at least a year before the Convention met. The question is therefore inevitable—From what common source did the draftsmen of the four "plans" draw the path-breaking invention which was the foundation of all of them? Let it be said to the honor of those draftsmen that no one of them ever claimed to be the author of that invention. Neither Madison, nor Charles Pinckney, nor Sherman, nor Ellsworth, nor Hamilton, nor any of their biographers, ever put forward such a claim in behalf of any one of them. There is now no excuse for doubt upon the subject, as the complete and conclusive evidence is contained in a single document, as authentic as the

Constitution itself, published at Philadelphia, February 16th, 1783, by Pelatiah Webster, who claimed at the time the invention as his own. As early as 1781 he perceived that the first federal constitution was a failure. Then it was, as Madison tells us, that he proposed the calling of a "Continental Convention" for the purpose of making a new one. Webster says in express terms that he was fully of opinion that "it would be ten times easier to form a new constitution than to mend the old one." In that frame of mind the great one set himself to work to create an entirely new and unique federal system which should supersede the first constitution of 1776. In his epoch-making paper, published more than four years before the Federal Convention of 1787 met, he propounded to the world, as "the original thoughts of a private individual, dictated by the nature of the subject only," the four novel and basic principles upon which the great creation now reposes:—

(1) The principle of a federal government operating directly on the individual, instead of upon the states as corporations; (2) the division of a federal government into three departments—legislative, executive, and judicial; (3) the division of a federal legislature into two chambers on the bicameral plan; (4) a federal government with delegated powers, the residuum of power remaining in the states. For some years before they began their work the draftsmen of the four "plans" held in their hands the text of the great invention, which passed through such "plans," as conduits, into the existing Constitution of the United States. Those who shall hereafter strive to take away from Pelatiah Webster the honor of having made this free and priceless gift to the country that has for so long a time neglected and forgotten him must be prepared to meet the concrete issue of historical fact involved —they must be prepared to name some particular man who announced some one of the four basic principles in question, *prior to February 16, 1783*. If that cannot be done, the cavilers must forever hold their peace. The puerile argument that a great many people were thinking about such things about that time fails to meet the issue at all. As it has been the good fortune of the author to unearth this epoch-making document and to place it in its proper light, it is printed as an appendix to this work so that students of the Science of Politics every-

where may see for themselves the tentative form in which appeared an invention that has revolutionized federal government throughout the world.

Not until Comparative Politics and Comparative Law had collected the data was it possible to draw from them the set of principles constituting the Science of Jurisprudence, whose function it is to extract from the mass of detail, embodied in the several existing systems of positive law, the comparatively few and simple basic legal conceptions that underlie them all. Or, as Austin has expressed it, "The proper subject of general or universal Jurisprudence is a description of such subjects and ends of laws as are common to all systems, and of those resemblances between different systems which are bottomed in the common nature of man, or correspond to the resembling points in these several portions." As the science of positive law is a Roman creation, Jurisprudence a Roman invention, we must, according to the Historical Method, begin with an examination of the actual conditions at Rome out of which the science in question arose, in order to illustrate by the facts of history the nature of the processes through which it works out its results. An effort will be made hereafter to demonstrate that Rome's relation to commerce caused an influx of foreigners whose need of law compelled, as early as 242 B.C., the appointment of a *prætor peregrinus,* whose duty it became to administer justice between Roman citizens and foreigners and between citizens of different cities within the Empire. As such prætor could not rely upon the law of any one city for the criteria of his judgments, he naturally turned his eyes to the codes of all the cities from which came the swarm of litigants before him. Thus we encounter what is perhaps the earliest application of Comparative Law, employed for the purpose of extracting from the codes of all the nations with which the Romans were brought into commercial contact, a body of principles afterwards known as the *jus gentium,* the law common to all nations. With the growth of the dominion of Rome and the consequent necessity for the extension of the code of a single city to many cities, there was a natural craving for the discovery of legal principles capable of universal application. In response to such a demand Comparative Law collected the data, and a certain branch of Greek philosophy supplied the

theory upon which they could be worked into a consistent whole. Such was the origin and such the nature of the first set of principles which can be said to embody a philosophy of law. As such principles were the result of generalizations upon elements common to the laws of all nations, their existence was supposed to indicate a similarity in the needs and legal conceptions of all peoples. The philosophic element was the Stoic conception of a law of nature, a universal code from which all particular systems were supposed to be derived and to which all tended to assimilate.

If it be true that the Science of Jurisprudence is directly and practically concerned only with the data to be drawn from the histories of Roman and English law, investigation need not be extended beyond the areas in which these two systems exist, singly or in combination. The effort has been made herein to outline, by the aid of the Historical Method, the growth of law, public and private, within such areas. Not until the synthesis has ended, not until the growth of all the ingredients that enter into the final composite has been traced, however faintly, should the analysis begin. Not until the history of the law systems of the civilized world, with which we have to deal, has been drawn out by the aid of the Historical Method, should an effort be made to classify and define the elements that enter into them by the aid of the Analytical. Until we have ascertained how law grew, it is impossible to understand what it is. The final outcome so far as this treatise is concerned, is embodied in the following conclusions: (1) as law is a living and growing organism which changes as the relations of society change, the Science of Jurisprudence must look behind the law into those social relations which are generally recognized as having legal consequences, in order to note, as Austin has expressed it, "those resemblances between different systems which are bottomed in the common nature of man"; (2) in the light of knowledge thus obtained this science must extract from the mass of details embodied in the several systems of positive law enforced by the political sovereignties composing the family of nations the comparatively few and simple basic ideas that underlie the endless variety of legal rules; (3) such a science is from its very nature an applied and progressive science whose generalizations

must be made anew whenever the data change through the creation of new systems of positive law; (4) no matter whether we look to the ancient or to the modern world, it appears that Comparative Law has ever been the subsidiary science that collects the data to which the Science of Jurisprudence has been and must ever be applied. Not until after that collecting agency has gathered the materials can Jurisprudence, as an analytical and applied science, formulate an orderly scheme of the purposes, methods, and ideas common to every system of positive law. There is no good reason to doubt that through the application of the incipient Science of Jurisprudence to the data collected by Comparative Law, Roman jurists were able to extract from the various codes of the cities with which Rome came into commercial contact a set of principles embodying the general conceptions of legal right then dominant in the ancient world and known as the law of the nations—*jus gentium*. After the lapse of twenty centuries, a new system of codes, far greater in number and far more voluminous in detail, have come into existence, from which the jurists of to-day should be able to extract, through a reapplication of the Roman method, the comparatively few basic principles that underlie them all. As more rapid intercommunication draws the nations of the world closer together, the longing increases for a modern law of the nations, that is, for a uniform conception of legal right, capable of embodiment in a code of substantive and adjective law, which must emerge if at all, from existing codes, like the single and typical face in a composite photograph to which many features have contributed their influence.

RICHARD TAYLOR

[1826—1879]

CHARLES E. FENNER

RICHARD TAYLOR, or, as he was universally called, "Dick Taylor," was the only son of Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War and President of the United States. The soubriquet was not due to any characteristics of *bon homie* and easy familiarity which usually provoke such abbreviations; for, in truth, Dick Taylor was a man of haughty bearing and rather saturnine temper, repelling familiarity, except from his friends, with whom he was the most genial of companions. It was doubtless given to him as a foil to that borne by his father, who was universally known as "Zach Taylor."

His father was a native of Virginia and his mother was Margaret Smith of Maryland, and each respectively came from the best Virginia and Maryland stocks.

Richard was born near Louisville, Kentucky, January 27, 1826. He received the best primary education that Kentucky afforded at that time, completed his preparatory studies in Eastern schools, entered Yale College in 1843, and was graduated in 1845. He determined to adopt agriculture as his calling in life, and repaired to a fine sugar estate which he acquired on the Mississippi River a few miles above New Orleans, in the care and management of which he spent his life down to the time of the Civil War. The ample leisure afforded by the planter's life of that day he devoted to constant and laborious studies, embracing broad fields of science, literature, and art, of history, poetry, and eloquence. He had a marvelous memory and a rare faculty of intellectual digestion and assimilation. The variety, extent, and exactness of his information on all kinds of subjects were matter for wonder to all who had the good fortune to come in contact with him. He had a trenchant wit, a keen sense of humor, incisive powers of satire and repartee, and a rare faculty of epigrammatic expression. He had not the oratorical temperament, and seldom indulged in public speaking on the hustings or elsewhere; but in that rare accomplishment, the art of conversation, he was a past-master. Whatever the occasion, whether in serious council, or at the festive board, whatever the subject, whether grave or gay, lively or severe, he elucidated it from the stores of his varied erudition, and illumined it with flashes of wit, pungent satire,

piquant epigram, delicate classical allusions, and an inexhaustible fund of historical anecdote. The charm of his conversation fascinated every social circle in which he moved, captivating the Prince of Wales and the highest London society, as well as the best circles of New Orleans, Washington, and New York. It was said of him that to dine with Dick Taylor, when he was in form and mood, was better than going to a play. He had no Boswell to record and recount his sayings, and his fame as a prince of conversation, like that of a great actor, must live only in the memories of his contemporaries and in the traditions handed down by them. For this reason as one who knew him and was honored with his friendship, I have recorded this feeble tribute.

He was called from his retirement by the stirring events that preceded the war. He was sent as a delegate to the Charleston Democratic Convention and used his best efforts, without avail, to prevent the disruption of the Democratic party.

He was elected a member of the upper branch of the Louisiana Legislature and became Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, in which capacity he reported the act calling a convention of the people to consider the relations of the State to the Federal Government. He became a member of that convention and was made Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. While he advocated and voted for the ordinance of secession, he was profoundly impressed with the gravity of the measure and with the certainty of resulting war, differing from the conviction of most of his colleagues, who laughed at the suggestion of war and refused to believe that armed force would be employed against a state for the exercise of a clear constitutional right. He reported and had passed two ordinances, one to raise two regiments, the other to appropriate a million dollars to be expended in the purchase of arms and munitions. This was as far as he could induce the convention to go in the way of preparation for war. After secession, he was appointed colonel of one of the regiments being then organized under the ordinance of the convention.

Dick Taylor was a born soldier. Although he had not received a military education, and had seen no service, he had been reared in a military atmosphere, and had an inherited fondness for the study of military history. Probably no civilian of his time was more deeply versed in the annals of war, including the achievements and personal characteristics of all the great captains, the details and philosophy of their campaigns, and their strategic theories and practice. No doubt this contributed to his success and gave him a military career, which, for courage, dash, and brilliance, and thorough

efficiency in every circumstance, need not fear comparison with that of any soldier on either side of the great war.

On receiving his appointment he repaired at once to his regiment and made it ready to start for Richmond, where he was brigaded with three other Louisiana regiments and Wheat's battalion, and assigned to the command of that brilliant soldier, General W. H. T. Walker of Georgia. Subsequently General Walker was transferred to a Georgia brigade and President Davis appointed Taylor a brigadier-general, assigning to him the command vacated by Walker. As all the colonels of the regiments with which he was associated were his friends and his seniors in rank and service, Taylor promptly declined the appointment. Thereupon President Davis appealed to the colonels themselves and secured their hearty concurrence in the appointment—a magnanimous action which they never had cause to regret. Taylor was finally assigned to Stonewall Jackson's command.

All military critics have agreed in canonizing Jackson's Valley Campaign as the most marvelous feat of arms achieved in the war, or perhaps in any war. In subtle strategy, daring tactics, and heroic fighting, it never has been surpassed. In this tremendous drama Taylor and his Louisiana Brigade were conspicuous actors and covered themselves with glory on every field. They won the admiration and frequent eulogies of Stonewall Jackson, who was not often prodigal of praise. He further signalized his appreciation by strongly recommending Taylor for promotion to major-general, which promotion was duly made. Taylor, with his brigade, followed Jackson to his junction with Lee before Richmond. At the beginning of the Seven Days' Battle he was prostrated by illness, but he insisted on being carried to the field in an ambulance, and in that position participated in the battles that followed, occasionally at critical moments, summoning strength to mount his horse. After the battle he suffered a complete physical collapse, involving partial paralysis of his lower limbs, and was compelled to quit the army and retire to Richmond for treatment. He received his commission as major-general, and after his recovery was assigned to the command of the District of Louisiana.

The story of Taylor's Louisiana Campaign is an independent epic of the war filled with stirring incident and incessant action. With an insignificant force he harassed the superior numbers of his enemy with constant attacks and skirmishes, surprised and captured camps and posts, appropriating their vast stores of supplies, attacked and destroyed or captured their gunboats and transport-vessels, thus improvising a little fleet of his own; and made things so generally hot for them as to foil their efforts at invasion.

After Banks's retreat had been completed, and after his district

had been freed from Federal occupancy, General Taylor, seeing no prospects of further action, applied to be relieved from his command. His request was granted, and he took some weeks of much needed rest. He was then commissioned as lieutenant-general and ordered to report for duty on the east side of the Mississippi. With much difficulty, and accompanied only by his faithful body-servant, he eluded the Federal patrols, made his way across the Mississippi, and was assigned to the command of the Department of Alabama and Mississippi. This was on the eve of Hood's disastrous advance into Tennessee. The overwhelming defeats of that army placed the Confederacy in the throes of dissolution. I need not here follow the vigorous and energetic efforts that Taylor made to aid in stemming the advancing tide, but which were too late to be effective. Lee surrendered and Johnson surrendered, and finally Taylor himself surrendered the last Confederate organized force, of which he says:

"I delivered the epilogue of the great drama in which I had played an humble part. So, from the Charleston Convention to this point, I shared the fortunes of the Confederacy, and can say as Grattan did of Irish Freedom, 'I sat by its cradle and followed its hearse.' "

After the war General Taylor still devoted himself to the service of his people.

Availing himself of the personal acquaintance he had with General Grant, and with many of the other most prominent Northern men (an acquaintance formed during the Presidency of his father), he went to Washington and first devoted himself to securing some relief for his illustrious brother-in-law, Jefferson Davis, who was then in prison, by obtaining permission to visit him, and afterward by obtaining permission for his family to visit him, which he accomplished only after long and persistent exertions. He then devoted himself to efforts to serve his people by exerting all the influence he could bring to bear to secure an amelioration of the conditions under which they were suffering and some relief from the gross injustices which were being inflicted upon them under the infamous régime of reconstruction. His efforts secured many incidental benefits, but they were powerless to arrest the resistless tide of oppression, which ran its predestined course to the bitter end.

General Taylor died in New York in 1879. During the period between the end of the war and his death, he developed considerable literary activity. He made many brilliant contributions to periodical literature which attracted wide attention at the time, but they never have been collected, and his literary fame rests upon his remarkable book, which he aptly named 'Destruction and Reconstruction.' As

he himself defined it, it is the story of his personal reminiscences "of Secession, the War, and Reconstruction."

It is rare that skill in the art of soldiership and in the art of rhetoric concur in the same person. Few men have won distinction in both. The all-accomplished Julius Cæsar is the most conspicuous example of martial and literary combination. Taylor, it may be *longo intervallo haud æquo pede,* follows in his footsteps. I would not make presumptuous comparisons, but, however utterly inferior Taylor may be to Cæsar as a warrior, 'Destruction and Reconstruction' is not an unworthy companion piece to the famous 'Commentaries.'

In terse, picturesque, and vivid description of battles and military operations, the book emulates Cæsar himself. From title-page to *finis* it is redolent of fine and varied scholarship. Its diction is an example of purest English undefiled, and in the difficult art of pen-portraiture it recalls the great master of that art, Macaulay. Its pictures of Lee, Jackson, Ewell, Forrest, and other distinguished characters who fell under his observation, are so speaking and life-like that they seem ready to step out from the canvas. It is adorned by several romantic little episodes, manifesting a surprising delicacy of literary touch.

The infamies of reconstruction, and the widespread demoralization and corruption that prevailed after the war, opened a broad field to his powers of satire and he has used them, perhaps, too unsparingly. But, whatever the justice of the satire, none can dispute its fierce and biting power.

Chas. E. Fenner

SECESSION

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The Convention, by an immense majority of votes, adopted an ordinance declaring that Louisiana ceased to be a state within the Union. Indeed, similar action having already been taken by her neighbors, Louisiana of necessity followed. At the time and since, I marveled at the joyous and careless temper in which men, much my superiors in sagacity and experience, consummated these acts. There appeared the same general *gaïté de cœur* that M. Ollivier claimed for the Imperial Ministry when war was declared against Prussia. The attachment of northern and western people to the Union; their superiority in numbers, in wealth, and especially in mechanical resources; the command of the sea; the lust of rule and territory always felt by democracies, and nowhere to a greater degree than in the South, all these facts were laughed to scorn, or their mention was ascribed to timidity and treachery.

The inauguration of President Lincoln; the confederation of South Carolina, Georgia and the five Gulf States; the attitude of the border slave states, hoping to mediate; the assembling of Confederate forces at Pensacola, Charleston and other points; the seizure of United States forts and arsenals; the attack on "Sumter"; war—these followed with bewildering rapidity, and the human agencies concerned seemed as unconscious as scene-shifters in some awful tragedy.

So travellers enter railway carriages, and are dragged up grades and through tunnels with utter loss of volition, the motive power, generated by fierce heat, being far in advance and beyond their control.

We set up a Monarch too, King Cotton, and hedged him with a divinity surpassing that of earthly potentates. To doubt his royalty and power was a confession of ignorance or cowardice. This potent spirit, at the nod of our Prosperos, the cotton-planters, would arrest every loom and spindle in New England, destroy her wealth and reduce her population to beggary. The power of old England, the growth of eight hundred years, was to wither as the prophet's gourd unless she obeyed its behests.

DICK EWELL

. . . Bright, prominent eyes, a bomb-shaped, bald head, and a nose like that of Francis of Valois, gave him a striking resemblance to a woodcock; and this was increased by a bird-like habit of putting his head on one side to utter his quaint speeches. He fancied that he had some mysterious internal malady, and would eat nothing but frumenty, a preparation of wheat; and his plaintive way of talking of his disease, as if he were some one else, was droll in the extreme. His nervousness prevented him from taking regular sleep, and he passed nights curled around a camp-stool in positions to dislocate an ordinary person's joints and drive the "caoutchouc man" to despair.

Superbly mounted, he was the boldest of horsemen, invariably leaving the roads to take timber and water. No follower of the "Pytchley" or "Quorn" could have lived with him across country. With a fine tactical eye on the battlefield he was never content with his own plan until he had secured the approval of another's judgment, and chafed under the restraint of command, preferring to fight with the skirmish line. On two occasions in the Valley, during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side and immediately rushed forward among the skirmishers, where some sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself, he returned with the hope that "old Jackson would not catch him at it." He always spoke of Jackson, several years his junior, as "old," and told me in confidence that he admired his genius, but was certain of his lunacy, and that he never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach without expecting an order to assault the North Pole.

Dear Dick Ewell! Virginia never bred a truer gentleman, a braver soldier, nor an odder, more lovable fellow.

STONEWALL JACKSON

. . . After attending to necessary Camp details I sought Jackson, whom I had never met.

The mounted officer who had been sent on in advance pointed out a figure perched on the topmost rail of a fence overlooking the road and field, and said it was Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank, then waited for a response. Before this came I had time to see a pair of cavalry boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap with visor drawn low, a heavy, dark beard, and weary eyes—eyes I afterward saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the road and distance marked that day. "Keazletown road, six and twenty miles." "You seem to have no stragglers." "Never allow straggling." "You must teach my people, they straggle badly." A bow in reply. Just then my creoles started their band and a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, "thoughtless fellows for serious work" came forth. I expressed a hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gayety. A return to the lemon gave me an opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons "no fellow could find out," but he was rarely without one. To have lived twelve miles from that fruit would have disturbed him as much as it did the witty Dean.

Quite late that night General Jackson came to my camp fire where he stayed some hours. He said we would move at dawn, asked a few questions about the marching of my men, which seemed to have impressed him, and then remained silent. If silence be golden, he was a "bonanza." He sucked lemons, ate hard-tack and drank water, and praying and fighting appeared to be his idea of the "whole duty of man."

I have written that he was ambitious; and his ambition was vast, all absorbing. Like the unhappy wretch from whose shoulders sprang the foul serpent, he loathed it, perhaps feared it; but he could not escape it—it was himself; nor rend it—it was his own flesh. He fought it with prayer, constant and earnest, Apollyon and Christian in ceasless combat. What limit to set to his ability I know not, for he was ever superior to occasion. Under ordinary circumstances it was difficult

to estimate him because of his peculiarities—peculiarities that would have made a lesser man absurd, but that served to enhance his martial fame as those of Samuel Johnson did his literary eminence. He once observed, in reply to an allusion to his severe marching, that it was better to lose one man in marching than five in fighting; and acting on this, he invariably surprised the enemy—Milroy at McDowell, Banks and Fremont in the Valley, McClellan's right at Cold Harbor, Pope at Second Manassas.

Fortunate in his death, he fell at the summit of glory before the sun of the Confederacy had set, ere defeat and suffering and selfishness could turn their fangs upon him. As one man, the South wept for him; foreign nations shared the grief; even Federals praised him. With Wolfe and Nelson and Havelock, he took his place in the hearts of the English-speaking peoples.

In the first years of this century, a great battle was fought on the plains of the Danube. A determined charge on the Austrian center gained the victory for France. The courage and example of a private soldier, who there fell, contributed much to the success of the charge. Ever after, at the parades of his battalion, the name of Latour D'Auvergne was first called, when the oldest sergeant stepped to the front and answered, "Died on the field of honor." In Valhalla, beyond the grave, where spirits of warriors assemble, when on the roll of heroes the name of Jackson is reached, it will be for the majestic shade of Lee to pronounce the highest eulogy known to our race, "Died on the field of duty."

ROBERT E. LEE

. . . Of all the men I have seen he was the best entitled to the epithet of distinguished; and so marked was his appearance in this particular, that he would not have passed unnoticed through the streets of any capital. Reserved almost to coldness, his calm dignity repelled familiarity; not that he seemed without sympathies, but that he had so conquered his own weaknesses as to prevent the confession of others before him. At the outbreak of the war his reputation was exclusively that of an engineer, in which branch of the military service of the United States he had, with a short exception, passed his career. He was early sent to Western Virginia on a forlorn hope against Rosecrans, where he had no success, for success was impossible. Yet his lofty character was respected of all and compelled public confidence. Indeed, his character seemed perfect, his bath in Stygian waters complete; not a vulnerable spot remained; *totus teres atque rotundus.* His soldiers reverenced him and had unbounded confidence in him, for he shared all their privations and they saw him ever unshaken of fortune. Tender and protecting love he did not inspire; such love is given to weakness not to strength. Not only was he destitute of a vulgar greed for fame, he would not extend a hand to welcome it when it came unbidden. He was without ambition, and, like Washington, into whose family connection he had married, kept duty as his guide.

Nevertheless, from the moment Lee succeeded to the command of the Army in Virginia, he was *facile princeps* in the war, towering above all on both sides, as the pyramid of Ghizeh above the desert. Steadfast to the end, he upheld the waning fortunes of the Confederacy as did Hector those of Troy. Last scene of all at his surrender, his greatness and dignity made of his adversary but a humble accessory; and if departed intelligences be permitted to take ken of the affairs of this world, the soul of Light Horse Harry rejoices that his own eulogy of Washington, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," is now, by the united voice of the South, applied to his noble son.

THE ACADIANS

THE upper or Northern Teche waters the Parishes of St. Landry, Lafayette, and St. Martins—the Attakapas, home of the "Acadians." What the gentle, contented creole was to the restless, pushing American, that and more was the Acadian to the creole. In the middle of the past century, when the victories of Wolfe and Amherst deprived France of her Northern possessions, the inhabitants of Nouvelle Acadia, the present Nova Scotia, migrated to the genial clime of the Attakapas, where beneath the flag of lilies they could preserve their allegiance, their traditions and their faith. Isolated up to the time of the war, they spoke no language but their own *patois;* and, reading and writing not having come to them by nature, they were dependent for news on their *curés* and occasional peddlers, who tempted the women with chiffons and trinkets. The few slaves owned were humble members of the household, assisting in the cultivation of small patches of maize, sweet potatoes and cotton, from which last the women manufactured the wonderful Attakapas *cottonade,* the ordinary clothing of both sexes. Their little *cabanes* dotted the broad prairie in all directions, and it was pleasant to see the smoke curling from their chimneys while herds of cattle and ponies grazed at will. Here unchanged was the French peasant of Fénélon and Bossuet, of Louis le Grand and his successor, Le Bien-Aimé. Tender and true were the traditions of La Belle France, but of France before Voltaire and the encyclopædists, the Convention and the Jacobins, ere she had lost faith in all things, divine and human, save the *bourgeoisie* and *avocats.* Mounted on his pony, with lariat in hand, he herded his cattle, or shot and fished; but so gentle was his nature that lariat and rifle seemed transformed into pipe and crook of shepherd. Light wines from the Médoc, native oranges and home-made sweet cakes filled his largest conceptions of feasts; and violin and clarionet made high carnival in his heart.

On an occasion, passing the little hamlet of Grand Coteau, I stopped to get some food for man and horse. A pretty maiden of fifteen springs, whose parents were absent, welcomed me. Her lustrous eyes and long lashes might have excited the envy of the "dark-eyed girl of Cadiz." Finding her

alone I was about to retire and try my fortune in another house; but she insisted that she could prepare "monsieur un diner dans un tour de main," and she did. Seated by the window looking modestly on the road, while I was enjoying her repast, she sprang to her feet, clapped her hands joyously and exclaimed: "V'la le gros Jean Baptiste qui passe sur son mulet avec *deux* bocals. As! nous aurons grand bal ce soir." It appeared that *one* jug of claret meant a dance, but *two* very high jinks indeed. As my hostess declined any remuneration for her trouble, I begged her to accept a pair of plain gold sleeve buttons, my only ornaments. Wonder, delight and gratitude chased each other across the pleasant face, and the confiding little creature put up her rose-bud mouth. In an instant the homely room became as the bower of Titania and I accepted the chaste salute with all the reverence of a subject for his Queen, then rode away with uncovered head so long as she remained in sight. Hospitable little maiden of Grand Coteau, may you never have graver fault to confess than the innocent caress you bestowed on the stranger.

It was to this earthly paradise and upon this simple race that the war came, like the tree of the knowledge of evil to our early parents.

GENERAL FORREST

. . . He was a tall, stalwart man, with grayish hair, mild countenance, and slow and homely of speech. Like Clive, Nature made him a great soldier; and he was without the former's advantages. Limited as was Clive's education, he was a Porson of erudition compared with Forrest, who read with difficulty.

The battle of Okalona was fought on an open plain, and Forrest had no advantage of position to compensate for the great inferiority of numbers; but it is remarkable that he employed the tactics of Frederick at Leuthen and Zorndorf, though he had never heard these names. Indeed, his tactics deserve the closest study of military men. Asked after the war to what he attributed his success in so many actions, he replied, "Well, I *got there first with the most men.*" Jomini could not have stated the key to the art of war more concisely.

I doubt if any commander since the days of lion-hearted Richard has killed as many enemies with his own hand as Forrest. His word of command as he led the charge was unique: "Forward, men, and *mix* with 'em!" But while cutting down many a foe with long-reaching, nervous arm, his keen eye watched the whole fight and guided him to the weak spot. Yet he was a tender-hearted, kindly man. The accusations of his enemies, that he murdered prisoners at Fort Pillow and elsewhere are absolutely false. The prisoners captured on his expedition into Tennessee, of which I have just written, were negroes, and he carefully looked after their wants himself, though in rapid movement, and fighting much of the time. These negroes told me of Mars' Forrest's kindness to them.

A VIRGINIA BREAKFAST AND MINT-JULEP

. . . That night we camped between Charlottesville and Gordonsville, in Orange County, the birthplace of my father. A distant kinsman, whom I had never met, came to invite me to his house in the neighborhood. His house was a little distant from the road; so, the following morning, he sent a mounted groom to show the way. My aide, young Hamilton, accompanied me, and Tom of course followed. It was a fine old mansion surrounded by well-kept grounds. This immediate region had not yet been touched by war. Flowering plants and rose trees in full bloom attested the glorious wealth of June. On the broad portico, to welcome us, stood the host with his fresh, charming wife, and, a little retired, a white-headed butler. Greetings over with host and lady, this delightful creature with ebon face beaming hospitality, advanced, holding a salver on which rested a huge silver goblet filled with Virginia's nectar, mint julep. Quantities of cracked ice rattled refreshingly in the goblet, sprigs of fragrant mint peered above its broad brim; a mass of white sugar, too sweetly indolent to melt, rested on the mint; and, like rosebuds on a snow bank, luscious strawberries crowned the sugar. Ah! that julep! Mars ne'er received such tipple from the hands of Ganymede. Breakfast was announced, and what a breakfast! A beautiful service, snowy table cloth, damask napkins, long unknown;

above all, a lovely woman in crisp gown, with more and handsomer roses on her cheek than in her garden. 'Twas an idyl in the midst of the stern realities of war! The table groaned beneath its viands. Sable servitors brought in, hot and hotter from the kitchen, cakes of wondrous forms, inventions of the tropical imagination of Africa inflamed by Virginia hospitality. I was rather a moderate trencherman, but the performance of Hamilton was Gargantuan, alarming. Duty dragged us from this Eden; yet in hurried adieus I did not forget to claim of the fair hostess the privileges of a cousin.

TOM STROTHER, MY BODY SERVANT

. . . As under feudal institutions the arms of heiresses were quartered with those of the families into which they married, in the South their slaves adopted the surname of the mistress; my paternal grandmother was Miss Sarah Strother of Virginia and from her estate came these Strother negroes. Tom, three years my senior, was my foster brother and early playmate. Tall, powerful, black as ebony, he was a mirror of honesty and truth. Always cheerful, I never heard him laugh or knew of his speaking unless spoken to. He could light a fire in a minute under the most unfavorable circumstances and with the most unpromising material, made the best coffee to be tasted outside of a creole kitchen, was a "dab" at camp stews and roasts, groomed my horses, one of which he rode near me, washed my linen and was never behind time. Occasionally, when camped near a house, he would obtain starch and flat-irons and get up my extra shirt in a way to excite the envy of a professional clear-starcher; but such red-letter days were few.

I used to fancy that there was a mute sympathy between General Jackson and Tom, as they sat silent by a camp fire, the latter respectfully withdrawn; and an incident here at Strasburg cemented this friendship. When my command was called into action I left Tom on a hill where all was quiet. Thereafter, from a change in the enemy's dispositions, the place became rather hot, and Jackson passing by, advised Tom to move; but he replied, if the General pleased, his master told him to stay there and would know where to find him,

and he did not believe shells would trouble him. Two or three nights later Jackson was at my fire when Tom came to give me some coffee; whereupon Jackson rose and gravely shook him by the hand, and then told me the above.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

. . . Thus he brought to the Southern cause a civil and military experience surpassing that of any other leader. Born in Kentucky, descended from an honorable colonial race, connected by marriage with influential families in the West where his life had been passed, he was peculiarly fitted to command western armies. With him at the helm, there would have been no Vicksburg, no Missionary Ridge, no Atlanta. His character was lofty and pure, his presence and demeanor dignified and courteous, with the simplicity of a child; and he at once inspired the respect and gained the confidence of cultivated gentlemen and rugged frontiersmen.

Besides, he had passed through the furnace of ignorant newspapers, hotter than that of the Babylonian tyrant. Like pure gold he came forth from the furnace above the reach of slander, the foremost man of all the South; and had it been possible for one heart, one mind and one arm to save her cause, she lost them when Albert Sidney Johnston fell on the field of Shiloh.

As soon after the war as she was permitted, the Commonwealth of Texas removed his remains from New Orleans to inter him in a land he had long and faithfully served. I was honored by a request to accompany the coffin from the cemetery to the steamer; and as I gazed upon it there arose the feeling of the Theban who, after the downfall of the glory and independence of his country, stood by the tomb of Epaminondas.

ANDREW JOHNSON

. . . Of humble birth, a tailor by trade, nature gave him a strong intellect, and he had learned to read after his marriage. He had acquired much knowledge of the principles of government and made himself a fluent speaker, but could not rise above the level of the class in which he was born and to which he always appealed. He well understood the few subjects laboriously studied, and affected to despise other knowledge, while suspicious that those possessing such would take advantage of him. Self-educated men, as they are called, deprived of the side light thrown on a particular subject by instruction in cognate matters, are narrow and dogmatic, and, with an uneasy consciousness of ignorance, soothe their own vanity by underrating the studies of others. To the vanity of this class he added that of the demagogue (I use the term in its better sense) and called the wise policy left him by his predecessor, "my policy." Compelled to fight his way up from obscurity, he had contracted a dislike of those more favored of fortune, whom he was in the habit of calling the "slave aristocracy," and became incapable of giving his confidence to any one, even to those on whose assistance he relied in a contest, just now beginning, with Congress.

President Johnson never made a dollar by public office, abstained from quartering a horde of connections on the Treasury, refused to uphold rogues in high places, and had too just a conception of the dignity of a chief magistrate to accept presents. It may be said that these are humble qualities for a citizen to boast the possession of by a President of the United States. As well claim respect for a woman of one's family on the ground that she has preserved her virtue. Yet all whose eyes were not blinded by partisanship, whose manhood was not emasculated by servility, would in these last years have welcomed the least of them as manna in the desert.

CHARLES SUMNER

. . . Hopeless of obtaining assistance from such statesmen I visited Mr. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, who received me pleasantly. A rebel, a slave driver, and, without the culture of Boston, ignorant, I was an admirable vessel into which he could pour the inexhaustible stream of his acquired eloquence. I was delighted to listen to beautiful passages from the classics as well as modern poets, dramatists, philosophers, and orators, and recalled the anecdote of the man sitting under a fluent divine, who could not refrain from muttering, "That is Jeremy Taylor; that, South; that, Barrow," etc. It was difficult to suppress the thought, while Mr. Sumner was talking, "That is Burke, or Howard, Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Exeter Hall," etc., but I failed to get down to the particular subject that interested me. He seemed over-educated—had retained, not digested his learning; and beautiful flowers of literature were attached to him by filaments of memory as lovely orchids to sapless sticks. Hence he failed to understand the force of language, and became the victim of his own metaphors, mistaking them for facts. He had the irritable vanity and weak nerves of a woman, and was bold to rashness in speculation, destitute as he was of the ordinary masculine sense of responsibility. Yet I hold him to have been the purest and most sincere man of his party. Without vindictiveness, he forgave his enemies as soon as they were overthrown, and one of the last efforts of his life was to remove from the flag of a common country all records of victories that perpetuated the memory of civil strife.

WASHINGTON CITY AFTER THE WAR

. . . MEANTIME, an opportunity to look upon the amazing spectacle presented by the dwellers at the capital was afforded. The things seen by the Pilgrims in a dream were at this Vanity Fair visible in the flesh: "all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, states, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, pearls, precious stones and what not." The eye of the inspired tinker had pierced the darkness of two hundred years and seen what was to come. The martial tread of hundreds of volunteer generals, just disbanded, resounded in the streets. Gorged with loot, they spent it as lavishly as Morgan's buccaneers after the sack of Panama. Their women sat at meat or walked the highways resplendent in jewels, spoil of Southern matrons. The camp-followers of the army were in high carnival, and in character and numbers rivaled the attendants of Xerxes. Courtesans swarmed everywhere, about the inns, around the Capitol, in the antechambers of the "White House," and were brokers for the transaction of all business. Of a tolerant disposition and with a wide experience of earthly wickedness, I did not feel called upon to cry aloud against these enormities, remembering the fate of Faithful; but I had some doubts concerning divine justice; for why were the "cities of the Plain" overthrown and this place suffered to exist?

ZACHARY TAYLOR

[1784—1850]

WALTER L. FLEMING

ZACHARY TAYLOR was the twelfth President of the United States, the sixth and last who was born in Virginia. The Taylor family came from England in the Seventeenth Century and settled in south eastern Virginia. By marriage the Taylors were related to the leading families of the Old Dominion, among them the Lees, Barbours, Madisons, Conways, and Pendletons. Richard Taylor, the father of Zachary, was of an adventurous disposition and left school when a mere boy to make a trip into the Kentucky country, which was at that time a wilderness in which not a single white person lived. He went as far as Natchez before turning back. When the Revolution broke out he enlisted in the Virginia troops, rendered good service, and rose to the rank of colonel. In 1779 he married Sarah Strother. On November 24, 1784, Zachary, their third son, was born, and a year later the family removed to Kentucky, a move that Richard Taylor had planned years before.

In Kentucky the family settled near Louisville, where the father rapidly accumulated land and rose to a prominent position in State politics. Young Zachary, with his brothers, was reared on a frontier farm, and there learned the lessons of industry, courage, self-reliance and self-denial. For in the early years of its history, life in Kentucky was hard. There were still the Indians to guard against, and hunting was almost a regular occupation of the men. Zachary and his brothers were trained to hunt by Wetzel, the famous scout and Indian fighter. Of schooling there was little. Elisha Ayers, a Connecticut Yankee, kept a school near by, and from him the Taylor boys learned the rudiments of English. Zachary lived and worked on the farm until he was twenty-four years old. When the Burr movement alarmed the Kentuckians, Taylor joined a troop of cavalry for the purpose of opposing Burr's forces.

The Taylor brothers were inclined toward the military life, and the two elder brothers early secured commissions in the United States Army. In 1808 one of them, Lieutenant Hancock Taylor, died, and Zachary Taylor applied for and secured a commission in the Seventh Regiment of Infantry. In 1810 he married Margaret Smith, the daughter of an officer in the Marine Corps.

Taylor's first tour of service was on the northwest frontier and lasted several years, in fact, through the War of 1812. His duty was to defend the frontier settlements from the attacks of the Indians, who were instigated and led by the British. For his services he was made major by brevet, the first instance of such a title in the United States Army. The earliest writings of Taylor that exist are the despatches from his post on the border. They are unaffected, clear, and blunt.

When the war with England was ended the army was cut down and Taylor was reduced in rank from major to captain. Believing this to be an injustice, he resigned and went home "to make a crop of corn." But before the end of the year he was, through no effort of his own, reinstated in the army with the rank of major. During the next fifteen years he saw hard and monotonous frontier service. In 1832 he was sent with his regiment to occupy and complete Fort Crawford, in the Illinois country. He established a post library and secured a good collection of books. When off duty the "book room" was his favorite place of resort, and one who knew him then said later that his "hardihood [in drilling his men in February] was no more characteristic that his liberal-minded intelligence."

In 1832 Taylor was made colonel, and with his regiment took a prominent part in the Black Hawk War. From 1836 to 1840 he was engaged in the Seminole War in Florida, and for his services was made a brigadier-general. From 1840 to 1845 he was in command of the Southwestern Department and made his home at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

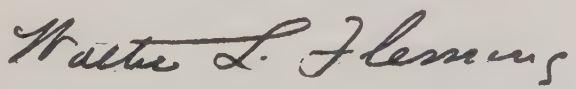
When trouble with Mexico was threatened Taylor was ordered to the Rio Grande, and for two years, during the war that followed, he was in command of the United States forces in northern Mexico. His letters and despatches written at the beginning of the war indicate that he was not in favor of precipitating a contest of arms and that he conducted the affairs of the United States with great moderation and in a conservative spirit. His despatches are remarkably free from egotism and from the uninteresting detail that lumbers up most military communications. The capture of Monterey and the battle of Buena Vista made Taylor famous as a general. The terms granted by him to the Mexicans at Monterey were, owing to a misunderstanding of the situation, not approved by the War Department. Taylor wrote a vigorous defence of his policy, of which Jefferson Davis, a colonel in Taylor's army, said: "His reply to Secretary Marcy's strictures in regard to the capitulation of Monterey exhibited such vigor of thought and grace of expression that many attributed it to a member of his staff who had a literary reputation. It was

written by General Taylor's own hand in the open air by his camp fire at Victoria, Mexico."

After the war Taylor's friends urged him to be a candidate for the Presidency, and he frankly entered the contest. He himself never had voted, but his sympathies were with the Whigs. He constantly declared that he would not be a partisan President, and he was not. Before and after the election his letters, statements, and messages show that he appreciated the dangers that threatened the Union. He thought that the remedy was to return to the moderate principles of the founders of the Republic. He used his own influence for conciliation and for moderation on both sides. His California-New Mexico Message shows that he endeavored to keep the slavery question out of Congress, if possible. His restraining influence in politics was felt for only one short year. He died July 9, 1850—his last words being: "I am ready to die. I have faithfully endeavored to do my duty."

Zachary Taylor was a soldier during the best part of his life; he loved his profession; he had the soldier's ideals of duty and conduct, and these ideals he carried with him to the White House. The best estimate of his character was made by another soldier and statesman, Jefferson Davis, who opposed him in politics:

"Many years of military routine had not dulled his desire for knowledge; he had extensively studied both ancient and modern history, especially the English. Unpretending, meditative, observant and conclusive, he was best understood and most appreciated by those who had known him long and intimately. In a campaign he gathered information from all who approached him, however sinister their motives might be. By comparison and elimination he gained a knowledge that was often surprising as to the position and designs of the enemy. In battle he was vigilantly active, though quiet in bearing; calm and considerate, though stern and inflexible; but when the excitement of danger and strife had subsided, he had a father's tenderness and care for the wounded, and none more sincerely mourned for those who had bravely fallen in the line of their duty."



THE CONVENTION OF MONTEREY

From J. R. Fry's 'Life of General Zachary Taylor.'

Camp near Monterey, November 8, 1846.

Sir: In reply to so much of the communication of the Secretary of War, as relates to the reasons which induced the conversation resulting in the capitulation of Monterey, I have the honour to submit the following remarks:

The convention presents two distinct points: *First,* the permission granted the Mexican Army to retire with their arms, &c. *Secondly,* the temporary cessation of hostilities for the term of eight weeks. I shall remark on these in order.

The force with which I marched on Monterey was limited by causes beyond my control to about six thousand men. With this force, as every military man must admit, who has seen the ground, it was entirely impossible to invest Monterey so closely as to prevent the escape of the garrison. Although the main communication with the interior was in our possession, yet one route was open to the Mexicans throughout the operations, and could not be closed, as were also other minor tracks and passes through the mountains. Had we, therefore, insisted on more rigorous terms than those granted, the result would have been the escape of the body of the Mexican force, with the destruction of its artillery and magazines, our only advantage being the capture of a few prisoners of war, at the expense of valuable lives and much damage to the city. The consideration of humanity was present to my mind during the conference which led to the convention, and outweighed, in my judgment, the doubtful advantages to be gained by a resumption of the attack upon the town. This conclusion has been fully confirmed by an inspection of the enemy's position and means since the surrender. It was discovered that his principal magazine, containing an immense amount of powder, was in the Cathedral, completely exposed to our shells from two directions. The explosion of this mass of powder, which must have ultimately resulted from a continuation of the bombardment, would have been infinitely disastrous, involving the destruction not only of Mexican troops, but of non-combatants, and even our own people, had we pressed the attack.

In regard to the temporary cessation of hostilities, the fact that we are not at this moment, within eleven days of the termination of the period fixed by the convention, prepared to move forward in force, is a sufficient explanation of the military reasons which dictated this suspension of arms. It paralyzed the enemy during a period when, from the want of necessary means, we could not possibly move. I desire distinctly to state, and to call the attention of the authorities to the fact, that, with all diligence in breaking mules and setting up wagons, the first wagons in addition to our original train from Corpus Christi, (and but one hundred and twenty-five in number,) reached my head-quarters on the same day with the secretary's communication of October 13th, viz: the 2d inst. At the date of the surrender of Monterey, our force had not more than ten days' rations, and even now, with all our endeavors, we have not more than twenty-five. THE TASK OF FIGHTING AND BEATING THE ENEMY IS AMONG THE LEAST DIFFICULT THAT WE ENCOUNTER—the great question of supplies necessarily controls all the operations in a country like this. At the date of the convention, I could not of course have foreseen that the Department would direct an important detachment from my command without consulting me, or without waiting the result of the main operation under my orders.

I have touched the prominent military points involved in the convention of Monterey. There were other considerations which weighed with the commissioners in framing, and with myself in approving the articles of the convention. In the conference with General Ampudia, I was distinctly told by him that he had invited it to spare the further effusion of blood, and because General Santa Anna had declared himself favorable to peace. I knew that our government had made propositions to that of Mexico to negotiate, and I deemed that the change of government in that country since my instructions, fully warranted me in entertaining considerations of policy. My grand motive in moving forward with very limited supplies had been to increase the inducements of the Mexican Government to negotiate for peace. Whatever may be the actual views or disposition of the Mexican rulers or of General Santa Anna, it is not unknown to the Government that I had the very best reason for believing the statement of General

Ampudia to be true. It was my opinion at the time of the convention, and it has not been changed, that the liberal treatment of the Mexican Army, and the suspension of arms, would exert none but a favorable influence in our behalf.

The result of the entire operation has been to throw the Mexican Army back more than three hundred miles to the city of San Luis Potosi, and to open the country to us as far as we choose to penetrate it up to the same point.

It has been my purpose in this communication not so much to defend the convention from the censure which I deeply regret to find implied in the Secretary's letter, as to show that it was not adopted without cogent reasons, most of which occur of themselves to the minds of all who are acquainted with the conditions of things here. To that end I beg that it may be laid before the General-in-chief and Secretary of War.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION

Extract from the First Annual Message, December 4, 1849.

. . . Our government is one of limited powers, and its successful administration eminently depends on the confinement of each of its co-ordinate branches within its own appropriate sphere. The first section of the constitution ordains that "all legislative powers therein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a senate and house of representatives." The executive has authority to recommend (not to dictate) measures to Congress. Having performed that duty, the executive department of the government can not rightfully control the decision of Congress on any subject of legislation, until that decision shall have been officially submitted to the president for approval. The check provided by the constitution in the clause conferring the qualified veto will never be exercised by me, except in the cases contemplated by the father of the republic. I view it as an extreme measure, to be resorted to only in extraordinary cases—as where it may become necessary to defend the executive against the encroachments of the legislative power, or to prevent hasty and inconsiderate or unconstitutional legislation. By cautiously confining this remedy within the sphere prescribed to it in the contemporaneous expositions of the fram-

ers of the constitution, the will of the people, legitimately expressed on all subjects of legislation, through their constitutional organs, the senators and representatives of the United States, will have its full effect. As indispensable to the preservation of our system of self-government, the independence of the representatives of the states and the people is guaranteed by the constitution; and they owe no responsibility to any human power but their constituents. By holding the representative responsible only to the people, and exempting him from all other influences, we elevate the character of the constituent, and quicken his sense of responsibility to his country. It is under these circumstances only that the elector can feel that, in the choice of a lawmaker, he is himself truly a component part of the sovereign power of the nation. With equal care we should study to defend the rights of the executive and judicial departments. Our government can only be preserved in its purity by the suppression and entire elimination of every claim or tendency of one co-ordinate branch to encroachment upon another. With the strict observance of this rule and the other injunctions of the constitution; with a sedulous inculcation of that respect and love for the Union of the states which our fathers cherished and enjoined upon their children; and with the aid of that overruling Providence which has so long and so kindly guarded our liberties and institutions, we may reasonably expect to transmit them, with their innumerable blessings, to the remotest posterity.

But attachment to the Union of the states should be habitually fostered in every American heart. For more than half a century, during which kingdoms and empires have fallen, this Union has stood unshaken. The patriots who formed it have long since descended to the grave; yet still it remains, the proudest monument to their memory, and the object of affection and admiration with every one worthy to bear the American name. In my judgment, its dissolution would be the greatest of calamities; and to avert that should be the study of every American. Upon its preservation must depend our own happiness and that of countless generations to come. Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it and maintain it in its integrity to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the constitution.

CALIFORNIA AND NEW MEXICO

Extracts from a Message to Congress, January 23, 1850.

I DID not hesitate to express to the people of those territories my desire that each territory should, if prepared to comply with the requisitions of the constitution of the United States, form a plan of a state constitution, and submit the same to Congress, with a prayer for admission into the Union as state; but I do not anticipate, suggest, or authorize, the establishment of any such government without the assent of Congress; nor did I authorize any government agent or officer to interfere with or exercise any influence or control over the election of delegates, or over any convention, in making or modifying their domestic institutions or any of the provisions of their proposed constitution. On the contrary, the instructions given by my orders were, that all measures of domestic policy adopted by the people of California must originate solely with themselves; that while the executive of the United States was desirous to protect them in the formation of any government republican in its character, to be, at the proper time, submitted to Congress, yet it was to be distinctly understood that the plan of such a government must, at the same time, be the result of their own deliberate choice, and originate with themselves, without the interference of the executive.

I am unable to give any information as to laws passed by any supposed government in California, or of any census taken in either of the territories mentioned in the resolution, as I have no information on those subjects.

As already stated, I have not disturbed the arrangements which I found had existed under my predecessor.

In advising an early application by the people of these territories for admission as states, I was actuated principally by an earnest desire to afford to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress the opportunity of avoiding occasions of bitter and angry dissentions among the people of the United States.

Under the constitution, every state has the right of establishing, and from time to time, altering its municipal laws and domestic institutions, independently of every other state and of the general government, subject only to the prohibitions

and guaranties expressly set forth in the constitution of the United States. The subjects thus left exclusively to the respective states were not designed or expected to become topics of national agitation. Still, as under the constitution, Congress has power to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territories of the United States, every new acquisition of territory has led to discussions on the question whether the system of involuntary servitude which prevails in many of the states should or should not be prohibited in that territory. The periods of excitement from this cause which have heretofore occurred have been safely passed; but during the interval, of whatever length, which may elapse before the admission of the territories ceded by Mexico as states, it appears probable that similar excitement will prevail to an undue extent.

Under these circumstances, I thought, and still think, that it was my duty to endeavor to put it in the power of Congress, by the admission of California and New Mexico as states, to remove all occasions for the unnecessary agitation of the public mind.

It is understood that the people of the western part of California have formed a plan of a state constitution, and will soon submit the same to the judgment of Congress, and apply for admission as a state. This course on their part, though in accordance with, was not adopted exclusively in consequence of, any expression of my wishes, insomuch as measures tending to this end had been promoted by the officers sent there by my predecessor, and were already in active progress of execution before any communication from me reached California. If the proposed constitution shall, when submitted to Congress, be found to be in compliance with the requisitions of the constitution of the United States, I earnestly recommend that it may receive the sanction of Congress.

* * * * * *

Seeing, then, that the question which now excites such painful sensation in the country will, in the end, certainly be settled by the silent effect of causes independent of the action of Congress, I again submit to your wisdom the policy recommended in my annual message, of awaiting the salutary operation of those causes, believing that we shall thus avoid the cre-

ation of geographical parties, and secure the harmony of feeling so necessary to the beneficial action of our political system. Connected as the Union is with the remembrance of past happiness, the sense of present blessings, and the hope of future peace and prosperity, every dictate of wisdom, every feeling of duty, and every emotion of patriotism, tends to inspire fidelity and devotion to it, and admonish us cautiously to avoid any unnecessary controversy which can either endanger it or impair its strength, the chief element of which is to be found in the regard and affection of the people for each other.

JOHN R. THOMPSON

JOHN R. THOMPSON

[1823—1873]

W. GORDON McCABE

JOHN R. THOMPSON was born in Richmond, Virginia, October 23, 1823. He received his preparation for college in an excellent school at East Haven, Connecticut, entered the academic department of the University of Virginia in the autumn of 1840, in which he successfully pursued his studies for two years, then joined the law school and was graduated before he was twenty-one, taking a good degree.

After practising law in Richmond for a little more than two years, contributing, meanwhile, in prose and verse to various journals, North and South, he finally determined to follow the path that inclination had early marked out for him by devoting himself chiefly to literature. To this end he purchased and assumed editorial control of *The Southern Literary Messenger* (then known by the somewhat cumbrous title of *The Southern and Western Literary Messenger and Review*), in November, 1847. That he felt at first, young as he was, some trepidation at giving up the profession for which he had been trained and embarking upon the uncertain sea of editorial life, is shown by his "Announcement to the Public" (published in the October number of the *Messenger* for 1847), in which he says: "It is not my intention to abandon my profession, but to continue, as heretofore, a practitioner of the law."

But he very soon recognized the truth of the trite aphorism that "the law is a jealous mistress," and there is no evidence in his letters, or elsewhere, that his desertion of Themis for the Muses cost him any real pang.

His heart was now thoroughly in his work and the result was that under his management, for nearly thirteen years, the *Messenger* held an unchallenged place in the front rank of American magazines. In July, 1854, still retaining titular editorship of the *Messenger* (though the year before he had sold the proprietorship to its publishers), he sailed for Europe, whence he contributed regularly to its pages during his absence, a series of always clever and often brilliant sketches of travel. Apart from the mere delight of intelligent "sight-seeing," during this visit he formed some of the pleasantest and most lasting friendships of his life, his refinement, genial-

ity, keen observation, and exquisite culture drawing to him many of the foremost men of letters in England and on the Continent.

At this time he renewed a slight acquaintance with Charles Dickens (though they never became really friends) and for the first time met Bulwer, who greeted with unwonted graciousness the young American *littérateur;* he saw much of Macaulay, not only in society, but in easy intercourse in the latter's bachelor quarters in The Albany, which he afterward made the setting for a wonderfully vivid and charming sketch of the great essayist and historian, and became an ever welcome guest of the Brownings at Casa Guidi in Florence.

Now, too, began an acquaintance with Carlyle and Tennyson, destined in both instances to ripen into hearty friendship; while with the greatest humorist of the century, "good old Thackeray," whom he had entertained in Virginia, there were "free quarters" for him at No. 36 Onslow Square, boyish rambles together from Highgate to Hounsditch, jolly nights over pipes and foaming tankards at "Evans's" in Covent Garden ("The Cave of Harmony" of 'The Newcomes'), and more than one cosy dinner at "The Ship" at Greenwich, or "The Star-and-Garter" at Richmond-on-the-Hill.

On his return to America, after six halcyon months abroad, Thompson collected his sketches of travel, from which he had scrupulously omitted all mention of the distinguished people he had met, and the volume, entitled 'Across the Atlantic,' had already been printed and was in the hands of the binders, when the great New York fire of 1856 occurred, in which the establishment of his publishers, Messrs. Derby and Jackson, was burned, and the entire edition destroyed.

Years afterwards he would relate to his friends, in his inimitably droll fashion, how the news of the fire came to him in Washington just as he was mounting the rostrum to lecture before the Smithsonian Institution—how ghastly seemed all his jokes—how dreary all his *jeux d'esprit* in the light of that disastrous conflagration; and how there finally came into his possession the only copy of the book that was saved—a complete "final revise" of proof-sheets that had been accidentally left in a desk (fortunately rescued) belonging to a member of the firm—a volume, he was wont to declare with mock gravity, that should fetch as great a price as the 'Mazarin Bible' or the famous 'Il Decamerone' from the press of Messer Cristoforo Valdarfar, in that it was beyond cavil of captious bibliophile one of the very few really "unique books" to be found in the world.

In January, 1855, he resumed active editorial control of the *Messenger* (relieving his intimate friend, John Esten Cooke, whom

he had appointed "acting editor" during his absence); and once more, by the incisive brilliancy of his literary criticisms, the charm of his genial sympathy, and by that generous and hearty recognition of merit which he was ever ready to accord the humblest aspirants in letters, he drew around him the best literary talent in the South and not a few of the cleverest men and women further afield.

The jealousies of literary men have passed into a proverb—a *genus irritabile,* like the cooks in DeQuincey's 'Murder as One of the Fine Arts'—but it is noteworthy, as illustrating how truly genuine kindness of heart and an inimitable sweetness of disposition dominated Thompson's character, that of the great number of men and women he gathered about him in his long editorial life, many became his life-long friends, and so far as can be now recalled, he left no enemy behind.

During these four or five years (1855 to 1860), he also contributed to various Northern magazines some of his most charming *vers-de-société,* pronounced before various literary and college societies several odes of occasion of marked distinction as to finish and mastery of flexible metrics, and delivered in the chief cities throughout the South a series of admirable lectures, of which those on "European Journalism" and "The Life and Genius of Edgar Allan Poe" were so exquisite in point of style, yet so thoughtful and just in sympathetic criticism as to create a great hope in those who knew the real abilities that lay behind the mere transient cleverness of much of his work that he would set to himself some task worthier of his wide and solid acquirement and conspicuous literary accomplishments.

That he felt this himself in his modest fashion there is no sort of doubt, a critical history of English poetry, with copious illustrative selections, from Chaucer to "the Victorians" (on the same lines as those followed twenty years later by Professor Humphry Ward), being the work most to his liking. But when his friends gently chided him because of delay, confident of their recognition of his prodigious industry and scrupulous punctuality in performing his editorial work, he would make some cheery remark about the *res augusta domi* and force them to confess that, with so many dependent on the earnings of his pen (for he was the most generous of sons and of brothers), he had reason on his side and must needs bide his time.

In May, 1860, he resigned the editorship of the *Messenger* after nearly thirteen years of faithful and brilliant service, being succeeded by Dr. George W. Bagby, our Virginia "Elia."

Despite the fact that he had worked with rare devotion born of a genuine enthusiasm for letters, that he had not only held the

best of the old contributors, but had enlisted the services of fresh talent, North and South—Poe contributing (under Thompson's editorship) his definitive "Rationale of Verse," and a new series of his scathing "Marginalia" (which ran through six numbers), in addition to some exquisite critiques, while of the *dii minores* we find prose or poetry by Owen Meredith, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, R. H. Stoddard, Mrs. Sigourney, Frances Sargent Osgood, George P. Morris, William Gilmore Simms, Moncure D. Conway, Commodore Maury, Philip Pendleton Cooke, G. P. R. James, Paul Hayne, Henry Timrod, James Barron Hope, John Esten Cooke, George W. Bagby —this quite apart from the complete works, of which, to mention but three out of a goodly number, Ik Marvel's 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' Tuckerman's 'Characteristics of Literature,' and Baldwin's inimitable 'Flush Times in Alabama' were first given to the public in the pages of the *Messenger* under the Thompson régime—despite all this, the magazine had not been liberally supported by the Southern people; and, as Mr. Thompson was poor, he felt that in justice to those dependent on him, though the decision cost him many a pang, he ought to accept a very liberal offer made him at this time to assume editorial charge of *The Southern Field* and *Fireside,* recently established at Augusta, Georgia.

In this position he remained about a year, making, as was his constant good fortune, many warm friends and admirers among the more cultured classes of the far South.

Then burst the storm of war. In the clash of arms, letters, like laws, were in great measure silent, and Mr. Thompson at once returned to Virginia. His health, even then precarious, prevented his serving his State in arms, but his heart was thoroughly in the cause and his patriotic enthusiasm found fitting expression in prose and verse. Despite his duties as Assistant-secretary of the Commonwealth (a position which had been tendered him on his return), he contributed steadily to the columns of the daily and weekly press and wrote stirring battle-lyrics, which won instant applause at home and across the seas.

At the beginning of July, 1864, he embarked from Wilmington for England, *via* Nassau and Halifax, to take up a position on the editorial staff of *The Index* (the official organ of the Confederate States in London), being at the time so prostrated in health that his nephew and a friend had to carry him in their arms on board the blockade-runner, in which he was sailing for Bermuda. The voyage was safely made, and once more settled in London in cheery quarters at No. 17 Savile Row (the old residence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and within a few minutes' walk of his beloved Piccadilly), with kind friends and compatriots about him, he soon re-

gained his health and spent what were perhaps, the happiest months of his maturer years. Idleness was always irksome to him, and returning health, with consequent high spirits, soon gave the impulse for accomplishing some excellent literary work. His editorial articles in *The Index* more than once received the very unusual honor of being copied into *The Times* (which was at that time the greatest power in Europe of "the fourth estate"), he, meanwhile, finding leisure to contribute "leaders" to that sturdy old Conservative organ, *The Standard,* whose "American Correspondent" he remained, on his return home, to the day of his death.

He went much into London society, was elected a member of the famous "Travellers Club," and had the *entrée* into the most distinguished literary circles of the capital. True, death had been busy during the ten years that had elapsed since his former visit—Macaulay was dead—Mrs. Browning was dead—and, sharpest pang of all, he missed the hearty grasp of the master-hand that had penned 'The Newcomes.' But, as is the beneficent "way of the world," new faces had come to take the place of the old ones passed away, and now began between himself and Kinglake (whose 'Eothen' had long been one of his favorite books), Dean Stanley, Francis Palgrave, Lord and Lady Donoughmore, and the Stuart Wortleys, much pleasant friendly intercourse; while Thackeray's accomplished daughter Anne (now Lady Ritchie), whom he had last seen as a young schoolgirl, gave him warmest welcome in the new home which she and her sister Minnie (afterward Mrs. Leslie Stephen) had made for themselves after their father's sudden death.

With Tennyson and Carlyle, as has been stated, his acquaintanceship soon ripened into friendship; the Laureate he saw often in town (you will find him mentioned in the 'Life' as "Thompson, the Confederate,") and occasionally at Farringford, while on any fine day he might be seen in Battersea Park or St. James's, pacing slowly arm in arm and deep in converse with the venerable philosopher of Chelsea, who, as is well known, took the keenest interest to the very end in the triumph of Southern arms.

For more than a year after the disastrous end of the war, he continued to reside in London, eking out a livelihood by contributions to the daily and weekly press, as chance offered, and by writing for *Blackwood's Magazine* from Major Heros von Borcke's note-books the experiences of that gallant officer as chief-of-staff of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

In the autumn of 1866 he returned to America, and was connected for a short time with *Every Afternoon,* a high-class journal somewhat after the style of the *Pall Mall,* or *St. James's Gazette,* established by William Young, formerly editor of *The Albion,* a fast

friend of Thackeray, and chiefly remembered now as the translator of Béranger's lyrics. But New York was not yet ripe for such an ambitious venture, and the paper had but a brief existence.

Finally, through the kindly efforts of an influential man of letters, books were sent to Thompson at odd times to be reviewed in the columns of the *Evening Post*. The veteran editor-in-chief of that scholarly journal, William Cullen Bryant, was at once impressed with the literary distinction of the critiques, made inquiries as to the writer, and, perhaps, remembering Thompson's generous words in the *Messenger* in the very heat of acrimonious sectional discussion: "The sins of Bryant, the editor, have not deadened us to the beauties of Bryant, the poet," after a brief interval offered him the position of literary editor on the staff of the *Post*.

With that scrupulous honesty and keen sense of personal honor which characterized him in things small and great, Thompson went at once to the proprietors of the paper, in view of its pronounced political attitude, and stated frankly his course during the war and his abiding sympathies with the people of his section, then struggling for their very existence under the curse of the detestable "Reconstruction Acts."

In turn, Mr. Bryant and his son-in-law and associate editor, Mr. Parke Godwin, in a manner highly honorable to their good sense and good feeling, declared that they should consider only the quality of his work, and with rare delicacy, on which Thompson often dwelt, and which no Southern man of letters should ever forget, carefully refrained from putting into his hands for review any book dealing with the civil conflict that could possibly wound his feelings.

The four or five years spent in this dignified and congenial employment were, despite his rapidly failing health, not without much genuine, if subdued, pleasure. He accomplished much literary work outside his regular duties on the *Post*, contributing not infrequently to *Harper's Weekly*, *Scribner's* and the *Galaxy*, and beguiling his *horæ subsicivæ* with some exquisite translations from the French and German, notably from Béranger and Heine.

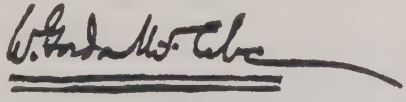
In the North, as in the far South years before, Thompson made not a few friends (chief among them Edmund Clarence Stedman and Richard Henry Stoddard), of whom he always spoke with hearty admiration and generous warmth of affection—sentiments which, if one may judge from the noble tribute paid him in the leading article in the *Post* on the day following his death, were returned to the full by those with whom he spent these last years of his life.

In the spring of 1873, through the liberality of his friend, Mr. Isaac Henderson, one of the chief owners of the *Post*, he went to

Colorado in the hope that the progress of the pulmonary disease that held him in its grip might be stayed for a time. But within a few weeks he recognized the hope to be vain, and he returned to New York, where he passed away, April 30, 1873. His constant prayer met fulfilment, and, laid to rest on the bosom of his mother State, he now lies sleeping on a lovely spot overlooking the city of his birth, whose fame and beauty and heroism he had so often celebrated in song and story.

We may be reasonably confident that as a writer of pure and graceful prose, charming in its delicacy of touch, apt literary allusion and felicity of epithet, John R. Thompson will rank high on the roll of American men of letters of his time. As a poet, he shared with Henry Timrod, Paul H. Hayne and James Barron Hope the foremost place among the singers of whom the South can be justly proud. Even the coldest must allow that Thompson was possessed not seldom of true vatic fire, to which was added a marvelous mastery of technique, and that, in his wide range, he did many things with consummate grace and finish. Endowed by nature with keen sensibility and with a rare and delicate fancy, he had a genuine vein of lyric passion, and it is upon his lyrics that his reputation as poet must chiefly rest.

In considering the results of his unceasing literary activity, we may with perfect justice apply to him the criticism made on Goldsmith: "When we reflect upon the amount of hack-work that he was forced to do, we are astonished at the high excellence he actually attained in many departments of literature. . . . His place in literature is not the highest, but it is secure. He did not compete for the greatest prizes, but what he attempted, he accomplished, and the things he did best could hardly be done better. His ideals are sweet and wholesome; his humor gracious and free from malice; his work full of ease and naturalness, and pervaded by an indefinable and enduring grace and charm."



THE WINDOW-PANES AT BRANDON

[Upon the window-panes at Brandon, on the James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond, of many of those who composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion, in years gone by.]

As within the old mansion the holiday throng
  Reassembles in beauty and grace,
And some eye looking out of the window by chance,
  These memorial records may trace—
How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
  In an instant surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved,
  All distinctly are seen on the shore!

Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away,
  We but look, and a vision behold . . .
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals
  With its colors of crimson and gold,
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,
  From beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely
  As any that beam on us now.

While the old year departing strides ghost-like along
  O'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim,
  And the play of affection is warm:
Look once more . . . as the garlanded Spring reappears,
  In her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
  That has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke or Kneller that hang
  On the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down
  On the guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse,
  And though rendered immortal by Art,
Yet outshines not the beauty that, breathing below,
  In a moment takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes
With the tracery work of the rime;
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn
From some far-away tropical clime:
But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?
Some, the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the stone,
Where they sweetly rest under the sod.

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child
In its innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane,
And thus cancel the story it bears;
Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain
Unto trustier tablets consigned,
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
Who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, O young soul, with ambition inspired!
Let the moral be read as we pass;
Recollect, the illusory tablets of fame
Have been ever as brittle as glass;
Oh! be not content with the name thus inscribed,
For as well may you trace it in dust;
But resolve to record it, where long it shall stand,
In the hearts of the good and the just.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

One gifted child thou hadst who reached in vain
The vast propylon of the gleaming fane,
'Twas his to see the columns pure and white
Of marble and of rangèd chrysolite—
The lines of jasper through the golden gates—
Alas! no more was suffered by the Fates—
Like Baldur, fairest of the sons of morning,
The halls of Odin lustrously adorning,
He early caught the pale, blue, fearful glance
Of shadowy Helas' awful countenance.

Lamented Cooke! if all that love could lend
To the chaste scholar and the faithful friend,
If all the spoiler forced us to resign
In the calm virtues of a life like thine
Could bid him turn his fatal dart aside,
From our young Lycidas, thou hadst not died.
Peace to the Poet's shade! His ashes rest
Near the sweet spot he loved on earth the best—
The modest daisies from the surface peeping
As from the sod where Florence Vane lies sleeping,
While his own river murmurs as it flows
Perpetual requiem o'er his soft repose.

DEDICATION HYMN

(Written for the Dedication of the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., 1851.)

Lord! Thou hast said when two or three
Together come to worship Thee,
Thy presence, fraught with richest grace,
Shall ever fill and bless the place.

Then let us feel, as here we raise,
A temple to Thy matchless praise,
The blest assurance of Thy love
As it is felt in realms above.

Lord! here upon Thy sacred day
Teach us devoutly how to pray,
Our weakness let Thy strength supply,
Nor to our darkness light deny.

Here teach our flattering tongues to sing
The glories of the Heavenly King,
And let our aspirations rise
To seek the Saviour in the skies.

And when at last in life's decline
This earthly temple we resign,
May we, oh, Lord! enjoy with Thee
The Sabbaths of eternity.

THE WANDERER

Translation from the German of Heine

Where shall yet the wanderer jaded
In the grave at last recline?
In the South by palm-trees shaded?
Under Lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I in some desert sterile
Be entombed by foreign hands?
Shall I sleep beyond life's peril,
By some sea-coast in the sands?

Well! God's heaven will shine as brightly,
There as here, around my bed,
And the stars for death-lamps, nightly
Shall be hung above my head.

CARCASSONNE

Translation from the French of Gustave Nadaud

"I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain:
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

"You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store!
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

"They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay:
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

"The vicar's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind,
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

"Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I append:
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignon,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignon,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!"

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant double-bent with age;
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him) halfway on,
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne,
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

THE BATTLE RAINBOW

[On the evening before the battles before Richmond, a magnificent rainbow, following a thunder-storm, overspread the eastern sky, exactly defining the position of the Confederate Army, as seen from the Capitol.]

The warm weary day was departing, the smile
  Of the sunset gave token the tempest had ceased,
And the lightning yet fitfully gleamed for awhile
  On the cloud that sank sullen and dark in the east.

There our army, awaiting the terrible fight
  Of the morrow, lay hopeful and watchful and still;
Where their tents all the region had sprinkled with white
  From river to river, o'er meadow and hill.

While above them the fierce cannonade of the sky
  Blazed and burst from the vapours that muffled the sun,
Their "counterfeit clamours" gave forth no reply;
  And slept 'till the battle, the charge in each gun.

When lo! on the cloud a miraculous thing!
  Broke in beauty the rainbow our hosts to enfold;
The centre o'erspread by its arch and each wing
  Suffused with its azure and crimson and gold.

Blest omen of victory, symbol divine
  Of peace after tumult, repose after pain,
How sweet and how glowing with promise the sign
  To eyes that should never behold it again!

For the fierce flame of war on the morrow flashed out,
  And its thunder peals filled all the tremulous air
Over slippery entrenchment and reddened redoubt
  Rang the wild cheer of triumph, the cry of despair.

Then a long week of glory and agony came,
  Of mute supplication and yearning and dread;
When day unto day gave the record of fame,
  And night unto night gave the list of its dead.

We had triumphed!—the foe had fled back to his ships,
  His standards in rags and his legions a wreck,
But alas! the stark faces, and colourless lips
  Of our loved ones gave triumph's rejoicing a check.

Not yet, oh, not yet, as a sign of release,
  Had the Lord set in mercy his bow in the cloud,
Not yet had the Comforter whispered of peace
  To the hearts that around us lay bleeding and bowed.

But the promise was given . . . the beautiful arc,
  With its brilliant confusion of colours, that spanned
The sky on that exquisite eve, was the mark
  Of the Infinite Love overarching the land . . .

And that Love, shining richly and full as the day,
  Through the tear-drops that moisten each martyr's proud
    pall,
On the gloom of the past the bright bow shall display
  Of Freedom, Peace, Victory, bent over all.

ASHBY

To the brave all homage render,
  Weep, ye skies of June!
With a radiance pure and tender,
  Shine, oh saddened moon!
Dead upon the field of glory,
Hero fit for song and story,
  Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
  Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought with Moor nor Paynim
  Rode at Templestowe;
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
  Went he forth, we know.

Nevermore, alas! shall sabre
  Gleam around his crest;
Fought his fight, fulfilled his labour;
  Stilled his manly breast:
All unheard sweet nature's cadence,
Trump of fame, and voice of maidens:
  Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hath bound him,
  Gently wrap his clay,
Linger lovingly around him,
  Light of dying day,
Softly fall the summer showers,
Birds and bees among the flowers
  Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
  When his sword is rust
And his deeds in classic pages,
  Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
  Keep above his dust!

THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ

["The next squadron moved to the front under the lamented Captain Latané, making a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabres upon the enemy's picked ground, and after a hotly-contested hand-to-hand conflict, put him to flight, but not until the gallant Captain had sealed his devotion to his native soil with his blood."—Official Report of the Pamunkey Expedition by General J. E. B. Stuart, C.S.A.

"Lieutenant Latané carried his brother's dead body to Mrs. Brockenbrough's plantation, an hour or two after his death. On this sad and lonely errand he met a party of Yankees, who followed him to Mrs. Brockenbrough's gate, and stopping there, told him that as soon as he had placed his brother's body in friendly hands, he must surrender himself prisoner. . . . Mrs. Brockenbrough sent for an Episcopal clergyman to perform the funeral ceremonies, but the enemy would not permit him to pass. . . . Then, with a few other ladies, a fair-haired little girl, her apron filled with white

flowers, and a few faithful slaves who stood reverently near, a pious Virginia matron read the solemn and beautiful burial service over the cold, still form of one of the noblest gentlemen and most intrepid officers in the Confederate Army. She watched the clods, heaped upon the coffin-lid, then sinking on her knees, in sight and hearing of the foe, she committed his soul's welfare, and the stricken hearts he had left behind him, to the mercy of the All-Father."—Extract from private letter.]

The combat raged not long, but ours the day;
And through the hosts that compassed us around
Our little band rode proudly on its way,
Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
Unburied on the field he died to gain,
Single of all his men amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood,
Hope's halo like a helmet round his hair,
The next beheld him, dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death, and yet in death how fair!
Even thus he passed through the red gate of strife,
From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.

A brother bore his body from the field
And gave it unto stranger's hands that closed
The calm, blue eyes on earth forever sealed,
And tenderly the slender limbs composed:
Strangers, yet sisters, who with Mary's love,
Sat by the open tomb and weeping looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier,
Pale roses, not more stainless than his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere
That blossomed with good actions, brief but whole:
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached with reverent feet the hero's lowly grave.

No man of God might say the burial rite
Above the "rebel"—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight,
But woman's voice, in accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
Over his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead.

" 'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power,"
Softly the promise floated on the air,
And the sweet breathings of the sunset hour
Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer:
Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
And left him with his fame, his country, and his God.

Let us not weep for him whose deeds endure,
So young, so brave, so beautiful, he died;
As he had wished to die; the past is sure,
Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
Those who still linger by the stormy shore,
Change cannot harm him now nor fortune touch him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her spear,
Victrix et vidua, the conflict done,
Shall raise her mailèd hand to wipe the tear
That starts as she recalls each martyred son,
No prouder memory her breast shall sway,
Than thine, our early-lost, lamented Latané.

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles,
Loud shrieked the crowding Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle rang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang,
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankee stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him,
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by Music's art,
Exprest in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid War's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART

We could not pause, while yet the noontide air
  Shook with the cannonade's incessant pealing,
The funeral pageant fitly to prepare,
  A nation's grief revealing.

The smoke, above the glimmering woodland wide
  That skirts our southward border with its beauty,
Marked where our heroes stood and fought and died
  For love and faith and duty.

And still what time the doubtful strife went on,
  We might not find expression for our sorrow,
We could but lay our dear, dumb warrior down,
  And gird us for the morrow.

One weary year ago, when came a lull
  With victory, in the conflict's stormy closes,
When the glad spring, all flushed and beautiful,
  First mocked us with her roses.

With dirge and minute-gun and bell we paid
  Some few poor rites, an inexpressive token
Of a great people's pain, to Jackson's shade,
  In agony unspoken.

No wailing trumpet and no tolling bell,
  No cannon, save the battle's boom receding,
When Stuart to the grave we bore, might tell
  Of hearts all crushed and bleeding.

The crisis suited not with pomp, and she
  Whose anguish bears the seal of consecration,
Had wished his Christian obsequies should be
  Thus void of ostentation.

Only the maidens came sweet flow'rs to twine
  Above his form so still and cold and painless,
Whose deeds upon our brightest records shine,
  Whose life and sword were stainless.

They well remembered how he loved to dash
Into the fight, festooned from summer bowers,
How like a fountain's spray his sabre's flash
Leaped from a mass of flowers.

And so we carried to his place of rest
All that of our great Paladin was mortal
The cross, and not the sabre, on his breast,
That opes the heavenly portal.

No more of tribute might to us remain—
But there will come a time when Freedom's martyrs
A richer guerdon of renown shall gain,
Than gleams in stars and garters.

I claim no prophet's vision, but I see
Through coming years, now near at hand, now distant,
My rescued country, glorious and free,
And strong and self-existent.

I hear from out that sunlit land which lies
Beyond these clouds that gather darkly o'er us,
The happy sounds of industry arise
In swelling, peaceful chorus.

And mingling with these sounds, the glad acclaim
Of millions, undisturbed by war's afflictions,
Crowning each martry's never-dying name
With grateful benedictions.

In some fair future garden of delights,
Where flowers shall bloom and song-birds sweetly warble,
Art shall erect the statues of our knights
In living bronze and marble.

And none of all that bright, heroic throng,
Shall wear to far-off time a semblance grander,
Shall still be decked with fresher wreaths of song,
Than the beloved commander.

The Spanish legend tells us of the Cid,
That after death he rode erect, sedately,
Along his lines, even as in life he did,
In presence yet more stately;

And thus our Stuart at this moment seems
To ride out of our dark and troubled story
Into the region of romance and dreams,
A realm of light and glory.

And sometimes when the silver bugles blow,
That radiant form, in battle re-appearing,
Shall lead his horsemen headlong on the foe,
In victory careering!

LEE TO THE REAR

An Incident of the American War.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May,
Broke through the Wilderness, cool and gray,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Song without Words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of Spring, as in Eden, of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased
And deepened the roseate flush in the East,
Little by little, did morning reveal
Two long, glittering lines of steel!

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun,
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the rebels' thin ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and stripes o'er the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain,
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain.

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared,
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured,
Slaughter, infernal, rode with despair,
Furies twain, through the smoky air.

Not far off, in the saddle there sat,
A gray-bearded man, with a black slouch hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute, Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye,
On two bold rebel brigades close by,
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease,
Where the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard rode to the space,
Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouch hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! steady! We'll save the day!"
This was what he seemed to say:
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply:

"We'll go forward, but you must go back,"
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track;
"Go to the rear and we'll send them to h—"
Then the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea
Bursting the dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe;

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset, out of a crimson sky,
Streamed o'er a field of a ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year,
Again o'er the pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed and the cannon is dumb;
And Fate, with pitiless hand has furled,
The Flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray-bearded man in the old slouch hat.

NOTE:—General Gordon was in command of the reserves and he it was who rode forward and addressed General Lee in the words quoted.

A VINDICATION OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From a Lecture on "Fools."

But not only do nations appear as fools, certain large divisions of time may be called such. The Dark Ages were foolish as most of us would admit, and Mr. Carlyle has taken occasion to arraign the Eighteenth Century as a fool of the first water. I trust I may have your indulgence while I attempt for a little space to inquire with what justice this wholesale accusation is made, and, so far as I can, to vindicate the age of a not remote ancestry from his bitter and characteristic reproaches.

* * * * * *

Nothing grand in the Eighteenth Century, Mr. Carlyle! There was a countryman of yours, who passed his whole life within the limits of that century and rose to a blessed immortality ten years before it came to its close, the glorious example of whose works would alone redeem the age from the hasty and sweeping censure you have bestowed upon it. He was born in 1726 and died in 1790, so that his experience embraced nearly two-thirds of that Century and whatever he did for humanity belongs wholly to its annals. His was indeed, an unpoetic nature and the peculiar field of his exertions was removed from the range of heroic life. No ray of fancy brightened his practical mind, no ambition for vulgar fame impelled him to startle the world by brilliant achievement. But he followed, with resolute step and cheerful spirit, the star of duty shining for him in the gloom of prisons, from the mournful precincts of the Marshalsea to the noisome dungeons of St. Petersburg, and falling at last a victim to a virulent and infectious fever, he asked for no pompous mausoleum to enshrine, his remains, simply saying "Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Shall John Howard ever be forgotten? Hero-worshippers like Mr. Carlyle may forget him, for he flourished neither the baton of Cromwell nor the rattan of Frederick; his mission was one of philanthropy, not conquest, but so long as true grandeur shall be admired among men, his name and his works shall be held in honorable remembrance.

Nothing grand in the Eighteenth Century! Was it nothing that while poor Burns, around whose urn the freshest flowers of poesy and eloquence have been entwined so recently, was singing the songs which will forever touch the world's great heart, the Wesleys and Whitefield were laying broad and deep the foundations of that system of religious polity which is now a part of the fabric of the two greatest nations of the earth? We cannot expect Mr. Carlyle to trace with enthusiasm the progress of these reformers upon their journeyings through the wilderness, to mark them undergoing with patience and fortitude the contumely of wits, the violence of mobs, the privations of hunger, the disasters of the sea, to carry onward the great movement to which their lives were devoted, now rousing the careless multitude by the loftiest eloquence and now cheering the despondent few with the tenderest of hymns; these men were not after the historian's heart, they bore aloft no pennons red with the blood of slaughtered victims, they seated themselves upon no thrones erected upon the liberties of mankind, and yet if the records of the past contain anything of real grandeur since centuries began to roll it may be found in their lives.

Nothing grand in the Eighteenth Century! What does Mr. Carlyle think of American progress during those eventful hundred years, nearly rounded into a hundred, which elapsed between the death of William III and the death of Washington? Was there nothing grand in the subjugation of a vast continent; in that onward march of the European race, now under the cross of St. George and now under the lilies, from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Mississippi; sowing the germs of rising states from line to line of fifteen degrees of latitude; in the heroism of the pioneers, the self-sacrifice of the Christian missionary, the daring of the undaunted navigator, the sufferings of delicate women; was there nothing grand in the spectacle of thirteen little Colonies contending for their freedom against a power which had overrun India, humbled the pride of Spain, and illustrated the fields of Continental Europe by her victories, and lastly in the establishment of a Republican form of government, the freest the world had ever seen, in the wilds of the Western Hemisphere? Were the elements of grandeur wanting in a life

which was the wonder of contemporaries and which has been and will be the admiration of all succeeding generations of men? Washington was the child of the Eighteenth Century, he expired amid the lamentations of his countrymen as that Century was drawing rapidly to an end; and hereafter when Fredericks and Louises shall have been forgotten or remembered only as the mad victims of ill-regulated ambition, the Century shall stand out prominently to distant ages relieved against the lustre of his fame. Surely we must conclude that in arraigning this period of time as a foolish one, he was betrayed into the commission of a folly himself.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON

[1844—1902]

WILLIAM H. HAYNE

WHEN James Maurice Thompson died at Crawfordsville, Indiana, on February 15, 1902, one of the truest of American lyric poets passed away. He was born at Fairfield, Indiana, September 9, 1844. The combination of Dutch and Irish blood in his ancestry gave him an heredity of enthusiasm, mingled with prudence.

His parents were not born at the South, but settled on a farm in Gordon County, Georgia. Previously to this, they had sojourned in Kentucky, and doubtless the move was made because of the interesting fact that one of Daniel Boone's followers was a forbear of Maurice Thompson. The poet's father seemed to inherit the roving spirit of the Western pioneers, although it is said that he was a Baptist preacher of some distinction, and a man of rugged, sterling character. His wife was a woman of literary culture, so it is probable that Maurice learned from his mother about the world's great authors. And it is certain that the woods, and fields, and streams of Kentucky and Georgia were his first sources of inspiration in wood-lore and verse. In Gordon County schools were not abundant; so Maurice's father employed a private tutor. While Maurice was deprived of college training, he acquired some proficiency in Greek and French, and also gained knowledge of other languages, ancient and modern.

When the war between the States began, Thompson was still a beardless boy, but his Irish blood, and Southern environment made him respond quickly to the call to arms. He volunteered in 1862 and it is credited to him that he was especially efficient as a scout. He did not allow his army career to interrupt his education. He carried some good books on his scouting trips during the three years that he was a Confederate soldier.

After the struggle was over, his family was impoverished, largely because their home had been in line of Sherman's march to the sea. Young Thompson, however, took up the burden of life, and worked in the field by day, and read and studied by the lightwood fire by night. Later he prepared himself for the Bar, and was admitted to the practise of law at the little town of Calhoun, Georgia. These were the days of Reconstruction; therefore, he did not have much

chance to attain legal success. Having studied civil engineering, he very wisely decided to go back to Indiana and find work in railroad surveying. This he succeeded in obtaining, and continued at it until he had saved enough means to enter other fields. He ultimately returned to the law, and took an active part in politics, becoming one of the Cleveland electors for Indiana in 1888. He was appointed State Geologist of Indiana in 1885, and continued to fill the office until 1889.

In 1868 Thompson married Alice Lee, the eldest daughter of the Honorable John Lee, president of the railway of which Thompson had become chief engineer. They settled in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and their home was called Sherwood Place. The old mansion had belonged to Mrs. Thompson's family. Several children were the fruit of this union. Of Thompson's wife it is said that she was his inspiration and joy, and he is quoted as saying, with regard to their early married life: "We had no money; we were like two children, and in experience little more than children."

When Thompson went to Indiana he was poor and almost unknown; but in the course of time he accumulated a comfortable fortune, chiefly through his own labor and wise management. He kept in touch with southern scenery and associations by purchasing a winter home at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, and delighted in the semi-tropical woods and waters about him. As far back as 1867 he explored Lake Okeechobee, Florida, making a list of its birds, animals, and plants; and he also made ornithological explorations in the Okefinokee Swamp and other places in Louisiana, Michigan, Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia.

His literary career began before he left Georgia, when he contributed youthful essays, stories, and verses to *Scott's Magazine*—an Atlanta monthly which dragged out a precarious existence from about 1867 to 1868. These early efforts were only forerunners of the good work Thompson accomplished in his mature years. Probably his first book that won unqualified approval from the public was 'The Witchery of Archery,' which was warmly welcomed on account of the novelty of the theme, and its breezy, open-air treatment. It had the practical effect of bringing into vogue for several seasons a long forgotten and fascinating sport. He wrote many articles on the same subject, and a long list of stories of varying length.

His novels of southern life—such as 'A Tallahassee Girl' and 'His Second Campaign'—do not read as if written *con amore*—strange as this may appear. Little value attaches to his fiction, with the single exception of 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' That novel is ex-

ceedingly entertaining, compactly put together, and has a distinct historical flavor. It won the appreciation it deserves.

Thompson's editorial connection with the New York *Independent* —which began in 1890, and continued, I believe, until his death— gave him an ample opportunity to do much of his best critical work.

After due praise has been accorded to Thompson's versatility as a writer, it seems to me that his highest right to remembrance has been established by his poetry. It was a boon to the lovers of verse when Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company published Thompson's 'Songs of Fair Weather' (1872) and followed this slender volume by a fuller edition of his poems. William Dean Howells, referring to his lines "At the Window," pronounced Thompson "a real poet," and these words carry with them a sincerity of conviction which all of Thompson's admirers necessarily share. Mr. Howells also stated, in the anniversary number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that he always welcomed the poet to "the hospitality of the magazine," on account of "the freshness of his note." In his threnody for Thompson, James Whitcomb Riley beautifully expressed for him the hope that illuminates dissolution:

> "Perchance—with subtler senses than our own,
> And love exceeding ours—he listens thus
> To ever-nearer, clearer pipings blown
> From out the lost lands of Theocritus.
> O, happily, he is beckoned from us here
> By knight or yeoman of the bosky wood;
> Or, chained in roses, haled a prisoner
> Before the blithe Immortal, Robin Hood."

Edgar Fawcett likened Thompson to a "Theocritus of the wood," and the comparison is in several respects an apt one.

Thompson had an unquenchable passion for groves and streams, and was a happy wanderer of hill and dale. His art was of that apparently unstudied kind which, as Thomas Bailey Aldrich properly insisted, should be the craftsman's "all in all." In recognizing this, it must not be asserted that his work always showed the spontaneity of thought and the final finish which assures perfection. He was a poet of unequal merit, and sometimes allowed his impulsiveness of feeling to drift him away from the sterner requirements of art. Especially is this noticeable in his semi-political poems, many of which possess fervor of expression, with passages here and there, of undeniable force.

In reading them, however, the judicious reader feels that the writer produced them while wrapped in his mantle of reform, and sounding his note of progress, rather than when clothed in his

"singing robes," which he wore with such grace and charm. He was essentially a poet of Nature, and whenever he stepped aside, even temporarily, from her domain, he trod upon uncertain territory.

A notable outcome of one of Thompson's higher lyrical moods is to be found in his poems on archery, which should be accorded a unique niche in literature. They have a straightforward realism, an unstudied ideality, and a musical movement which is attained only by one who climbs the slope of Parnassus with the wholesome wind of song to gladden him on his journey.

All the varied moods of sky, earth, and water; the enthusiasm of the hunter; the quiet expectancy of the fisherman; the zest for every phase of outdoor life—these were the poet's intimate, and never failing, sources of inspiration.

Wm H. Hayne

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AN EARLY BLUEBIRD

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Leap to the highest height of spring,
And trill thy sweetest note,
Bird of the heavenly plumes and twinkling wing
And silver-tonèd throat!

Sing, while the maple's deepest root
Thrills with a pulse of fire
That lights its buds. Blow, blow thy tender flute,
Thy reed of rich desire!

Breathe in thy syrinx Freedom's breath,
Quaver the fresh and true,
Dispel this lingering wintry mist of death
And charm the world anew!

Thou first sky-dipped spring-bud of song,
Whose heavenly ecstasy
Foretells the May while yet March winds are strong,
Fresh faith appears with thee!

How sweet, how magically rich,
Through filmy splendor blown,
Thy hopeful voice set to the promise-pitch
Of melody yet unknown!

O land of mine (where hope can grow
And send a deeper root
With every spring), hear, heed the free bird blow
Hope's charmèd flute!

Ah! who will hear, and who will care,
And who will heed thy song,
As prophecy, as hope, as promise rare,
Budding to bloom ere long?

From swelling bulbs and sprouting seed,
  Sweet sap and fragrant dew,
And human hearts, grown doubly warm at need,
  Leaps answer strong and true:

We see, we hear (thou liberty-loving thing,
  That down spring winds doth float),
The promise of thine empyrean wing,
  The hope that floods thy throat!

OUT OF THE SOUTH

A migrant song-bird I,
Out of the blue, between the sea and the sky,
  Landward blown on bright, untiring wings;
Out of the South I fly,
Urged by some vague, strange force of destiny,
  To where the young wheat springs,
And the maize begins to grow,
And the clover fields to blow.

I have sought,
In far wild groves below the tropic line,
To lose old memories of this land of mine;
I have fought
This vague, mysterious power that flings me forth
Into the North;
But all in vain. When flutes of April blow
The immemorial longing lures me, and I go.
I go, I go,
The sky above, the sea below,
And I know not by what sense I keep my way,
Slow winnowing the ether night and day;
Yet ever to the same green, fragrant maple grove,
Where I shall swing and sing beside my love,
Some irresistible impulse bears me on,
Through starry dusks and rosy mists of dawn,
And flames of noon and purple films of rain;
And the strain

Of mighty winds hurled roaring back and forth,
Between the caverns of the reeling earth,
Cannot bewilder me
I know that I shall see,
Just at the appointed time, the dogwood blow,
And hear the willows rustle and the mill-stream flow.

The very bough that best
Shall hold a perfect nest
Now bursts its buds and spills its keen perfume;
And the violets are in bloom,
Beside the boulder, lichen-grown and gray,
Where I shall perch and pipe,
Till the dewberries are ripe,
And our brood has flown away,
And the empty nest swings high
Between the flowing tides of grass and the dreamy violet sky.

I come, I come!
Bloom, O cherry, peach, and plum!
Bubble brook, and rustle corn and rye!
Falter not, O Nature, nor will I.
Give me thy flower and fruit,
And I'll blow for thee my flute;
I'll blow for thee my flute so sweet and clear,
This year,
Next year,
And many and many a blooming coming year,
Till this strange force
No more aloft shall guide me in my course,
High over weltering billows and dark woods,
Over Mississippi's looped and tangled floods,
Over the hills of Tennessee,
And old Kentucky's greenery,
In sun, in night, in clouds, and forth
Out of the South into the North,
To the spot where first the ancestral nest was swung,
Where first the ancestral song was sung,
Whose shadowy strains still ravish me
With immemorial melody.

BETWEEN THE POPPY AND THE ROSE

How tired! Eight hours of racking work,
With sharp vexations shot between!
Scant wages and few kindly words—
How gloomy the whole day has been!
But here is home. The garden shines,
And over it the soft air flows;
A mist of chastened glory hangs
Between the poppy and the rose.

The poppy red as ruby is,
The rose pale pink, fullblown, and set
Amid the dark rich leaves that form
The strong vine's royal coronet;
And half-way o'er from this to that,
In a charmed focus of repose,
Two rare young faces, lit with love
Between the poppy and the rose.

Sweet little Jessie, two years old,
Dear little Mamma, twenty-four,
Together in the garden walk
While evening sun-streams round them pour.
List! Mamma murmurs baby-talk!
Hush! Jessie's talk to laughter glows!
They both look heavenly sweet to me,
Between the poppy and the rose.

Two flakes of sunshine in deep shade,
Two diamonds set in rougher stone,
Two songs with harp accompaniment
Across a houseless desert blown—
No, nothing like this vision is;
How deep its innocent influence goes,
Sweeter than song or power or fame,
Between the poppy and the rose!

Between the poppy and the rose,
  A bud and blossom shining fair,
A childlike mother and a child,
  Whose own my very heart-throbs are!
Oh, life is sweet, they make it so;
  Its work is lighter than repose:
Come any thing, so they bloom on
  Between the poppy and the rose.

NECTAR AND AMBROSIA

If I were a poet, my sweetest song
Should have the bouquet of scuppernong,
With a racy smack in every line
From the savage juice of the muscadine.

The russet persimmon, the brown papaw,
The red wild plum and the summer haw,
Serviceberries and mandrake fruit,
Sassafras bark and ginseng root,
Should make my verse pungent and sweet by turns;
And the odor of grass and the freshness of ferns,
The kernels of nuts and the resins of trees,
The nectar distilled by the wild honey-bees,
Should be thrown in together, to flavor my words
With the zest of the woods and the joy of the birds!

Who sings by note, from the page of a book,
So sweet a tune as the brawl of a brook?
Shall Homer, or shall Anacreon
Suggest as much as the wind or the sun?
Give me a shell from the sea so green,
Cut me a flute from the Aulocrene,
Give me Nature's sweets and sours,
Her barks and nuts, her fruits and flowers;
And all the music I make shall be
Good as the sap of the maple-tree,
Whilst a rare bouquet shall fill my song
From the muscadine and the scuppernong.

THE ARCHER

The joy is great of him who strays
In shady woods on summer days,
With eyes alert and muscles steady,
His longbow strung, his arrows ready.

At morn he hears the woodthrush sing,
He sees the wild rose blossoming,
And on his senses, soft and low,
He feels the brook-song ebb and flow.

Life is a charm, and all is good
To him who lives like Robin Hood,
Hearing ever, far and thin,
Hints of the tunes of Gamelyn.

His greatest grief, his sharpest pain,
Is (when the days are dark with rain)
That for a season he must lie
Inert, while deer go bounding by;

Lounge in his lodge, and long and long
For Allan-a-Dale's delightful song,
Or smack his lips at thought of one
Drink from the Friar's demijohn.

But when the sky is clear again,
He sloughs his grief, forgets his pain,
Hearing on gusts of charming weather
The low laugh of his arrow feather!

THE BLUEBIRD

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees;
When snow-birds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees—
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasselling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
With mists of splendor round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees summer's rich fulfillment dawn;
He sings, and his is nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To ears aweary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandalled in ice and muffed in snow:
Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebird's songs and winds of spring;
They tell me after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming;
And after snow and cutting sleet,
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
While all the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in the vales
And plum-trees blossom on the hills:
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream.

DIANA

She had a bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn.

She had three arrows strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.

Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;

Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
Lest her bowstring should sever it.

Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair pure gold blown hoiden-wise

Across her face, like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.

Her limbs how matched and round and fine!
How free like song! how strong like wine!

And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandalled feet!

Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land,

No man (or king or lord or churl)
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Actæon!

So dire his fate that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird,

What time he crossed a breezy wood,
Felt sudden quickening of his blood;

Cast one swift look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May;

Afeard, lest down the wind of spring
He'd hear an arrow whispering!

UNAWARE

There is a song some one must sing,
  In tender tones and low,
With pink lips curled and quivering,
  And eyes with dreams aglow.

There is some one must hear the tune,
  And feel the thrilling words,
As flowers feel, in early June,
  The wings of humming-birds.

And she who sings must never learn
  What good her song has done,
Albeit the hearer slowly turn
  Him drowsily, as one

Who feels through all his being thrown
  The influence sweet and slight
Of strange, elusive perfume, blown
  Off dewy groves by night!

ATALANTA

When Spring goes old, and sleepy winds
  Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
  Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
  In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
  And at the end I know is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
  Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
  The vigor of Hippomenes.

O race of love! we all have run
  Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
  For life or death, or anything!

THE ROMANCE OF COMPOSITION

From 'The Ethics of Literary Art.' Copyright, The Hartford Seminary Press, and used here by permission.

Be sure of one thing: the immanent power of Christian civilization is freedom of investigation, and nothing which shrinks from the severest test will long appeal to credence. The stupendous composition called Greek mythology or Greek religion would be a living organism to-day had it been true in the first place. The higher criticism dissolved it because it was not a truth. The grip of fatality is fastened in the roots below every possible reading and revision. The composition, the attitude of groups and masses, the composite whole invite belief or disbelief. We are a Christian people because the composition of the Christian picture has met our approval. The moment that an arbitrary edict sets the picture aside as specially exempt from critical tests, that moment a smile and a wink of doubt disturb the face of Christendom. It looks too

much like a precaution against the dissolution of another mythology. The old way of enforcing educational measures was with a rod. Now we appeal, not by brute force, but by tender kindness. Not so long ago witches were burned a few miles from here, and just over yonder the Protestant felt fire and thumb-screw. To-day is the day of open freedom, and the difference must be respected. But education must not in the name of freedom assume license. The only safe taste is that grounded in the deepest meaning of our civilization. To me the word "heresy" is not a pleasing one; it brings to my ears the hissing of flames, to my nostrils the smell of burning human flesh. I like better the word "education," and I delight in coupling it with freedom and light. Search the Scriptures of all ages and all peoples; eternal life is visible by eternal light. Shut off one ray from the picture and the composition is blurred.

The finest quality of a composition is authenticity, which shows it steadfast after all mutations of time, manners, and creeds. Such a composition is a criterion only so long as it can resist the criticism of all comers; its inerrancy must meet and vanquish every new era's suggestion of readjustment, else suspicion will eat against it like an acid. Not all the critics and grammarians of the Alexandrine period could dim one flower of Homer. What "higher criticism" is likely to shake the solid pillars of the Bible? With every failure of the critic to remove the foundations of divinely inspired authority, the Book of Books takes deeper hold upon human credence and shows the more its solidity. So it is with the humanly inspired works of art. We put them to the test of higher criticism, and if they stand we know that their value is not a moment's accident or the result of a mere factitious vogue. It may be that some Callimachus of to-day dreams that Scott's day is over; but the vitality of organic composition keeps and will keep those grand romances alive. The groups and masses of history are there; the significance of true manhood and womanhood is there; the appeal of honor and courage is there, and life is there bearing itself heroically. Everybody loves a hero.

The fascination of a composition is always romance; good or evil it is still romance. Your sermon, your picture, your house, your novel, your poem, your religion, must satisfy the

imagination with romance. Romance is not a lie; it is the surprise of the picturesque. Call up Adam and Eve, or Romeo and Juliet, and there is the composition of romance. Come reverently and with unfaltering credence to the story of Christ's life and death, and tell me truly, did Æschylus, did Shakespeare ever write so picturesque a tragedy? When you tell that story to your child, it clutches his imagination and holds it fast. The wonder of it comes before any deeper significance is comprehended. Here lies the secret of imaginative appeal, whether the composition be of life or of fiction. Beecher, Phillips, Webster, and Emerson knew it, and used it in sermon, oration, lecture. Napoleon the First, Hugo, Scott, Shakespeare, Plato, Æschylus, Sappho felt its imperious power. Begin in the far mist of antiquity and come down to the present with microscopic scrutiny, and you cannot lay hand on any great achievement which had not its hero and its romance.

You academic men are fond of invoking the "scientific spirit." Well, invoke it now. Collect the facts of literary history, mass them, classify them, analyze them, and then show me one, just one immortal work of fiction, drama, oratory, or poetry, or religion which has not romance as its chief source of appeal. Throw in history for good measure, and still the rule holds. Heroism, extraordinary events, the roll and crash of war, great reforms, the villainies of tyrants, the divine patience of saints, the influence of beautiful women, the charm of poets, the building of temples, the destruction of cities, wonderful discoveries and inventions, revolutions in religion and philosophy—take these from history and who will read or remember it? Take any period of our country's life and eliminate the extraordinary features, the pioneers, the heroism of '76, the mediæval romance of slavery, the great war, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Beecher, Whittier, Stonewall Jackson, Ossawattomie Brown, Grover Cleveland, the ocean telegraph, the stupendous growth of wealth and liberal education—take out the extraordinary and you have no book to write of us. Or if you should persist and write the book it would have no significance, no human appeal. Take the extraordinary from science and what is it?

Do you understand how Darwin's theory took hold of

mankind? Do you fancy that it captivated a mere "scientific" taste? Not that. Never did human imagination find a more wonderful romance than this story of the origin of species and the descent of man. Agnostics like to smile at the simple Bible story of creation as at a nursery tale. Well, the story may not be literally true, it may not be true at all; but this romance of evolution, is it literally true? Is it true at all? Go ask the sphinx if its ancestors knew. Like a child with a new toy, the human imagination plays with "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest," and for a little while is content. For awhile it is Darwin; yesterday it was Humboldt or La Place; the day before it was Pythagoras. Always it is the genius who presents a great romantic composition. Darwin's theory may be true; it may be false; but it is extraordinary; it is picturesque, and it appeals to the elemental universal love of the wonderful in the human mind. When Leibnitz and Newton were discovering calculus, imagination was on tip-toe to catch the first glimpse of infinity.

If you plan to control men, you first captivate their imagination. Give me the key to a people's imagination and you may have the rest; I will lead them through nine crusades in spite of you. Peter the Hermit, John Law, Napoleon, Pasteur, old John Brown—every man who has shaken the world did it with the lever of imagination. When lately the curtain was rung up and Doctor Pasteur made his bow we were for a thrilling moment sure that there stood the master of disease and death. The light of perennial health flashed from continent to continent. To-morrow some other great romancer of science will arise. We shall turn our backs upon the epic of microbes and hang Pasteur's picture in the garret with those of Descartes, La Place, and Buffon. It all comes to one goal, which every creative genius grazes with the wheel of his chariot.

Eliminate from religion, any religion, its specific romance, and you still have left the ancient generic wonder of it. Take this away and the residual composition will not attract a second glance from mankind. Creeds are at best but persistent, refractory wounds upon the fair body of religion; mayhap some sweet day they will all coalesce and heal without a scar. But deprive religion of its vital romance and observe how quickly

it dies. If we can rid our minds of factitious reverence and give ourselves over to true reverence, we shall for the first time feel how God, the universe, religion, and duty form in the imagination a picture sphered on the radius of supreme beauty and harmony. How petty and trifling a religion becomes the moment it disengages itself, as Greek religion at last did, from that highest credulity which alone amounts to absolute faith, the credulity of the imagination! What the human soul longs for is the step beyond, the higher lift, the supreme surprise. Ethics enters the field to demand that this step beyond shall not be into the pit, that this higher lift shall not be to the mountain-top of temptation, that this supreme surprise shall not come of evil splendor. It requires that every scene of art shall be so composed as to have its focus in a cleanly and wholesome truth.

LADY TOXOPHILITES

From 'The Witchery of Archery.'

Much might be said why archery, as a lawn game, should be preferred to croquet by ladies; the reasons, however, for such a preference are not needed as arguments here. The preceding chapters of this book have shown that drawing the long-bow is an exercise, all at once, of the most important muscles of the body and limbs. Mr. Charles Reade and other eminent men lately have been at some pains to show that ambidexterity is a very great and a perfectly attainable accomplishment. How they have succeeded with the demonstration I do not care to consider; but that equal development of all the muscles of arms, legs, and body is quite desirable, and, in fact, necessary, in course of a complete physical training, no one can deny.

This matter of bodily education, so to speak, is greatly overlooked in the training of our boys; and, as for girls, such a thing has scarcely been thought fit for polite mention in connection with them. Croquet has done much. It has taught our mothers that sunshine and wind and a little outdoor physical exercise cannot quite spoil a girl. But croquet is objectionable for two reasons. The first is that, since ladies will wear corsets, stooping is to them a very unwholesome act, causing a

pressure upon organs of the body very sensitive and easily injured. The second is that the right hand and arm, or the left, if the player be left-handed, are the ones used all the time, and the effort of muscle required is too slight for working any appreciable benefit even to the active members.

Archery is performed in an erect attitude; it calls into action both hands and arms, the muscles of the shoulders and back, the chest and legs. The strain on all may be just as powerful and just as slight as one may desire, and the shock of relaxation may be perfectly governed. Another thing: one is sure to draw in a deep, full breath, expanding the lungs to their utmost with pure outdoor air, just before drawing the bow, or during the act of drawing.

Archery is rowing, boxing, fencing, and club-practice, all in one, so far as its exercise of the muscles is concerned, without any of the objectionable and dangerous features of those excellent athletic performances. A thoroughly trained archer is a perfectly built athlete. He has perfect control of all his physical powers. His arms are hard, supple-jointed, with biceps like those of a stone-cutter; his chest is full, his back is straight, his legs quick and firm, his neck muscular, and his head well poised, his movements easy and graceful.

Ladies who wish to have rounded and beautiful forms must learn that exercise in the open air and free light of outdoors is the one thing that will gratify the desire. Pure complexions come of pure blood, and pure blood comes of sunlight and free, pure air. Deep breathing and regular use of all the muscles bring perfect health and powerful vitality. A lady should be careful to begin shooting with a very weak bow. A twenty-pound weapon is not too light for the first month of practice. The act of bracing a bow is likely to produce pain in the right side when first attempted; but a few trials will overcome the difficulty, if the bow is not too long or too strong.

Ladies should always use the shooting-glove, as their fingers are too delicate to bear the friction of the bow-string.

It is surprising how rapidly a lady gains strength under well-directed training in archery. She begins a slow-moving, languid, half-invalid, and at the end of four weeks of regular practice you see her running across the lawn to recover her

arrows, like Diana pursuing the stags of old. She has thrown off her lassitude, and is already beginning to develop on her arms the outlines of perfect muscles. Let us see what has been done in modern times by female archers.

Eighty-eight years ago a match was shot at Branhope Hall, Yorkshire, England, between Miss Littledale, Mr. Wyborough, and Mr. Gilpin. The shooting lasted three hours. The targets were one hundred yards apart, four feet in diameter, with nine-inch golds. During the match, Miss Littledale hit the gold four times, *the last three shots being all in the gold!* Here was a lady winning a prize, by hard shooting, over two strong men! The most admirable part of it all is, that she closed up three hours of steady work with the three successive centre hits. What steadiness of nerve! what power of endurance! And then, too, to have accomplished this she must have been shooting at least a fifty-pound bow!

The Marchioness of Salisbury won the first prize of the "Hertfordshire Archers," which was a gold heart, bearing a bow set with diamonds.

In 1832, Miss Gresley won the gold bracelet, and Miss Isabel Simpson the turquoise gold knot, prizes offered by the "Woodmen of the Forest of Arden."

To this tolerance of archery by all, and the practice of it by so many distinguished ladies of England, during the past hundred years, the present generation of English women are in great part indebted for their fine physiques. Not that archery has directly done it all; but a proper appreciation of outdoor exercise was, by the fostering of target practice, thoroughly planted in the minds of mothers, and has borne fruit in the plump, muscular forms and healthful faces of their daughters.

Many of our city ladies, averse to the gayeties and fashionable dissipations of the watering-places, can find nothing to amuse them at the summer-houses in the country. Sylvan archery is just the thing they need. So soon as they have learned the use of bows and arrows, they may roam the green fields and shady woods, shooting at tufts of grass, or the slender stems of the young trees; nor need they have any fear of tramps or robbers, for a drawn bow, in the hands of a resolute woman, will bring the boldest villian to a halt, or to his

death, if necessary. An arrow from a thirty-pound bow will pass entirely through the body of a man.

If you wish to sketch, take your bow and arrows with you so as to shoot when you are tired of the pencil; and if you are fond of botanizing, your bow will serve you for a staff, and a strong arrow makes a first-rate utensil for digging up small plants.

On the soft white sand of the ocean's beach, and along the shores of our northern lakes, a party of ladies may have fine sport, and most vitalizing recreation, shooting flight shots or aiming at the curlews and sandpipers and plovers, a hundred yards away.

Social science begins with physical culture. The world must be moved by muscle as well as mind. The nearer women approach to the standard of the physical power possessed by men, the nearer they will be able to make their mental prowess recognized by the world. Vim, resistless energy, the magnetism of the great individual, come of powerful vital resources. The vigor of manhood on the world's fields of battle, its tireless strength of purpose and physical execution in clearing away the forests and hewing out civilizations in different ages, and its muscular force in every way, has done as much for the world as all the operations of mind or more. Women who are agitating the question of women's enfranchisement must learn that "might makes right" is not a maxim of immorality when clearly understood. The might of the liberally trained body, combined with the might of the broadly cultured mind gives the right to a higher sphere of physical and intellectual action, and no power can curtail the right without first weakening the might. The ocean has the might to fill the vast hollows of the earth wherein it lies, and it has the God-given right. So with a strong body and master-mind, the right to rule is inherent, and can never be eliminated by clever sophistries or impracticable theories of moral equality.

The end of social science is in the perfection and universal adoption of liberal humanities; but this must result from a lifting, not by a lowering process, to the highest equality. Men and women must be borne together to the high plane of the millennium, and none but the perfectly developed bodies and souls can bear the strain of the lifting.

UNDER THE CHERRY TREE

From 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' Copyright, The Bobbs, Merrill Company, and used here by permission.

Alice Roussillon was tall, lithe, strongly knit, with an almost perfect figure, judging by what the master sculptors carved for the form of Venus, and her face was comely and winning, if not absolutely beautiful; but the time and the place were vigorously indicated by her dress, which was of coarse stuff and simply designed. Plainly she was a child of the American wilderness, a daughter of old Vincennes on the Wabash in the time that tried men's souls.

"Jump, Jean!" she cried, her face laughing with a show of cheek-dimples, an arching of finely sketched brows and the twinkling of large blue-gray eyes.

"Jump high and get them!"

While she waved her sun-browned hand holding the cherries aloft, the breeze blowing fresh from the southwest tossed her hair so that some loose strands shone like rimpled flames.

The sturdy little hunchback did leap with surprising activity; but the treacherous brown hand went higher, so high that the combined altitude of his jump and the reach of his unnaturally long arms was overcome. Again and again he sprang vainly into the air comically, like a long-legged, squat-bodied frog.

"And you brag of your agility and strength, Jean," she laughingly remarked; "but you can't take cherries when they are offered to you. What a clumsy bungler you are!"

"I can climb and get some," he said with a hideously happy grin, and immediately embraced the bole of the tree, up which he began scrambling almost as fast as a squirrel.

When he had mounted high enough to be extending a hand for a hold on a crotch, Alice grasped his leg near the foot and pulled him down, despite his clinging and struggling until his hands clawed in the soft earth at the tree's root while she held his captive leg almost vertically erect.

It was a show of great strength; but Alice looked quite unconscious of it, laughing merrily, the dimples deepening in her plump cheeks, her forearm, now bared to the elbow, gleam-

ing white and shapely while its muscles rippled on account of the jerking and kicking of Jean.

All the time she was holding the cherries high in her other hand, shaking them by the twig to which their slender stems attached them, and saying in a sweetly tantalizing tone:

"What makes you climb downward after cherries, Jean? What a foolish fellow you are, indeed, trying to grabble cherries out of the ground, as you do potatoes! I'm sure I didn't suppose that you knew so little as that."

Her French was colloquial, but quite good, showing here and there what we often notice in the speech of those who have been educated in isolated places far from that babel of polite energies which we call the world; something that may be described as a bookish cast appearing oddly in the midst of phrasing distinctly rustic and local—a peculiarity not easy to transfer from one language to another.

Jean the hunchback was a muscular little deformity and a wonder of good nature. His head looked unnaturally large, nestling grotesquely between the points of his lifted and distorted shoulders, like a shaggy black animal in the fork of a broken tree. He was bellicose in his amiable way and never knew just when to acknowledge defeat. How long he might have kept up the hopeless struggle with the girl's invincible grip would be hard to guess. His release was caused by the approach of a third person, who wore the robe of a Catholic priest and the countenance of a man who had lived and suffered a long time without much loss of physical strength and endurance.

This was Père Beret, grizzly, short, compact, his face deeply lined, his mouth decidedly aslant on account of some lost teeth, and his eyes set deep under gray, shaggy brows. Looking at him when his features were in repose a first impression might not have been favorable; but seeing him smile or hearing him speak changed everything. His voice was sweetness itself and his smile won you on the instant. Something like a pervading sorrow always seemed to be close behind his eyes and under his speech; yet he was a genial, sometimes almost jolly, man, very prone to join in the lighter amusements of his people.

"Children, children, my children," he called out as he

approached along a little pathway leading up from the direction of the church, "what are you doing now? Bah, there, Alice, will you pull Jean's leg off?"

At first they did not hear him, they were so nearly deafened by their own vocal discords.

"Why are you standing on your head with your feet so high in air, Jean?" he added. "It's not a polite attitude in the presence of a young lady. Are you a pig, that you poke your nose in the dirt?"

Alice now turned her bright head and gave Père Beret a look of frank welcome, which at the same time shot a beam of willful self-assertion.

"My daughter, are you trying to help Jean up the tree feet foremost?" the priest added, standing where he had halted just outside of the straggling yard fence.

He had his hands on his hips and was quietly chuckling at the scene before him, as one who, although old, sympathized with the natural and harmless sportiveness of young people and would as lief as not join in a prank or two.

"You see what I'm doing, Father Beret," said Alice. "I am preventing a great damage to you. You will maybe lose a good many cherry pies and dumplings if I let Jean go. He was climbing the tree to pilfer the fruit; so I pulled him down, you understand."

"Ta, ta!" exclaimed the good man, shaking his gray head; "we must reason with the child. Let go his leg, daughter, I will vouch for him; eh, Jean?"

Alice released the hunchback, then laughed gayly and tossed the cluster of cherries into his hand, whereupon he began munching them voraciously and talking at the same time.

"I knew I could get them," he boasted; "and see, I have them now." He hopped around, looking like a species of ill-formed monkey.

Père Beret came and leaned on the low fence close to Alice. She was almost as tall as he.

"The sun scorches to-day," he said, beginning to mop his furrowed face with a red-flowered cotton handkerchief; "and from the look of the sky yonder," pointing southward, "it is going to bring on a storm. How is Madame Roussillon to-day?"

"She is complaining as she usually does when she feels extremely well," said Alice; "that's why I had to take her place at the oven and bake pies. I got hot and came out to catch a bit of this breeze. Oh, but you needn't smile and look greedy, Père Beret, the pies are not for your teeth!"

"My daughter, I am not a glutton, I hope; I had meat not two hours since—some broiled young squirrels with cress, sent me by René de Ronville. He never forgets his old father."

"Oh, I never forget you either, *mon père;* I thought of you to-day every time I spread a crust and filled it with cherries; and when I took out a pie all brown and hot, the red juice bubbling out of it so good smelling and tempting, do you know what I said to myself?"

"How could I know, my child?"

"Well, I thought this: 'Not a single bite of that pie does Father Beret get.' "

"Why so, daughter?"

"Because you said it was bad of me to read novels and told Mother Roussillon to hide them from me. I've had any amount of trouble about it."

"Ta, ta! read the good books that I gave you. They will soon kill the taste for these silly romances."

"I tried," said Alice; "I tried very hard, and it's no use; your books are dull and stupidly heavy. What do I care about something that a queer lot of saints did hundreds of years ago in times of plague and famine? Saints must have been poky people, and it is poky people who care to read about them, I think. I like reading about brave, heroic men and beautiful women, and war and love."

Père Beret looked away with a curious expression in his face, his eyes half closed.

"And I'll tell you now, Father Beret," Alice went on after a pause, "no more claret and pies do you get until I can have my own sort of books back again to read as I please."

She stamped her moccasin-shod foot with decided energy.

The good priest broke into a hearty laugh, and taking off his cap of grass-straw mechanically scratched his bald head. He looked at the tall, strong girl before him for a moment or two, and it would have been hard for the best physiognomist

to decide just how much of approval and how much of disapproval that look really signified.

Although, as Father Beret had said, the sun's heat was violent, causing that gentle soul to pass his bundled handkerchief with a wiping circular motion over his bald and bedewed pate, the wind was momently freshening, while up from behind the trees on the horizon beyond the river, a cloud was rising blue-black, tumbled, and grim against the sky.

"Well," said the priest, evidently trying hard to exchange his laugh for a look of regretful resignation, "you will have your own way, my child, and—"

"Then YOU WILL HAVE PIES GALORE AND NO END OF CLARET!" she interrupted, at the same time stepping to the withe-tied and peg-latched gate of the yard and opening it, "Come in, you dear, good Father, before the rain shall begin, and sit with me on the gallery" (the creole word for veranda) "till the storm is over."

Father Beret seemed not loath to enter, albeit he offered a weak protest against delaying some task he had in hand. Alice reached forth and pulled him in, then reclosed the queer little gate and pegged it. She caressingly passed her arm through his and looked into his weather-stained old face with a child-like affection.

There was not a photographer's camera to be had in those days; but what if a tourist with one in hand could have been there to take a snapshot at the priest and the maiden as they walked arm in arm to that squat little veranda! The picture to-day would be worth its weight in a first-water diamond. It would include the cabin, the cherry-tree, a glimpse of the raw, wild back-ground and a sharp portrait-group of Père Beret, Alice, and Jean the hunchback. To compare it with a photograph of the same spot now would give a perfect impression of the historic atmosphere, color and conditions which cannot be set in words. But we must not belittle the power of verbal description. What if a thoroughly trained newspaper reporter had been given the freedom of old Vincennes on the Wabash during the first week of June, 1778, and we now had his printed story! What a supplement to the photographer's pictures! Well, we have neither photographs nor graphic report; yet there they are before us, the gowned and straw-

capped priest, the fresh-faced, coarsely-clad and vigorous girl, the grotesque little hunchback, all just as real as life itself. Each of us can see them, even with closed eyes. Led by that wonderful guide, Imagination, we step back a century and more to look over a scene at once strangely attractive and unspeakably forlorn. What was it that drew people away from the old countries, from the cities, the villages and the vineyards of beautiful France, for example, to dwell in the wilderness, amid wild beasts and wilder savage Indians, with a rude cabin for a home and the exposures and hardships of pioneer life for their daily experience?

WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON

[1812—1882]

CLARINDA PENDLETON LAMAR

THE best-known prose writers of the State of Georgia have been humorists. They were not exclusively fun-makers—if we except "Bill Arp"—but of that class of realists who see the details of everyday life in an atmosphere of humor, which is to the author what the lamplight and the firelight are to the painters of *genre* scenes, and which gives to these pictures, whether of brush or of pen, a warmth and reality lacking in the sketches made in the light of common day.

Longstreet, Thompson, Johnson, Harris, Edwards—there are no more faithful and truthful historians of life and of human nature; and yet the first two had no very serious purpose in the light sketches which they produced so easily; nor did they foresee the reputation they would achieve, nor could they have believed that they would go down to posterity, not as judge or as editor, but as the authors of these simple pastorals, which, in a sense, blazed the way for the American novel of the East, the South, and the West. This was so true of Thompson that he realized almost no pecuniary return from the large sale of his sketches; the copyright went for a song, and his books were of greater pleasure and profit to all his countrymen than to their author.

He was born in Ravenna, Ohio, August 31, 1812, the first white child born in the "Western Reserve." His father was a Virginian and his mother brought from her native Ireland, and transmitted to her son, that priceless gift, which cannot be acquired, of seeing the humorous side of life.

He was but a lad when he suffered the loss of both parents, that irreparable loss, which is, nevertheless, sometimes a boon to those highly gifted by nature, who need to be thrown upon their own resources, to sharpen their faculties by the hard friction of life, in order to bring out the best that is in them. Certainly these parents had done, during the brief years they were with him, all that parents can do for their children in moulding his character along the lines of truth and honor which characterized his after life.

He received an appointment as private secretary to the Honorable James D. Westcott, Territorial Governor of Florida, and

with him he went South and began the study of law. But nature had not intended him for a lawyer, and in 1835 he found his way to Georgia, the State with which he was ever afterward identified, and settled in Augusta, where he was associated with Judge Longstreet as editor of the *States' Rights Sentinel,* while still pursuing his study of law. One need only hear the titles of those ante-bellum newspapers to know their section and their politics, and Thompson's mind never lost the bias it received in his first journalistic work.

The Seminole War broke out in this year, and Thompson joined the Richmond Blues of Augusta, serving throughout the campaign. At the close of the war he definitely abandoned the study of law for literature, and in 1836 established the first purely literary paper ever published in Georgia—*The Augusta Mirror.* He also married the woman whom he afterward described as "having blessed the morn, cheered the noon, and brightened the evening" of his life—Miss Caroline A. Carrie of Augusta—and began what was ultimately to prove a successful career as a journalist.

Success did not come at first. *The Augusta Mirror* did not pay, and one wonders why. With leisure to read; with money to buy books, why was the antebellum Southerner never a patron of the literature of his own section? Perhaps he had too much leisure—for it is only busy people who have time to read; perhaps his taste for the classic in literature was as characteristic as his love for the classic in architecture; or perhaps the interest and enthusiasm which should have been expended upon the budding literature of the time and place found expression in the great political questions which even then were agitating the country and forming the theme of discussion at the county court-house, the country churchyard, and wherever Southern men assembled.

However it happened, a change had to be made; the young couple removed to Macon and the *Mirror* was merged in the *Family Companion;* this enterprise failing, by reason of uncongenial business connections, they moved again, this time to Madison, Georgia, where Thompson took charge of *The Miscellany,* a weekly published in that town.

The paper, already prosperous, increased in public favor under his management. It was for this periodical that the famous "Letters of Major Jones" were written. The Major was a typical countryman, a small planter of the middle class; he wrote to Colonel Thompson from his home in "Pineville," Georgia, a naïve account of his courtship of Miss Mary Stallins, and of the various and usually ludicrous episodes and vicissitudes which attended his pursuit and final capture of the affections of this maiden.

Though there is an abundance of bad spelling and a lack of grammar, which in that day was considered a necessary adjunct of humor, the letters were not written in dialect; and the humor, though not of a subtle or delicate order, was not forced. The letters were faithful portrayals of the life and character of the locality; true pictures of a people who were simple and unsophisticated, but honest and kindly, reverent toward God and gentle to women and to little children.

The Major himself is typical. He is a country bumpkin, whose credulous simplicity makes him the butt of local wits; and yet he is so genuine and takes his baiting with such unfailing good humor that he excites our interest as well as our amusement.

He artlessly lays bare his inmost soul in his letters to Colonel Thompson; and yet, though there is much at which one must smile, there is nothing for which one should blush, and one is glad to see him win in the end.

The cruder taste of the time was for practical joking and for what is now called horse-play. Even people of refinement, in that day, would often find diversion in the roughest of pranks and would laugh unrestrainedly over a predicament that was both painful and unfortunate. Major Jones's letters abound in such incidents, and the harder the victim is hit the more the spectators are amused.

These letters were so popular that Thompson was persuaded to collect and publish them in book form; but he valued them lightly, sold them for a trifle, and received a very small portion of the money they brought the publishers.

He wrote also 'The Chronicles of Pineville,' in which the story antedates 'Major Jones's Courtship,' and 'Major Jones's Travels'; and in the line of more serious if less popular literature he wrote a farce called "The Live Indian," and a dramatization of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' which met with a favorable reception in both Europe and America. He also prepared for the press Hotchkiss's 'Codification of the Statute Laws of Georgia.'

In 1845 he joined the poet, Park Benjamin, in the publication of *The Western Continent* in Baltimore, a weekly of which he afterward became sole editor and proprietor.

In 1850 Thompson began the journalistic enterprise with which his name is associated in Georgia. He founded *The Morning News* of Savannah, a paper which he edited continuously and successfully for more than thirty years, and which still enjoys the favor and reputation that rewarded his efforts in its behalf. The founder of a successful daily is a creator in a different and a broader sense from the author of a book or of a character in fiction. He calls

into being an entity, a living personality, which wields a power and speaks with an authority greater than the person or persons who may be behind it. It grows and develops with the times and yet retains the imprint and the character which its author has given it.

As an editor, Colonel Thompson kept his paper aloof from party politics, but stoutly maintained the doctrines which gave its title to the first paper with which he was associated—the *States' Rights Sentinel.*

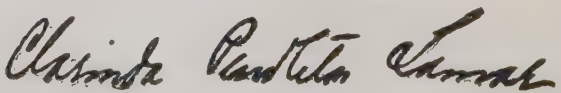
With the men who held this faith he went to war in 1861, serving as aide-de-camp to Governor Brown; and, with the heroic devotion to principle which characterized him, he followed the fortunes of the Confederacy to the bitter end, even when that end was in sight, and when his age would have excused him from further service.

The war over, Colonel Thompson returned to Savannah, to the editorial chair, which he did not again forsake until his death in 1882.

He was a member of the National Democratic Convention which nominated Seymour and Blair, and of the State Convention which framed the present Constitution of Georgia. But before all and above all other honors he valued that of being the successful editor of a daily which ranked among the first in its section.

In Laurel Grove Cemetery in Savannah is a granite shaft with this inscription:

To the Memory of
WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON
Author and Journalist
Born August 31, 1812.
Died March 24, 1882.
Dedicated by the Savannah *Morning News*
To its
Founder and during thirty-two years
Its faithful and able Editor,
And by the
Georgia Press Association
To a distinguished and lamented member.



A TRIP TO MADISON

From 'Major Jones's Courtship.'

PINEVILLE, October 27th, 1842.

To MR. THOMPSON:—Dear Sir—I ariv here last night, all safe as a crate o' warrented cups and sassers. My cold's got a good deal better sense I left Madison, and cordin to promis, I have tuck up my pen to give you a account of my trip to your town.

As I told you, I left my horse at Warrenton and tuck the cars at Camack for Madison. It was bout leven o'clock fore the dratted thing cum along, and when it got thar it made sich a bominable blowin and snortin that I was more'n half a mind not to venter in no sich outlandish sort of contrivance. I'd hearn a grate deal about steam ingins, but if the Semmynole ingins is any uglier, or frightfuller than they is, I don't wonder nobody wants to tack 'em. Why sich other cog-wheels, cranks and conflutements, I never did see—and then they's so spiteful, and makes the fire fly so. I couldn't help feelin sort o' skeered of it all the time, and I wouldn't been that feller what rid on top of the cussed critter, and fed and watered it, not for no considerashun. I was lookin round it a little, to try to git the hang of it, when the feller just tetched one of the fixins, and feugh-h-h! it went rite in my ear, and like to blowd my brains out with hot steem. "My Lord!" ses I, "mister, what made it do that!" "Oh, it was jest blowin its nose," ses he, and he tuck hold of another thing, and the infurnel critter set up a yell like a panther with a grindstone on his tale. Thunderation, how the steem did fly! enuff to blow all creation to Ballyhack. "All aboard," ses the man, the bell tapped, and in bout a minit everybody was stowed away and waitin. Chug, went sumthing, and away I goes rite over the back of the seat—it jerked once more, and then it begun to go. Chow, chow, chow—chew, chew, chew—che, che, chit-tu, chit-to, fit-te, fit, fit, fit, cher-r-r-r-r; and the whole bilin of us was gwine a long with a perfect whiz; and the way the fire flew was miracelus—grate big sparks now and then dodgin all round a feller's face like a yaller-jacket, and then drappin

rite down in his busum. For sum time it would tuck three men to watch the sparks of one, and they couldn't.

Well, we went hummin along jest like iled thunder, makin more noise nor a dozen cotten gins all gwine at once, only stoppin now and then to pile on lighterd and fill up the bilers, and to drap a feller here and thar on the road. They was the sleepyest set of fokes aboard that I ever did see. Thar they was, all scattered about in the seats, heads and heels together; here a pair o' boots stickin rite strate upwards, and thar a feller's face, opened wide enuff to swaller a saw-mill. Some of 'em was monstrous troubled in ther dreams, and kep tossin and twistin about as bisy as bull yearlins in fly-time, while some big-foot fellers lay sprawl'd out on the benches, quiet as a midlin of meat, snorin a perfect harrycane.

The effect was unresistible, and the fust thing I knowd I didn't know anything in pertickler, cept that my eyes felt monstrous gritty when I tried to open 'em wide—

"Look here; master—master!"

"Hello!" ses I, "Jim, what's the matter?"

"I isn't Jim, master," ses the nigger feller what was shakin me by the coller; "you better go to the Hotel, the passengers is all gone long time ago."

I soon seed how it was, and not havin no baggage but jest my saddel-bags, I tuck the road the feller pinted to, and went long down the hill, whar I like to fell over lots of cotton bags, till I come to a place whar ther was more waggons than I could count in an hour. It was so dark I couldn't make out nothin but waggons and a lot of fellers settin round a fire. Thinks I, Madison aint sich a ding grate city as I thought, after all; and as I felt sort o' chilly, I jined the fellers round the fire.

"Whar's the hotel?" ses I.

"Thar aint no hotel here," ses one feller, what was singin,

> Drive my waggon long the rode;
> Sorry team and heavy load.

"Won't you take something?" ses he, drawin a old junk bottle of rum, that smelled strong enuff of inguns to knock a man down, and pintin it rite under my nose fore I know'd what he was bout.

"No, I thank you," ses I, "I's a Washingtonian."

"Who's they?" ses he; "sum of your d—n Flurney preachers, I spose?"

"No," ses I, "they's revolutioners."

"Revolutioners!" ses he, "why my father was a revolutioner, and fit agin the British at King's Mounting, and help'd to lick tyranny out of the country."

"Well, that was right," ses I; "hurra for the revolutioners."

"Come, take sumthing," ses he, and pinted the bottle at my nose agin.

"No," ses I, "I'm a revolutioner, and go agin King Alkohol tooth and toe nail."

"King who?" ses he.

"King Rum," ses I; "that very tyrant that's got you by the guzzle now, and he'll have you choked down on yer knees to him fore a half hour if you don't revolutionize on him and quit him."

The feller stopped and looked rite down in the fire—then at me—then at the bottle, and then he tuck another look at the fire.

"That's a fact," ses he, "it's had me on my back afore to-night; but somehow I can't—yes I kin—and here goes, mister—d—n all tyrants—I'm a revolutioner too, a Washington revolutioner, forever!" and with that he throw'd the bottle of rum smack in the middle of the fire, and it blazed up blue and yaller like a hell-broth, as it is.

"Give me yer hand, mister!" ses I, "I don't want no better proof of your manhood than that: stick to it like a true Washington revolutioner."

"Stick to it, mister?" ses he; "why I never broke my word when I was sober in my life, and now I must tell a lie afore I kin get drunk. Stick to it! I've been wantin to revolutionize long ago, and now I've done it, and I'll never knock under as long as I live!" and he shuck my hand, and a tear shined in the fire-light. I don't blieve that waggoner 'll ever git stalled agin, on a good rode as long as he lives.

Well, after a while, fore it was clear light, I started to find the town.

"Good mornin," ses one feller, comin out from mong the waggons with a quar sort of gimlet and sum tags of cotton

in his hand. "Would you like a bid for your cotton this mornin?"

"I don't keer," ses I, "I'm always willin for a good trade."

"Whar is it?" ses he, and fore I had time to answer, another feller slapped me on the shoulder on tother side.

"Is it prime now, neighbor?" ses he; "I'll give you the top of the market. Is it prime now, eh?"

"Never mind," ses the fust, "it's as good as sold."

"Beg pardon," ses the other, "I won't interfere, then."

"Whar is it?" ses the fust, puttin his arm in mine, and walkin in among the waggons; "square or round bales, eh?"

"Stop, stop, mister," ses I, "your mistaken in the man; you——"

"Oh, let's have a sample, and we'll talk about the price; is this it?" and in goes his gimlet, "I always sample from both ends," ses he.

"But stop, mister," ses I, "I haint got no cotton here; my cotton is in Pineville, and aint more'n half ginned out yet. I haint got no——"

"Whar?" ses he.

"Way down in Pineville, in——"

"Pooh!" ses he, "beg yer pardon—thought you was in the markit," and fore I could ax him bout Madison or you, he was half a dozen waggons off, borin his gimlet into another bag of cotton.

The next feller I met was rite at me to buy my cotton; but I tuck him a one side and splained things confidentially to him fore he went so far.

"Is this Madison," ses I, "whar the Southern Miscellany is printed?"

"Oh, no," ses he, "this is Beaver Tail."

"Beaver Tail!" ses I; "why I never hearn of that place afore," and I jest begun to bile up a little.

"I tuck my passage for Madison," ses I, "and paid the munny, and they've gone and drapped me in Beaver Tail! Now that's a way to do bisness; that's the way travelers is tuck in, by these infernal corperashuns. If they don't fix it all to my satisfaction, I'll persecute the company as long as there's any law in Georgia. Beaver Tail!" ses I.

"Yes," ses he, "this is Beaver Tail, which is to Madison

as the 'Bay' is to Savannah, 'Wall-Street' to New-York, the 'Exchange' to Filadelfy, or the 'Rialto,' ('whar merchants most do congregate,') to Venice. This is the bisness part of Madison, do you understand?" ses he.

"Yes, but I want to go to Madison, to see Mr. Thompson on pertickler bisness."

"This is Mr. Thompson's place of bisness; you'll find him thar," ses he, pintin to a big open brick house.

Well, I went thar, but he was the rale-rode agent what keeps the books of the consarn. "Oh, no," ses I, "its the other Mr. Thompson what I want to see."

"Well, there he is," ses Mr. Thompson, "jest cum down from Covington."

When I went to the man he pinted to, he axed me if I wanted to take a contract on the rode? "Lord, no," ses I, "I want to see Mr. Thompson bout a very different kind of a bisness.

"Perhaps you will find him over in that bildin," ses he.

Well, over I went.

"Kin we serve you this mornin, sir? Do you wish to store your cotton?" ses he.

"No, no," ses I, "I want to see Mr. Thompson what edits the Miscellany."

"Oh," ses he, "*that* Mr. Thompson—my name's Thomason. You'll find him at the Planter's Hotel; the first good-lookin man you see with spectickles on."

Good grashus, thinks I, if the old Frenchman had lived in Beaver Tail he would have found monsieur Tonsons enuff to kill him sevral times, as he says in the play. Well, I put out for the Planter's as fast as I could—whar you know I found you at last—but (I hope you wont be riled at what I say) if it hadn't been for the specks I wouldn't a knowed you by Mr. Thomason's description.

I needn't tell you agin how much I is bleeged to you for yer kindness and advise in that pertickelerly delicate bisness on which we conversed. Takin every thing in considerashun, I am very much pleased with my visit to Madison; and sense I went to Macon and your town I'm more'n ever in favor of travellin. I think the riter was bout rite, who said "the world is a monstrous big book, full of picters and good readin, but

he that never travels only reads the title-page." I blieve I'll go to the city of Athens next.

You know I tuck dinner at the Planter's with you. Well, I was put a lettle to the onplush by that old nigger feller what waits on the table thar. I didn't know what to make of the old feller. He flew round me like I was Mr. Clay, or sum other grate karacter.

"Will you have sum of the Berkshire ham," ses he, "or sum of the Durham beef—fust rate, stall-fed, sir, jest imported."

"Why, you aint got English provisions here, is you, old feller?" ses I.

"Certain, master; we don't sarve up nothin else at the Planter's—pure English, in French style."

I tuck a piece of the Durham.

"Have a little of the essence?" ses he, puttin sum gravy on it; "shall I have your plate splied with a piece of veal—real Durham—only twelve year old? Take sum of the Irishmans, sir? A piece of the turky—wild turky, cotched wild in the Okefenoky—fust rate? Some peach sas, made out of the large English white reserve peaches, what grow big as your fist, sir?" and fore I knowed what to say, he had my plate piled up with good things, so I couldn't clear it in a hour, hard eatin at that.

"Have a nother plate, sir?" ses he. I had done eat more'n I wanted then, but everybody, as fur as I could see, on both sides, was gittin clean plates, so thinks I, here goes.

"Have sum of the kramberry tarts," ses the old feller, "what grows on grape-vines, or sum of the North Carolina blackberrys, second sister to the goose-berry? Kustad, sir—tater kustad, made out of the biggest kind o' yams? Here's a hot one, sir, rite out of the mouth of a red hot oven? Have sum milk, sir—Durham cows' milk; buttermilk, if you like, rich as cream?" And that's the way the old feller went on, never crakin a smile all the time; and I like to busted jest eatin to bleege him.

In the afternoon, I tuck a look at your town—and a mighty smart town it is—but I needn't tell you nothing bout that. At supper, thar was that old feller agin, flyin round the long table, with his check apern on and a sarver in one hand.

"Will you have a hot biskit," ses he, "made out of best Canal flower from imported wheat? Take square-toed waffell, sir; here's swaller-tailed ones, if you like 'em better? Fust rate Rio Coffee, sir; sum Muskevado Sugar to give a pleasant taste to it? Cold ham! briled ditto! warm Durham stakes! briled fowl—English breed—so tender they wont bare bitin hard! Let me sply your plate with a very small piece of the busum of this pullit? Sum of the reserves, sir? any kind—quinch, pare, big English peaches. Take another hot biskit, sir——," and if I'd sot thar, he'd kep me eatin till this time. The cars was reddy to start; I paid my bill at the Planter's and was soon whirlin on the way home.

I've been thinkin ever sense of your advise, and I'm satisfied you was rite. I shall ax Miss Mary fust, and by that time I'll be more used to it, and wont be so skeery of her mother. But it's the wurst job I ever undertuck any way I can fix it. I'll tell you all about it. No more from

Your frend, till deth,

Jos. Jones.

A UNIQUE PROPOSAL

From 'Major Jones's Courtship.'

Pineville, December 27th, 1842.

To Mr. Thompson:—Dear Sir—Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with the whole bisness; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothing about popin the question, as they call it. It's a mighty grate favour to ax of a rite pretty gall, and to people as aint used

to it, it goes mighty hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"There, there," ses they, "I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline," ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do blieve she knew you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah, "you 'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones."

I knowd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin zackly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old bone now, Majer," ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Aint you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins——"

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockins rite afore——"

Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"Highty-tity!" ses the old lady—"what monstrous finement. I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People now-a-days is gittin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you,

child, I use to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents."

The gals kep laughin.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you, Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I, "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean *that,*" ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

"Monstrous finement now-a-days—old people don't know nothin bout perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in her hand.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary—"but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I, "you hang up a bag big enuff to hold it and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spicioned something.

"You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch, and bout nine o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home.

I sot up till mid-night, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a grate big meal-bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was tarmined not to back out. So I got some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stallinses grate big cur dog, and here he

cum rippin and tarin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swinging so it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I set with my teeth ratlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do blieve if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to deth; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you bominable fool," ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar bouts he'd take hold. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coaxin—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin and barkin, all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't blieve I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she,

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay its a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I set thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out.

"My lord, what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive." ses Miss Kesiah, "I seed it move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline,

"and lets see what it is. Come here Cato and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal, from hed to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it aint the Majer himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to deth, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus til they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—she blushed as butiful as a morninglory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was rite out of bed, and her hair wasn't komed, and her dress wasn't fixt at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale distractin. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin face, as she stood lookin down to the floor with her rogish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would fotch'd me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't blieve a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother settled the match, and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried bout ther ded husbands, cause they wasn't alive to see ther children married.

It's all settled now, 'cept we haint sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she ses I mustn't call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her, you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from

Your frend, til deth,

Jos. Jones.

N.B.—I like to forgot to tell you bout cousin Pete. He got snapt on egnog when he heard of my ingagement, and he's ben as meller as hos-apple ever sense.

SENSATIONS AFLOAT

From 'Sketches of Travel.'

Washington City, May 18, 1845.

To Mr. Thompson:—Dear Sir—I left off my last letter to you only a few minits before the omnibus cum to take me from the Hotel to the steambote. Well, I was a little behind the administration in gettin my trunks packed agin, and cum monstrous nigh gettin left. But Patrick got me down to the wharf jest as the last ring was dyin out of the bell, and in a few minits I was afloat on salt water for the fust time in my life. You must know I fell in a mill-pond once when I was a boy, and was pulled out by old nigger Ned, jest when I had 'bout tuck my last swaller, and I spose it's that what's always made me have sich a mortal dred of water whar I can't tetch bottom ever sense. I felt monstrous jubus 'bout gwine aboard, and if ther was any possible way of gettin round it I wouldn't a run no sich risks you may depend.

It was a butiful afternoon, and the passengers was all as lively as crickets, talkin and laughin and lookin at the city as the steambote went spankin along with her flags a flyin, and her wheels turnin the sea into soapsuds, and leavin a white track in the water behind us. Ther was a heap of ships and steambotes all about—sum standin still, sum gwine out and sum cumin in; and little boats not bigger than a feedin-trough was dodgin all about, with ther white sails a shinin in the sun like sand-hill cranes in a rice-field. The city kep gettin smaller and smaller, til bimeby Fort Moultry, whar you know the Carolina boys licked the British so in the revolution, didn't look no bigger than a fodder-stack. I looked around for

the shore, but the sky seemed to cum down to the water on every side, til it looked jest like the crystal of my watch, 'thout a spot of yeath to put one's foot on as far as my eyes could see. I began to feel monstrous skary, and I don't blieve I ever did draw sich long breths before in all my born days. I do blieve I thought of all the ship-racks I ever red of in my life, and I would a gin ten per-cent of all I had in the world to had my life insured. I held on to the side of the bote with both hands, and kep as fur off from the biler as I could. But the ladys and the little children didn't seem to mind it a bit, and after we was out of sight of land about an ower I got a little over my skeer.

Bimeby a nigger feller commenced ringin' a bell as hard as he could ring, and hollerin out—"Gentlemen what hain't paid ther passage will please to walk up to the captin's office and settle!" As soon as I could git a chance I paid for my tickets, and pretty soon after that the bell rung agin for supper. We had a fust rate supper, but sumhow it didn't seem natural to be swimmin and rockin about in the sea, and eatin at the same time, and I didn't eat much. Besides, ther was a sort of sick-ish feelin cum over me in the supper room, and I went up on the roof agin as quick as I could to smoke a segar, thinkin it mought make me feel better.

By this time it was night, but the moon and stars was shinin above and below—the only difference in the sea and the heavens bein that the stars and moon in the water was dancin and caperin about like they was out of ther senses, while them in the sky was winkin and twinklin in ther old places as quietly and sober as ever. I got a light for my segar and was jest beginnin to smoke when a nigger feller cum up to me, and ses he:

"Massa, no smokin lowed aft the machinery."

"The mischief ther ain't!" ses I, and I went away back to the hind eend of the boat and tuck a seat, and commenced a right good smoke to myself. But I hadn't been thar more'n a minit before here cum the nigger feller agin.

"You musen't smoke aft the machinery," ses he.

"Well," ses I, "I ain't near yer machinery."

"No; but," ses he, "you is aft."

"Aft what?" ses I.

"The place for gentlemen to smoke is forard," ses he.

"Well," ses I, "my buck, I don't understand your gibrish, but if you'll jest show me whar I can smoke 'thout any danger to your machinery, I'll go thar."

With that the boominable fool begun to snicker, til he seed my cane was takin the measure of his hed for a nock down, when he straightened up the pucker of his face and sed—

"Cum this way, sir, this is the forard deck, massa."

I follered him over to the fore eend of the boat, whar sum more gentlemen was smokin. I hadn't tetched a drap of licker in a coon's age, but I was never so put to to walk strait in my life. Sumhow I couldn't make no sort of calkerlation for the floor—one minit it was up to my knee, and the next step I couldn't hardly reach it—and my legs kep gittin mixed up and tangled so I didn't know one from tother. All the passengers seemed like they was tite—sum of 'em looked monstrous serious, and one or two was caskadin over the side of the boat into the sea with all ther might. I felt a little sort o' swimmy in the hed myself, and I begun to spicion I was gettin sea-sick, so I tuck a seat by the side of the boat and smoked my segar to settle my stummick.

Well, thar I sot and smoked til all the passengers went down into the bed-room to sleep. It was a butiful night, and the scene was jest the kind to set a man's brains a thinkin. The sea is a roomy place and ther's nothin thar to prevent one's givin free scope to his imagination—it's a mighty thing, the sea is, and if a man don't feel some sublime emotions in its presence, it's because his hed works is on a monstrous small scale. Thar it was, the great, the everlastin ocean, dressed out in its star-bespangled night-gown, dancin to the soft music of the sighin winds, and the liquid cadence of its ever-splashin waves; while down deep in its coral caverns the whales and porpoises was spoutin ther love ditties to ther sweetharts, and the maremaids was puttin ther hair in curl to break the harts of the young sea-hoses. It was monstrous still—the monotonous splashin of the wheels, the gruntin and groanin of the ingine, the rushin of the foam, and the rumblin and squeakin of the timbers of the boat, all keepin time together, made a sort of noisy silence that fell negatively on the ear. I leaned over the side and looked at the fiery foam, as it rolled sparklin

away from the bow: but it faded from the face of the sea while I looked at it, and a few yards behind us ther remained no track of our passage. I felt alone on the vast ocean, and a feelin of isolation cum over me, which, fore I got rid of it, made the boat seem no bigger than a teapot, and myself about the size of a young seed-tick. I could preached a sermon on the sublimity of creation, and the insignificance of man and his works, but I had no congregation then, and it's too late now. I don't know what made me think of home—but sumhow I felt like I'd gin a heap to be thar. I thought of the butiful bright eyes that was closed in sleep on my pillar, and the dear little cub that was nestled in my place. Bless ther dear souls—perhaps they was dreamin of me that very minit —perhaps I was never to see 'em in this world again. These thoughts made me feel monstrous bad, and the more I reflected about it, the worse I felt, til I blieve I would gin all I had in the world jest to be sure I wouldn't die before I got back.

Bimeby, I thought I'd try to go to sleep, so I went down into the bed-room, and tried it. But it was no go. I got into one of the little boxes, what they call berths, but I couldn't stay born no way I could fix it. In the first place I couldn't get stowed away no how, and in the next place, whenever I shut my eyes, it seemed like the boat was whirlin round and round like a tread-wheel. I got up agin, and went up stairs, and smoked another segar, til I got pretty tired, and then I went in the gentlemen's parlor, and stretched myself on one of the seats. I fell asleep thar sumtime between that and daylight, and never waked up til most breckfust time the next mornin, when they sed we was in Cape Fear, gwine right up to Wilmington.

Cape Fear is a very fine river, and ther's some fine plantations and houses on the banks when you git near to Wilmington. Pretty soon after breckfust we got in sight of the city, and a few minits afterwards we was long side the wharf, and the niggers was cartin our baggage up the hill to the railrode. Wilmington presents 'bout as curious a aspect from the river, as any other town in my knowins. The fust thing you see is everlastin piles of turpentine barrels, piled up on the wharf in evry direction, and on the vessels in the river.

That's the front rank. The next is a plattoon of wind-mills, enuff to lick all the Don Quicksots in Spain. In them they bile the spirits of turpentine out of the gum. The rare rank—and that's scattered all over the hill—is made up of houses, and old brick walls and chimneys of houses what's been burnt down, with here and thar a few more barrels of turpentine. They've had two or three fires here lately, what's burnt up the best part of the town; but I don't wonder at it, for I would as soon think of puttin out a powder-house as a place what's so perfectly soaked with turpentine. All I wonder at is, that the river don't ketch a fire too.

A VOYAGE TO NEW YORK

From 'Sketches of Travel.'

New York, June 2, 1845.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—I arriv in this city, all safe and sound, yesterday afternoon about three o'clock, but to tell you the truth, if I had cum up minus my coat-tail, or even a leg or arm, after sich a everlastin racket as I have been in ever sense I left Filladelfy, I wouldn't been much surprised. As for collectin my senses and gittin my mind composed, so as to know myself or anything else certain, I don't never expect to do it, as long as I'm in this great whirlpool of livin beins.

A little circumstance happened to me last night, before I had been here only a few hours, that sot me back a little the worst. I never was so oudaciously tuck in in all my born days, and if you had heard me cus about it, you'd thought I was turned a real Hottentot sure enuff. But to begin whar I left off in my last letter.

The porter at the United States Hotel waked me up early in the mornin, and I got to the steamboat jest in time. It was a butiful bright mornin and the storekeepers was openin ther stores, while the servant galls was scrubbin the dore-steps of the houses and washin off the pavements in front of 'em. I looked at 'em as I rode along in the hack, and I couldn't help feelin sorry to see such butiful, rosy-cheeked white galls, down in the dirt and slop in the streets, doin work that is only fit for

niggers. They say here that they aint nothing but slewers —but I seed sum that I would tuck for respectable white galls if I had seed 'em in Georgia. Slewers or whatever they is, they is my own color, and a few dollars would make 'em as good as ther mistresses, in the estimation of them that turns up ther noses at 'em now.

The Delaware is a noble river, and Filladelfy is a city worthy to stand on its banks. From the deck of the steamboat we had a splendid panaramic view of it, as we passed block after block, the streets runnin up from the water's edge, strait as a bee line, and affordin us glimpses of the fine houses and elegant public bildins that makes Filladelfy one of the handsumest cities in the world. But, long as it is, we was soon past it, and in a few minits its numerous steeples and towers and masts faded away in the distance, and we turned our eyes on the butiful country on both sides of the river.

Butiful farm houses and bright-lookin little towns was most all the time in site, till we got to the place what they call Bristol, whar we tuck the cars to New York. The railroad runs along the bank of a canal part of the way, crosses the river on a splendid bridge, and passes through Trenton, Princeton, Newark and a heap of other towns in New Jersey, til it gits to Jersey City, what stands on the Hudson River, opposite to the city of New York.

Well, when we got to Jersey City, we all got out and scrambled through the crowd as well as we could to the boat what was thar to take us across the river to New York. When we got up to the gate that encloses the wharf we could see the hackmen and porters peepin at us through the palins, like so many wild varmints in a big cage, ready and eager to devour us and our baggage too. I tuck my cane tight in my hand and kep a sharp eye on 'em, determined to defend myself to the last. As soon as the gates was open we rushed for the boat and they rushed at us. Sich another hellabaloo I never did see before, and I expected every minit to see sumbody git spilled overboard into the river.

I found it wasn't no use to try to keep 'em off without nockin sum of 'em in the hed, and then I would only be like the fox in the spellin book, ready to be worried to deth by a fresh gang. So when they cum round me with "Have a

hack, sir?—"I'm public porter, sir."—"Shall I take your baggage up, sir?"—"Will you give me your checks, sir?"—"Take you up for two shillins, sir, to any part of the city,"—all of 'em handin ther cards to me at once—I jest backed up agin the side of the boat and tuck evry card they handed to me, without sayin a word, and when they ax'd me for my checks I was deaf and dum, and couldn't understand a word they sed. That sot 'em to pushin and crowdin one another, and hollerin in my ear, and makin signs to me, til they found they couldn't make nothing out of me, and then they started after sum new victim.

Among the passengers ther was a old sun-burnt lookin feller, with green spectacles on, what put me in mind of a Georgia steam doctor, and who seemed to think he know'd more than anybody else 'bout evrything. He was gabbin and talkin to evrybody all the way on the steamboat, and in the cars, and tryin his best to git up a argyment 'bout religion with sumbody. One would supposed he owned half the baggage aboard, to hear him talk about it, and when we got on the ferry boat he was the bisyest man in the crowd, rearin and pitchin among the hackmen and porters like a blind dog in a meat house, and tryin to git into the crowd what was gathered all round the baggage like flies round a fat gourd. Bimeby a honest lookin Irishman cum up to me, and ses he, handin his card, "Shall I take your baggage, sir?" Ther was sumthing like honest independence in the feller's face, and I gin him my checks, and in he went for my trunks. In a minit he cum out safe and sound with one of 'em. "Stand by it, sir," ses he, "til I git the other." I tuck my stand, and it was jest as much as I could do to keep the devils from carryin it off with me on top of it. Ther was sich a everlastin rumpus I couldn't hear myself think. The clerks was callin out the numbers—evrybody was runnin about and lookin after ther baggage, children was cryin, wimmin was callin for their husbands to look out for ther bandboxes—hackmen and porters was hollerin and shoutin at the people and at one another—whips was stickin in your eyes evry way you turned—and trunks, and carpet bags and boxes was tumblin and rollin in every direction, rakin your shins and mashin your toes in spite of all you could do. In the middle of the fuss thar was old

Pepperpod, with his old cotton umbereller in his hand, elbowin his way into the crowd and whoopin and hollerin over evrybody else til he disappeared in the middle of 'em. In about a minit here he cum agin, cussin and cavortin enuff to sink the boat, with a pair of old saddle bags in one hand, sum pieces of whalebone and part of the handle of his embreller in the other, his hat gone, and his coat-tail split clear up to the collar. He was mad as a hornit, and swore he would prosecute the company for five thousand dollars damages for salt and battery and manslaughter in the second degree. He cut a terrible figer, but everybody was too bissy to laugh at him. I thought to myself that his perseverance was porely rewarded that time.

I sot thar and waited til nearly everybody was gone from the boat, and til my Irishman had picked up all the other customers he could git, before he come and tuck my trunk and told me to foller him to his hack. After cumin in a ace of gettin run over three or four times, I got to the hack, what was standin in the middle of 'bout five hundred more hacks and drays, all mixed up with the bowsprits and yards of ships that was stickin out over the edge of the wharves and pokin ther eends almost into the winders of the stores. The hackman ax'd me what hotel I wanted to go to. I told him to take me whar the southern travel stopped. "That's the American," ses he, and after waitin til the way opened so we could git out, we druv to the American Hotel on Broadway, rite opposite to the Park.

It was 'bout three o'clock when I got to the Hotel, and after brushin and scrubbin a little of the dust off, and gittin my dinner, I tuck a turn out into the great Broadway, what I've heard so much about, ever sense I was big enuff to read the newspapers, to see if it was what it's cracked up to be. Well, when I got to the door of the Hotel I thought ther must be a funeral or something else gwine by, and I waited some time, thinkin they would all git past; but they only seemed to git thicker and faster and more of 'em the longer I waited, til bimeby I begun to discover that they was gwine both ways, and that it was no procession at all, but jest one everlastin stream of peeple passin up and down the street, cumin from all parts of creation, and gwine Lord only knows whar.

I mix'd in with 'em, but I tell you what, I found it monstrous rough travellin. The fact is a chicken-coop mought as well expect to float down the Savannah river in a freshet and not git nocked to pieces by the driftwood, as for a person what aint used to it to expect to git along in Broadway without gettin jostled from one side to tother at every step, and pushed into the street about three times a minit. A body must watch the currents and eddies, and foller 'em and keep up with 'em, if they don't want to git run over by the crowd or nocked off the sidewalk, to be ground into mince-meat by the everlastin ominybusses. In the fust place, I undertuck to go up Broadway on the left hand side of the pavement, but I mought jest as well tried to paddle a canoe up the falls of Tallula. In spite of all the dodgin I could do, sumbody was all the time bumpin up agin me, so that with the bumps I got from the men and givin back for the wimmin, I found I was loosin ground instead of gwine ahed. Then I kep "to the right as the law directs," but here I like to got run over by the crowd of men and wimmin and children and niggers, what was all gwine as fast as if ther houses was afire, or they was runnin for the doctor. And if I happened to stop to look at any thing, the fust thing I knowed I was jammed out among the ominybusses, what was dashin and whirlin along over the stones like one eternal train of railroad cars, making a noise like heaven and yeath was cumin together. Then ther was the carriages and hacks and market wagons and milk carts, rippin and tearin along in every direction—the drivers hollerin and poppin ther whips—the peeple talkin to one another as if ther lungs was made out of sole leather—soldiers marchin with bands of music, beatin ther drums, and blowin and slidin ther tromboons and trumpets with all ther might—all together makin noise enuff to drive the very old Nick himself out of his senses. It was more than I could stand—my dander begun to git up, and I rushed out into the fust street I cum to, to try to git out of the racket before it sot me crazy sure enuff, when what should I meet but a dratted grate big nigger with a bell in his hand, ringing it rite in my face as hard as he could, and hollerin sumthing loud enuff to split the hed of a lamp post. That was too much, and I make a lick at the feller with my

cane that would lowered his key if it had hit him, at the same time that I grabbed him by the collar, and ax'd him what in the name of thunder he meant by sich imperence. The feller drapped his bell and shut his catfish mouth, and rollin up the whites of his eyes, 'thout sayin a word, he broke away from me as hard as he could tear, and I hastened on to find some place less like bedlam than Broadway.

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL

[1812—1862]

SAMUEL M. SMITH

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL was born near Society Hill, a small village in Marlborough County, South Carolina, December 9, 1812, and died in Charlotte, North Carolina, August 1, 1862. His academic training he received in the Cheraw Academy in the town of that name, under the tuition of Dr. Thomas Graham and Mr. John G. Bowman during the years 1828 and 1829. In December of the latter year he entered the College of South Carolina in Columbia, the State's highest institution of learning, from which he was graduated in due course with its highest distinction. He afterward pursued graduate study in Harvard University, but the severity of the Northern winter climate cut short his course which physicians there said could be prosecuted only at the risk of his life. He gave early promise of distinguished ability; his indefatigable application to study made him a youth of marked attainments, particularly in the department of philosophy, always his favorite field; and his very unusual gift for oratory gave him immediate and eminent distinction among his college mates, who confidently prophesied for him a career of marked brilliance.

As with most young men of gifts and ambition, the law at first attracted him, but only for a season; he soon recognized the ministry as his vocation, and in pursuance of his conviction he was licensed to preach by Harmony Presbytery, November 28, 1834.

His gifts, his attainments, his tastes, however, marked him as above all else a teacher, and as such his chief work was done and his widest influence exerted; he was a genuinely great teacher, the constant inspiration of his students, their idol and ideal.

He was professor of metaphysics, logic, and *belles-lettres* in the College of South Carolina in 1838, was professor of sacred literature, the evidences of Christianity, and chaplain in 1841; and when the distinguished Colonel William C. Preston retired from the presidency of the college, in 1842, Thornwell, at thirty years of age, was chosen his successor in that eminent position.

In the summer of 1845, within a few days of one another, three colleges; at Jefferson, Pennsylvania; Centre, Kentucky; and Hampden-Sidney, Virginia, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity

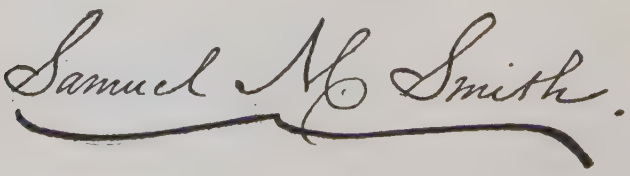
upon him, and in 1857, Oglethorpe College, Georgia, added that of Doctor of Laws.

In 1856 his church called him to her peculiar service and placed him in the chair of theology in her Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina. With such signal ability, such rare power as an orator, such distinctive gifts for broad, philosophic state-craft and eminent qualifications for leadership, one cannot but wonder what position he would have ultimately filled and adorned had he remained in the service of the State; but from this time forth his brilliant though brief career was to be identified with the church, which claimed his first allegiance and of which he was to be the most eminent and honored representative. His period of greatest activity coincided with the chaotic years of civil strife, and his chief work was in the molding of what has ever since been popularly known as "The Southern Presbyterian Church"; here his influence was dominant, and the highest possible tribute to his extraordinary personality is paid by his absolute and unquestioned preeminence among such men as Robert L. Dabney, Moses D. Hoge, B. M. Palmer, J. Leighton Wilson, and James Woodrow; that Thornwell was *facile princeps* among them all was ungrudgingly conceded by every survivor of that strenuous period.

He passed away in the first flush of a vigorous prime, without that ripening which comes only with years, and without a product of thought carefully selected and laboriously builded into a permanent memorial; but he was not without witness of abundant activities; and the friends and admirers who lamented his early decease gathered four octavo volumes, aggregating two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight pages, entitled, 'Thornwell's Collected Writings.' They are doubtless far inferior to what his own fastidious taste would have left behind had he been spared to round out life and work to consummate completeness; but a discriminating reader may imagine something of the magnificence of such a structure from the splendor of these fragments.

His body sleeps in Elmwood Cemetery, Columbia, South Carolina, under a massive stone utterly barren of emblem or ornament, in severest simplicity bearing these words only:

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL
Born Dec. 9, 1812. Died Aug. 1, 1862.



THE LOVE OF TRUTH

From 'Thornwell's Collected Writings.'

THERE is no principle which needs to be more strenuously inculcated, than that evidence alone should be the measure of assent. In reference to this principle, the whole discipline of the understanding must be conducted. Our anxiety should be to guard against all the influences which preclude the access of evidence, incapacitate us to appreciate its value, and give false measures of judgment, instead of the natural and legitimate laws of belief. All real evidence we are bound to receive, according to the weight which it would have, in a sound and healthful condition of the soul. It is a defect in the mind not to be able to appreciate its lowest degrees. That is a feeble and must be a fickle mind which, foolishly demanding certainty on all the questions submitted to its judgment, cannot proportion its faith to the amount of light it enjoys. Dissatisfied with probability, and ever in quest of what the circumstances of our case put hopelessly beyond our reach, such men, like Noah's dove, will seek in vain for a spot on which they can rest. Probability is the guide of life; and he who resolves to believe nothing but what he can demonstrate, acts in open defiance of the condition of sublunary existence. There are many things here which we can only see through a glass darkly. Our duty is to walk by the light which we have. God commands us to yield to all evidence that is real in precise proportion to its strength. Evidence, and that alone, He has made it obligatory on our understandings to pursue; and whatever opinions we hold that are not the offspring of evidence—that have come to us merely from education, authority, custom, or passion—however true and valuable they may be in themselves, are not held by us in the spirit of truth. These measures of assent are only presumptions, which should stimulate inquiry, and breed modesty and caution. They are helps to our faith, but should never be made the props of it.

Hence, all efforts to restrict freedom of debate and the liberty of the press should be watched with caution, as prejudicial to the eliciting of evidence, and the defence and propagation of the truth. But little is gained if opinions are

crammed into men; and this is likely to be the case where they are not permitted to inquire and to doubt. At the same time it must be remembered, that no spirit is more unfriendly to that indifference of mind, so essential to the freedom of inquiry, than that which arises in the conduct of controversy. When we become advocates, we lay aside the garb of philosophers. The desire of victory is often stronger than the love of truth; and pride, jealousy, ambition and envy, identifying ourselves with our opinions, will lend their aid to pervert our judgment, and to seduce us from our candor. A disputatious spirit is always the mark of a little mind. The cynic may growl, but he can never aspire to dignity of character. There are undoubtedly occasions when we must contend earnestly for the truth; but when we buckle on the panoply of controversy, we should look well to our own hearts that no motives animate us but the love of truth and zeal for the highest interests of man.

THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST

Extract from a sermon preached in the First Presbyterian Church, New York City, May 18, 1856.

THE TYPE AND MODEL OF MISSIONARY EFFORT

When I consider the magnitude and grandeur of the motives which press upon the Church to undertake the evangelization of the world; when I see that the glory of God, the love of the Saviour and pity for the lost all conspire in one great conclusion; when I contemplate our own character and relations as spiritual priests, and comprehend the dignity, the honour, the tenderness and self-denial of the office; and then reflect upon the indifference, apathy and languor which have seized upon the people of God; when I look to the heavens above me and the world around me, and hear the call which the wail of perishing millions sends up to the skies thundered back upon the Church with all the solemnity of a Divine commission; when a world says, Come, and pleads its miseries; when God says, Go, and pleads His glory, and Christ repeats the command, and points to His hands and feet and His side

—it is enough to make the stone cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber to answer it.

If Jesus should stand again upon the Mount of Olives and summon before Him this venerable court, as He summoned the disciples of His personal ministry and the apostles of His extraordinary call—if He should collect you and me and all the officers and all the people of His Church on earth—what, think you, would be the language in which He would address us? It would be an august spectacle—a solemn, an awful scene. The words that He would speak would pierce our souls and stir the very depths of our being. They could never be effaced from the memory. We should think of them by day and dream of them by night; and the most anxious cares of business could never drown them. The voice would ring in our ears wherever we went—at home, in the market, by the wayside, as we lay down and as we rose up. It would be an era in our history never to be forgotten. Is it presumption to imagine what those words would be? Shall we say that He would reproach us? His nature is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love. His eyes would beam only with pity, but our own hearts would be busy with upbraidings. My brethren, there is no need of any exercise of fancy. He was once present with his collected Church, and He did give her a parting mandate—Go ye into all the world!

Methinks I see Him here to-night, with his hands uplifted to bless us, repeating the same commission to us; and as here present I cannot restrain the prayer that He would breathe upon us as He did upon the apostles, that we too may receive the Holy Ghost. With a fresh anointing from Him, we will look upon the world with new eyes and a new heart, and an impulse be given to our efforts which shall never falter or fail until the whole earth is filled with the glory of the Lord. Amen, so may it be!

THE OFFICE OF REASON IN REGARD TO REVELATION

In regard to doctrines which are *known* to be a revelation from God there can be no question as to the precise office of reason. The understanding is simply to believe. Every proud thought and every lofty imagination must be brought in captivity to the Father of lights. When God speaks, faith is the highest exercise of reason. In His testimony we have all the elements of truth, and His veracity is the ultimate ground of certainty in every species of evidence. The resistless laws of belief which he has impressed upon the constitution of our minds, which lie at the foundation of all human knowledge, without which the materials of sense and consciousness could never be constructed into schemes of philosophy and science, derive all their authority from His own unchanging truth. Let it, for a moment, be supposed that God is willing to deceive us, and who could rely with confidence upon the information of His faculties? Who would trust his senses if the instinct by which he is impelled to do so might, after all, be a false light to seduce him into error? That instinct is the testimony of God; and what we call *reasoning* is nothing but the successive steps by which we arrive at the same testimony in the original structure of our minds. Hence belief, even in cases of the strictest demonstration, must, in the last analysis, be traced to the veracity of God. Reasoning is only a method of ascertaining what God teaches; the true ground of belief is the fact that God *does* teach the proposition in question.* If the laws of belief be the testimony of God, and whatever accords with them be evidence, variously denominated, according to the clearness or directness with which the accordance is felt or perceived, then knowledge and opinion both rest alike upon this testimony, the only difference betwixt them being the difference in intensity and distinctness with which that testimony is perceived. All real evidence, whether intuitive, demonstrative or probable, is only the light with which He irradiates the mind; and we follow it in confidence, because the strength of Israel is not in man that He

*Reason, says Mr. Locke, is natural revelation, whereby the eternal Father of light and fountain of all knowledge communicates to mankind that portion of truth which He has laid within the reach of their natural faculties. 'The Human Understanding,' B. iv., c. 19, par. 4.

should lie, or the son of man that He should repent. The distinction between faith and the ordinary forms of assent is not in the ultimate ground of certainty—that is the same in all cases —but the methods by which it is reached. Faith reaches it immediately, having Divine revelation for its object; in other cases it is reached through the medium of those laws which God has impressed upon the mental constitution. Hence it would seem that faith, being less remote from the ultimate ground of certainty, is more excellent than knowledge or opinion. As Locke has shown that demonstration is inferior to intuition, the successive steps of proof increasing the possibilities of deceptions and mistake, so in all cases in which the testimony of God is only *mediately* perceived the exposure to fallacy is in proportion to the number of comparisons employed. When, consequently, any doctrine is known to be a matter of Divine revelation, "if we will truly consider it, more worthy is it to believe than to know as we now know." There can, strictly speaking, be no improbabilities in it. And however it may appear to contradict the sentiments and opinions we have cherished, yet "the prerogative of God extendeth as well to the reason as to the will of man"; so that, as we are to obey His law, though we find a reluctation in our will, so we are to believe His word, though we find a reluctation in our reason. To prefer the deductions of philosophy to a Divine revelation is to relinquish the sun for the stars, to "imitate," as Perrot expresses it, "the conduct of the cynic, who, not contented with the light of the sun, took a candle at noonday to search for a good man."

THE ETHICAL SYSTEM OF THE BIBLE

I DO not know that I can set the benefit of revelation in a clearer light than by sketching the doctrine of Aristotle, pointing out its defects, and contrasting the whole truth with the miserable sentiments which prevail, to the corruption of society and the degradation of the age in which we live. His fundamental notion is, that happiness consists in virtuous energies—that it is not mere pleasure—not the gratification which results from the possession of an object congruous to our desires. That is good only in a very subordinate sense, which

simply ministers to enjoyment. The chief good must be something pursued exclusively for its own sake, and never for the sake of anything else; it can never be used as an instrument; it must be perfect and self-sufficient. What, then, is the highest good of man? To answer this question, says Aristotle, we must understand the proper business of man, as Man. As there is a work which pertains to the musician, the statuary, the artist, which constitutes the good or end of his profession, so there must be some work which belongs to man, not as an individual, and not as found in such and such circumstances and relations, but belongs to him absolutely as Man. Now, what is this? It must be something which springs from the peculiarities of his nature, and which he cannot share with the lower orders of being. It cannot, therefore, be life—for plants have that; neither can it be the pleasures of sensitive existence, for brutes have them. It must be sought in the life of a being possessed of reason; and as that can be contemplated in a two-fold aspect, either as a state, or as an exercise; as the possession of faculties, or the putting forth of their activities; we must pitch upon the more important, which is activity or energy, or as he also styles it, *obedience to reason.* Energy, therefore, according to reason, is characteristic of man. This is his business, and he who pursues it best, is the best man. Human good, or the good of man as Man, is consequently energy according to the best and most perfect virtue.

This is a brief outline of what I regard as one of the finest discussions in the whole compass of ancient philosophy.* The notion is predominant that Happiness implies the perfection of our nature, and that perfection, not so much in the habits considered as so many states, but in the unimpeded exercise of the faculties themselves. The being properly exerted is their good. Happiness, therefore, is not something imparted to the soul from without; it springs from the soul itself—it is the very glow of its life. It is to the mind what health is to the body—the regular and harmonious action of all the functions of the frame. It is not a gratification, not the pleasure which results from the correspondence between an object and a faculty—it is the very heat and fervour of spiritual life. All this is strikingly in accordance with the doctrine of Scripture.

*Nichom. Ethicks. Lib. i. c. 7.

STANDARD AND NATURE OF RELIGION

The philosophy with which Mr. Morell is impregnated is essentially arrogant; and it is more to it than to him that we ascribe the pretending tone of his work. The pervading consciousness of the weakness and ignorance of man, the diffidence of themselves, the profound impression of the boundlessness of nature and of the limitless range of inquiry which lies beyond the present grasp of our faculties, the humility, modesty and caution which characterize the writings of the great English masters, will in vain be sought among the leading philosophers of modern Germany and France. Aspiring to penetrate to the very essence of things, to know them in themselves as well as in the laws which regulate their changes and vicissitudes, they advance to the discussion of the sublimest problems of God, the soul and the universe with an audacity of enterprise in which it is hard to say whether presumption or folly is most conspicuous. They seem to think that the human faculties are competent to all things, that whatever reaches beyond their compass is mere vanity and emptiness, that omniscience, by the due use of their favorite organon, may become the attainment of man, as it is the prerogative of God, and that, in the very structure of the mind, the seeds are deposited from which may be developed the true system of the universe.

Within the limits of legitimate inquiry we would lay no restrictions upon freedom of thought. All truly great men are conscious of their powers; and the confidence which they have in themselves inspires the strength, intensity and enthusiasm which enable them to conceive and to execute purposes worthy of their gifts. To the timid and distrustful their excursions may often seem bold and presumptuous; but in the most daring adventures of their genius they are restrained, as if by an instinct, from the visionary projects and chimerical speculations which transcend the sphere of their capacities, as the eagle, in his loftiest flights, never soars beyond the strength of his pinion. Confidence adjusted to the measure of power never degenerates into arrogance. It is the soul of courage, perseverance and heroic achievement; it supports its possessor amid discouragements and obstacles; it represses the melan-

choly, languor and fits of despondency to which the choicest spirits are subject; it gives steadiness to effort, patience to industry and sublimity to hope. But when men forget that their capacities are finite, that there are boundaries to human investigation and research, that there are questions which, from the very nature of the mind and the necessary conditions of human knowledge, never can be solved in this sublunary state—when they are determined to make their understandings the sole and adequate standard of all truth, and presumptuously assume that the end of their line is the bottom of the ocean—this is intolerable arrogance, the very spirit of Moloch,

> Whose trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
> Equal in strength; and rather than be less
> Cared not to be at all.

CONSISTENCY

Antecedently to experience, we should form a fine picture of a youthful student—we should figure him as one whose mind was expanding in knowledge—who was beginning to taste the sweetness of truth—to relish the beautiful and admire the good. We should expect him to be animated with a just sense of the dignity of his pursuits, to breathe their refinement, and to reflect, in all his conversation and deportment, the elevating influence of letters. His amusements and recreations, we should naturally think, would be impregnated with the same spirit. The groves in which he walked, the place in which he dwelt, we should spontaneously image to our fancy, as the abodes of quiet, tranquillity, and peace. But how sadly are these anticipations too often disappointed. "Let him," says the biographer of Bacon, "who is fond of indulging in dream-like existence, go to Oxford, and stay there; let him study this magnificent spectacle, the same under all aspects, with its mental twilight tempering the glare of noontide, or mellowing the shadowy moonlight; let him wander in her sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls; but let him not catch the din of scholars or teachers, or dine or sup with them, or speak a word to any of the privileged inhabitants: for if he does the spell will be broken, the poetry and the religion gone, and the palace of enchantment will melt from his em-

brace into thin air." If the vain and frivolous agitations of their wit were all that disfigured our seats of learning, the evil would not be so intolerable. But how ill do turbulence, riot, and disorder, boisterous mirth, coarse ribaldry and even open profanity, comport with the temple which has been consecrated to letters. The case is immeasurably worse, when a low standard of opinion endures, if it does not sanction, flagrant breaches of morality. It is the influence of these abuses which, in too many cases, has rendered public schools and colleges, in the language of Dr. Arnold, "nurseries of vice." "Those who are dismissed from the parental roof," complains the same illustrious teacher, "frank, open, ingenuous and pure, soon lose these graces which adorned them, and return, to their parents' shame, without modesty, without nice sensibility to truth—without tenderness and sympathy—coarse, false, and unfeeling." This is the natural result of departing in the first instance from the spirit of rigid propriety. *Proficere in pejus* is the law of degradation. When the general feeling of fitness is shocked or rudely disregarded, a man has taken a step towards the corruption of his principles as well as his manners. The sentiment of honor is weakened by every blow which is inflicted on the sense of propriety. He that becomes accustomed to what is unseemly and unbecoming and out of all proportion in lighter matters, will soon lose the perception of the beautiful in the weightier matters of the law. This is the reason why it is so important that the amusements of the young should be made to harmonize with their condition and relations. In these amusements a moral discipline is going on, a moral influence exerted, which will tell upon their future character—unconsciously but surely they are shaping their destiny.

Many of these inconsistencies, my young friends, I rejoice to say cannot be imputed to you. They are of a character to make you scorn them. But be not satisfied with present attainments. Let it be your ambition to have a college, in which the deportment of every member shall reflect the refinement of the gentleman, the dignity of the scholar, and the integrity of the Christian. We can make this a delightful place—we can turn these groves into hallowed ground, and these cloistered halls we can render worthy of the illustrious immortals who

linger among them in their works. Is not this an object worthy of your ambition? Here we are permitted to converse from day to day, with the sages, poets, and heroes of antiquity; "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," that prodigy of genius, whose birth-place was Stagira, whose empire has been the world; that other prodigy of common sense who brought wisdom from the skies—the Divine Plato; the masters of the Porch, Academy, and Lyceum, are all here. Here, too, we can listen to the rapt visions of the prophets, hold converse with apostles and martyrs, and above all, sit at the feet of Him who spake as never man spake. Here, in a single word, we are "let into that great communion of scholars, throughout all ages and all nations—like that more awful communion of saints in the Holy Church Universal—and feel a sympathy with departed genius, and with the enlightened and the gifted minds of other countries, as they appear before us, in the transports of a sort of beatific vision, bowing down at the same shrines and glowing with the same holy love of whatever is most pure, and fair, and exalted, and Divine in human nature." Is there nothing in such society and such influences to stimulate our minds to a lofty pitch? Catch the spirit of the place, imbibe its noble associations, and you cannot descend to the little, the trifling, the silly, or the coarse. Every fibre of your hearts would cry out against it. When Bonaparte animated his troops in Egypt it was enough to point to the pyramids, beneath whose shadows they stood, and remind them that "from yonder heights forty generations look down upon them." That thought was enough. The same great motive may be applied to you. The general assembly of all the great, and good, and learned, and glorious, of all ages and of all climes, look down upon *you,* and exhort you to walk worthy of your exalted calling. Quit yourselves like men—and make this venerable seat of learning a joy and a praise in all the earth. Let TRUTH be inscribed on its walls, TRUTH worshipped in its sanctuary, and the LOVE OF TRUTH the inspiration of every heart.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT YALE COLLEGE, JULY, 1852

It is with unfeigned diffidence that I rise to respond to the sentiment which has just been drunk in behalf of the South Carolina College. I rejoice that in letters, as in religion, there is neither North nor South, East nor West. There should be no local jealousies, no sectional distinctions. The prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, as it indicates the partial attainment of the end for which all are instituted. I assure you, therefore, that in beholding this scene—a scene which touchingly and beautifully illustrates the past achievements and the present renown of your ancient and venerable institution, though I am a Carolinian by birth, by education, and love my native State, and my own *alma mater,* with a love passing the love of woman, yet I share with you—nay, more, I enter with full sympathy into the pride and generous exultation with which you must contemplate these trophies of Yale. Here are the fruits of her labours. These scholars, these educated men from every walk of life, from every liberal profession—physicians, lawyers, divines, and men more exclusively devoted to the pursuit of letters—these are the witnesses of her parental beneficence; and I can cheerfully unite with them, as they come from all quarters of our wide-spread country, to bring their votive offering, the tribute of their gratitude and the token of their affection, to her venerable feet. Sir, I cannot describe to you the feelings which, on an occasion like this, agitate my breast. It is not quite a week since I was invited to participate in similar festivities at that mother of American colleges at Cambridge. It was the first time in my life that I had ever sat down with such a multitude of men, whose sole bond of union was letters. I looked around me; on the one hand, was the hoary veteran of four-score years; on the other, the boy who had graduated yesterday; and between them, all the stages of human life. There were all classes of opinion, all kinds of occupations; but all their differences were melted down, their hearts were fused into a common mass; they were all pervaded by the genius of the place, and that genius was the love of letters. By a similar courtesy, I witness a

similar scene to-day; and with unfeigned sincerity, I open to you a brother's heart, and extend to you a brother's hand. These things remind us, sir, that "the schoolmaster is abroad in the land." The hope of our country is in the combined influence of letters and religion. Our colleges and schools are bulwarks and fortresses, stronger and mightier than weapons of brass or munitions of rock. A pure religion and a sound literature, these are our safety, and should be our highest glory. Education is the cheap defence of nations.

I rejoice to say to you, sir, that the institution with which I have the honor to be connected, and where I learned the little that I know, is a sister whose kindred the noblest institution of New England need not blush to own. The South Carolina College is organized upon the same principles, conducted in the same general way, and devoted to the same ends, with the institutions of your own section of the country. She has made, too, the same mistake; she has aimed to do too much. I am satisfied, sir, that our American Colleges have conceded too much to the utilitarian spirit of the age; and, in obedience to it, have aimed at something more than that intellectual discipline which should be the object. They have undertaken, not simply to teach men *how* to think, but *what* to think. They have undertaken, not merely to *educate,* that is, to bring out, and polish and perfect, what is *in* man; but they have also undertaken, over and above this, to put *into* him what the exigencies of life may require. This, sir, is too much. It is enough for them to fashion and sharpen the instrument, not to give the materials upon which it is to operate. We have all erred in this respect; but I am proud to say that South Carolina has not sinned so grievously as some of her sisters. But still, sir, she has sinned enough. Our course, as projected, looks to much more than a simple education, or effective discipline. It is largely scientific; and though we do not turn out men ready fashioned as lawyers and doctors, we help them amazingly to the no less mysterious art of rearing a crop, or calculating the changes of the weather. We have enough of the practical to show that we belong to the nineteenth century.

It will certainly be conceded to us, Mr. President, that we have made our mark upon the country. As I boasted—in no vain spirit, however—at Cambridge, so I boast here, that we

have produced at least one scholar, of whom any College and any country might well be proud. No name in this country stands higher than that of HUGH S. LEGARÉ. His article in the New York *Review* upon Demosthenes is enough to immortalize him; but that was only the earnest of his strength. In the walks of public life, though we are not yet fifty years old, and of course never saw Abraham, we have sent men to the councils of the nation, with whom it was perilous for the boldest and best from other quarters to enter the lists in intellectual strife. Need I tell you of McDuffie; not the politician, not the statesman, but McDuffie the orator. He was one of the few men that could still to silence, and chain in the profoundest attention, that most tumultuous, most disorderly, most ungovernable of all public bodies, the House of Representatives of the United States. It hung with breathless interest on his lips. Like Pericles—for it was of Pericles, and not Demosthenes, that Aristophanes wrote the sentence—he wielded at will that fierce democratic. Need I tell you of another, in some respects still more accomplished; more graceful, if not so vigorous; more attractive, if not so resistless; one who could charm as well as persuade. I have listened for hours, sir, to the gifted Preston, and have forgotten under the fascination of his eloquence that there was such a thing as time. He ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart; and we point to him with pride, as one of the jewels of our beloved institution. Sir, if in less than half a century we had done nothing but help to make these men, our time and efforts and money would not have been ill-spent. This thought suggests to me an anecdote. Ours, you know, is a State institution. We have no funds, no endowment, and but one scholarship, the munificent donation of a wealthy, noble, high-minded citizen, now in the vigor of his faculties. We are dependent upon an annual vote of the Legislature for all our means. When the College was first established, there was a good deal of prejudice in certain quarters against it; and some districts sent representatives to the Legislature who were not favourable to its continuance. On one occasion, while Mr. McDuffie was a member of the Legislature, after he had made one of his splendid speeches, the question of the College came up. The venerable Judge Huger, then a member of the House, rose

and said, in his peculiarly slow and emphatic style: "Mr. Speaker, if the South Carolina College had done nothing, sir, but produce that man, she would have amply repaid the State for every dollar that the State has ever expended, or ever will expend, upon her." The appeal was irresistible; opposition was disarmed; and every year, sir, we receive nearly twenty-five thousand dollars from a small State, and from a poor people.

But, sir, enough of ourselves. I cannot sit down, sir, without expressing to Yale our debt of gratitude for the part she took in fashioning a man, of whom South Carolina will be proud as long as her people can appreciate genius, patriotism, integrity, and disinterested zeal in the service of his country. Sir, you number among your Alumni a name which cannot be pronounced in Carolina without the profoundest emotion; and may I not say it, it is rather a glory to you than to him, that his name is found on your catalogue. You took him, sir, when we had no place for him to go to. You honoured him; you understood his worth; and you sent him out to gladden and bless the land. Sir, we thank you for it; we cannot cease to love you for it; and as that dear and cherished name is one in which we have a common interest, permit me, without any reference to any type of political opinions, permit me, on this occasion, to give as a sentiment:

"The Memory of John C. Calhoun."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTH

But, whether it be for weal or woe, the South has no election. She is driven to the wall, and the only question is, will she take care of herself in time? The sooner she can organize a general Government the better. That will be a centre of unity, and, once combined, we are safe.

We cannot close without saying a few words to the people of the North as to the policy which it becomes them to pursue. The whole question of peace or war is in their hands. The South is simply standing on the defensive, and has no notion of abandoning that attitude. Let the Northern people, then, seriously consider, and consider in the fear of God, how, under present circumstances, they can best conserve those great interests of freedom, of religion, and of order, which are

equally dear to us both, and which they can fearfully jeopard. If their counsels incline to peace, the most friendly relations can speedily be restored, and the most favourable treaties entered into. We should feel ourselves the joint possessors of the continent, and should be drawn together by ties which unite no other people. We could, indeed, realize all the advantages of the Union, without any of its inconveniences. The cause of human liberty would not even be retarded, if the North can rise to a level with the exigencies of the occasion. If, on the other hand, their thoughts incline to war, we solemnly ask them what they expect to gain? What interest will be promoted? What end, worthy of a great people, will they be able to secure? They may gratify their bad passions, they may try to wreak their resentment upon the seceding States, and they may inflict a large amount of injury, disaster and suffering. But what have they gained? Shall a free people be governed by their passions? Suppose they should conquer us, what will they do with us? How will they hold us in subjection? How many garrisons, and how many men, and how much treasure, will it take to keep the South in order as a conquered province? and where are these resources to come from? After they have subdued us, the hardest part of their task will remain. They will have the wolf by the ears.

But upon what grounds do they hope to conquer us? They know us well; they know our numbers, they know our spirit, and they know the value which we set upon our homes and firesides. We have fought for the glory of the Union, and the world admired us; but it was not such fighting as we shall do for our wives, our children, and our sacred honor. The very women of the South, like the Spartan matrons, will take hold of shield and buckler, and our boys at school will go to the field in all the determination of disciplined valour. Conquered we can never be. It would be madness to attempt it. And after years of blood and slaughter, the parties would be just where they began, except that they would have learned to hate one another with an intensity of hatred equalled only in hell. Freedom would suffer, religion would suffer, learning would suffer, every human interest would suffer, from such a war. But upon whose head would fall the responsibility? There can be but one answer. We solemnly believe that the

South will be guiltless before the eyes of the Judge of all the earth. She has stood in her lot, and resisted aggression.

If the North could rise to the dignity of their present calling, this country would present to the world a spectacle of unparalleled grandeur. It would show how deeply the love of liberty and the influence of religion are rooted in our people, when a great empire can be divided without confusion, war, or disorder. Two great people united under one Government differ upon a question of vital importance to one. Neither can conscientiously give way. In the magnanimity of their souls, they say, let there be no strife between us, for we are brethren. The land is broad enough for us both. Let us part in peace; let us divide our common inheritance, adjust our common obligations; and, preserving as a sacred treasure our common principles, let each set up for himself, and let the Lord bless us both. A course like this—heroic, sublime, glorious—would be something altogether unexampled in the history of the world. It would be the wonder and astonishment of the nations. It would do more to command for American institutions the homage and respect of mankind than all the armies and fleets of the Republic. It would be a victory more august and imposing than any which can be achieved by the thunder of cannon and the shock of battle.

Peace is the policy of both North and South. Let peace prevail, and nothing really valuable is lost. To save the Union is impossible. The thing for Christian men and patriots to aim at now, is to save the country from war. That will be a scourge and a curse. But the South will emerge from it free as she was before. She is the invaded party, and her institutions are likely to gain strength from the conflict. Can the North, as the invading party, be assured that she will not fall into the hands of a military despot? The whole question is with her; and we calmly await her decision. We prefer peace; but if war must come, we are prepared to meet it with unshaken confidence in the God of battles. We lament the widespread mischief it will do, the arrest it will put upon every holy enterprise of the Church, and upon all the interests of life; but the South can boldly say to the bleeding, distracted country,

> Shake not thy gory locks at me;
> Thou canst not say I did it.

LUCY MEACHAM THRUSTON

[1862—]

EMILY EMERSON LANTZ

LUCY MEACHAM THRUSTON, the Maryland writer, is an author who has not only achieved signal success in her own generation and among her own people—the people who best know the facts and conditions concerning which she writes—but she is one whose works will have an increasing historical value as time rolls by.

She was born in King and Queen County, Virginia, the daughter of John Meacham and Elizabeth Rebecca (Adams) Kidd, and upon her mother's side she is descended from that branch of the Adams family related to the Massachusetts house. She went to Baltimore when very young, and in 1887 married Julius Thruston, a descendant of the well known Virginia family, members of which played distinguished parts in Colonial and Revolutionary days, and trace their descent from one of Norman William's knights, noted for valor at the Battle of Hastings.

Mrs. Thruston was educated in Virginia and in Maryland, and that part of her literary training to which she attributes the most influence was received in private instruction under a master of arts of the University of Virginia. In addition to instruction in language and history, this tutor trained her in novel-reading and criticism of fiction, beginning the course with the Waverley novels. Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens were the only fiction writers whose works were then within her reach, but these she read eagerly in conjunction with Ossian, the Gaelic Bard, Milton, Homer, and Bryant, the only classical authors attainable in her early reading years.

With the larger facilities of life in Baltimore, Mrs. Thruston's attention was directed to the field of historical literature, and her preference for this has not changed. Her greatest interest in historical research has been concerning the States of Virginia and Maryland, in the study of which she has had some exceptional advantages, and in the literary presentation of which in her books she has proved how thorough and exhaustive her research has been.

Mrs. Thruston's special gifts are perhaps unusual ability for reproducing in historical tales events and conditions as they actually were, also a rare understanding of the new conditions of the South and their meaning, a catching of that intangible breath known as the significance of the age.

Mrs. Thruston's novels are charming examples of pure literary style, beautiful imagery, graphic pictures and wholesome and inspiring love stories. They are written with a naturalness that is refreshing and there is a note of hope and gaiety in life that pulses through the lines and leaves the reader with a sense of the gladness, beauty, and purpose of life and love that is in strong contrast to the pessimistic tone of much fiction of the present day. Her books are characterized also by strength and an insight into the deeper truths of life that will give her work even more permanent value than their literary charm, poetic imagery, and the delightful love stories they tell. In addition is their historical value, since they present accurately the scenes, events, and conditions of which they relate.

The keynote of Mrs. Thruston's personality is directness and truth, and these virtues are strongly evident in any piece of literary work she undertakes. It is not generally known that her development into a novelist instead of a historian was in a measure accidental. Her first book, 'Mistress Brent,' was begun and submitted to the publisher in the form of historical essays. The publisher was quick to realize the romantic possibilities surrounding the early settlement of St. Mary's, Maryland, and suggested the setting of a historical love story for the Colonial facts. Hence the novel, in addition to the sustained interest of the romance, has the value of being a correct picture of Lord Baltimore's Colony during the Governorship of Leonard Calvert.

The story 'Jack and His Island' is a vividly written account of Baltimore in the days of the post-roads and the overland caravans, the big schooner wagons that had definite names like the white-winged brigs of Chesapeake Bay, and carried their inland freight from Baltimore to the West and back again. The Battle of Blandenburg and the siege of Baltimore are portrayed, taking up those posts of defense less known than the history of the Battle of North Point. The book has the distinction of dealing with Maryland and her part at that period as a whole. Although written for youth, it is equally interesting to the scholar. The volume is on the list of books officially recommended to teachers and students of special Maryland topics.

'A Girl of Virginia' is a love story of simplicity but of absorbing interest. The scene is laid in Charlottesville and the characters are drawn from the faculty and student circle of the University of Virginia.

'Where the Tide Comes In' presents, through fiction, a part of Virginia thought to be more practical than romantic. The incidents occur in the trucking country about Norfolk, Virginia, and the story

without detracting from the interests of a dramatic plot, points out the significance of the changing industries in the State, contrasting the old order with the new, and shows the meaning of the incoming tide as well as the development of the new constitution.

'Called to the Field' has been highly praised by critics. It is a unique story in that it has an intimate, personal touch, a touch of reality, that is only explained by the fact that the story was written, as the writer says, from remembered tales of the family circle. Its purpose is to show a side of the war between the States, hitherto lightly dwelt upon, the side of the woman at home—not the home that lay within the blazing pathway of the conflict, but the home upon the border, with its unrecorded story of womanly heroism and unguessed privation and suffering.

'Jenifer' is a strong novel of the Carolina Mountains; it shows the South with new possibilities of mineral and agricultural development and with sturdy, if perchance less aristocratic, blood and energy coming to the front. It is a volume whose utterances sink into the heart and mind, and are not forgotten.

The personality of the authoress is no less interesting than her books. She is tall with the gracious outlines so pre-eminently the heritage of the Southern woman and her face has soft rounded curves with dark expressive eyes. Her hair is brown and abundant, her voice musical and her laughter possesses a gay contagious note of mirth peculiarly fascinating. Her manner is womanly, very simple and direct and in her chosen church—the Quaker fold, for she belongs to this "still and quiet company" of that faith—she is an earnest worker. She is a woman of wide sympathy, and, as her books would indicate, one whose mind is ever bent on the vital and changing conditions that affect humanity.

Emily Emerson Lantz

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THE WOOING OF MISTRESS MARGARET BRENT

From 'The Wooing of Mistress Margaret Brent.' Copyright, Little, Brown and Company, and used here by permission.

At St. Mary's the summer waxed and waned. The maize yellowed in the sun, the long leaves were pulled and stalked, the tobacco was cut and hanging in the drying-sheds. The colonists were hopeful. The season had been bountiful. The losses, when the smaller settlers had lost all save lands and buildings, were being repaired. With good harvests, with maize for use and maize for paying the quit-rents, with tobacco for the selling, all might go well.

Shipping was slight and lading was yet scant, save for the great manors. There was little news from my Lord of Baltimore, and that little but his old exhortation set forth in fiery language; but his stinging speech, when he sank to such, moved the governor not. Never had he held the province in such firm guidance. Never yet had the New World brought him such happiness—it was summer-tide in his life as well as in the land wherein he dwelt.

Summer-tide in all those delightful days when he could slip away to St. Anne's and find its mistress busied and happy, content dawning on her face, which had ever been too restless in its look, and which it joyed him to see. For he knew long before her speech that no wild love waited him, and for himself he prized the affection that grew slowly and yet from year to year, until some time, please God! his beloved might scarce know herself how deep it was.

When the leaves upon the oaks were green, when the leaves upon the oaks were bronzing, when the woodlands were filled with verdure and when they flamed in scarlet and gold, when, as now, they were filled with the down-drifting of leaves which rustled in every wind that chased them underfoot or clung in pine or cedar, or in the twistings of the grape-vines where the wild grapes were purple and sweet—he journeyed to and fro.

Now the mocking-bird was gone with its summer kind, cedar-bird and robin were in his stead; the wild "cohonk" was heard overhead, and the marshes were filled with the flocks of ducks and geese that lingered on their journey southward.

Mistress Hawley had come for her summer visit and was again at home. Giles had come and gone again to Kent; the great manor was getting ready each day for its winter rest and quiet. Ere long the hogs and their keepers would be gathered in from the marshes, the cattle from far afield. Mistress Margaret's busy fingers held all the threads, and when the work was well done, she told herself, they would hold Christmas-tide royally at St. Anne's. Last year she had been in St. Mary's; next—nay, she could not yet say where next Christmas-tide might find her. Jock and Sarah would be left in charge for many a long day, in truth, an she became the governor's wife; and yet she loved St. Anne's in every fibre of her being—better, far better, than that English homestead whose memory was blackened for her. She must talk of it to her cousin.

Her cousin! he would visit her on the morrow, so he had said by the messenger who came from St. Mary's not many days hence. It pleased her to think on his coming. The days grew solitary, or if the days were filled with work, the long evenings were dull and tiresome; there might be song and laughter in the servants' cabins, but in the great living-room was silence and dusky corners and dark rafters overhead; the wind howled in the chimney and the tide raced, dashing, along the shore—there was no sound of life or cheer save the crackling of the fire.

It was well when there was a guest beside the hearth, and Mistress Margaret blithely made ready for him from the warning of the early morn to Sarah that her serving must be of the best, to the hour in the dusk of the short afternoon, when the governor kissed the finger-tips he held in his strong clasp and read the welcome of her greeting in her gray eyes.

"In sooth we are glad to see you, Cousin Calvert," she said, though her tone was warmer far than her words.

"In sooth, we are glad to be with thee, Cousin Margaret," answered the governor, though he laughed as he spake and pushed forward the great chair from which Mistress Brent had risen.

"Methinks the night will prove stormy," she said, turning quickly to light speech; "best have thy sails close-reefed and leave thy men to tarry with the servants in their quarters."

She went to the casement window to call to Jock as he crossed the yard.

"Jock, bid the governor's men ashore, and have them leave the boat in readiness for storm."

"Aye," answered Jock, looking shrewdly to the thickness gathering in the east.

"An thou art storm-bound?" queried Mistress Margaret, fastening the window-bolt and coming to the fireside.

"I am well content."

"And I," said Mistress Brent, her red lip curving mischievously, though she lifted her lowered lids but for the space of a second to note the happiness in the governor's face.

The governor rose from his chair and came over to the side of the mantel-shelf near her.

"Wouldst thou be indeed content, Margaret?" he asked unsteadily, for there were moments such as this when he had been long away when he could not think calmly on his happiness, it was too incredulous.

Mistress Margaret shrugged her shoulders. "Listen to the wind, how it howls in the chimney! 'tis not a pleasant voice when 'tis the sole one one has to hearken to."

Calvert was silent for a moment, looking about him at the rich carpet beneath the table, the square that covered it and the silver candlesticks there, the thick hangings on wall and draperies about the window, the settle and chests and chairs of dark mahogany or carven oak.

"The governor's house, albeit the governor's, is not so fine as this," he said, half quizzically.

"Yet it should be," said Margaret, quickly.

"So it should, and the centre of the life of the colony; so my brother would have it."

"And such it must be," repeated Mistress Brent, sententiously.

"But it hath no mistress, naught but a bachelor with simple habits and few wants."

"Aye," laughed Mistress Margaret, "I have dwelt not within it for a winter not to know;" and though she laughed, the governor looked uneasy. He well knew he should look more closely to the fashion of his living. Truth, he had learned to do so in one way at least. Scarce Captain Brent himself

went more gayly apparelled than he did since his return from England, though he would never look the man of fashion—the thoughtful face and deep-set eyes would ever belie it.

But his uneasiness was only for a moment. "It shall not be for long untended," he declared, looking at the flaming fire, though he was aware of each change in Mistress Margaret's face.

"With a mistress at its head," he went on, slowly, "we'd keep such revelry there this yule-tide, we'd draw the settlers from far and near to the town, and not in such fear and trouble as when they crowded it before."

"Sooth, 't would be well," said Margaret, carelessly.

" 'Well!' Margaret, dost know what thou art saying?"

"In truth 'tis what I'd pray thee do. 'T would be well for all."

She looked up and met Calvert's gaze. "What is it thou wouldst?" she began, bewildered.

"Where hast thou been wandering in thy dreams?" asked Calvert quickly, nettled that the speech to which he had led so gracefully had gone unnoted.

"I was thinking," stammered Margaret, "as ye talked of the yule-tide, I was thinking of the season here. I would fain have the men and maids make joyous revel; last year I was in St. Mary's and—and next—"

"Next," broke in Calvert, and then left the finishing to Mistress Margaret, who flushed so rosily in the firelight he could not forego the sight of it.

But her confusion was but for the nonce.

"Faith," she said, lightly, "best make the most of what one has at once. Who can foresee the morrow?"

"To-morrow," thought the governor, and the vision of it was bright as the flame lapping the oak logs on the hearth; and he was silent for a space, his fingers resting on Mistress Margaret's chair, whither he had come to note her sweet confusion. There where the brown hair curled upon her neck was where he had kissed her that day when he had ventured with his gift; she wore it now, and the collar, low and rich, showed all the curve of her firm neck. He fell to studying her face as he had done a hundred times before, the round cheek, rosy and firm; the long sweep of her lashes; the small red

mouth and steady chin and smooth forehead where the wayward dark hair, though high-coiled, would wander.

"Margaret," he began, softly, "thou hast begged the question. I did make a plea and thou hast naught to say; I put it gently then, now I must put it bluntly—for speech, gallant speech and I—"

"Thou canst write far better than thou canst speak," said Margaret, lightly; "thy missives—"

"What of them?" said the governor, quickly.

"They are within my desk," said Margaret, saucily; "would it please thee—"

"Nay, spare me, and hearken! Thou art a rare fencer, yet must thou listen. Madge, I beseech thee, why all these months alone here whilst I am in St. Mary's? Thou knowest not the loneliness. The river betwixt us seems vast as the great seas —methinks thou mightest as well be across them."

"In faith, sir."

"Thou seemst so far away, in those days when I come not hither, and I cannot many a day when I would. Soon will be the meeting of the Assembly; I will find no time for journeyings then, I dare not." The furrow betwixt his brows deepened with the thought. The Assembly had been trying enough before, and now that the burgesses had arrogated to themselves the power of adjournment, he could not even forecast when the meetings would be done.

"I know not how long they'll linger; I pray God not 'til Christmas-tide. Then, the meetings over, could we hold revelry in the governor's house and keep the burgesses together and send them home, pleased and joyed."

Mistress Brent understood now, but she had no answer ready.

"I cannot," she said at length, "think not on it;" then seeing the look of pain on Calvert's face she hesitated.

"Think on it, Margaret, I adjure thee; speak not now, wait 'til the morrow an' I tarry 'til then; I had purposed—"

Mistress Brent, cut to the quick by the look on his face, had yet no word to say. Truly for this man, now she had been won to a thought of giving her life into his keeping, a most strange feeling was growing, a feeling blent much of pity and much of sympathy. She knew how his brother held him, as a

faithful servitor; and how many held him in England, as a man lacking all the brilliant parts of his older brother. She had come to the province prepared with these thoughts of him, added to a remembrance of a shy, quiet youth who had been often a guest of her father's house.

She had found a man of dignity and of stately manner; a man though slow, yet prudent; though silent, yet well loved; though surrounded with those grasping for new and better fortunes, yet doing naught for the aggrandizement of his own; though holding the power of granting the lands of the province, making no claims for himself; and when his brother had bestowed upon him the manor of South Fort, making a gift of it to another, and that other her brother.

Careless often, as he had been in his dress and his own affairs, he had been careless never of one of those about him. Yet few ever looked to give him pleasure. And Margaret, in the rush of pity for him, vowed there was naught she would not venture for him.

Each time he visited her, when she saw him first there was ever the mark of care and thoughtfulness upon him; she could watch as moment by moment the furrow faded from his forehead, the lines of his face were smoothed and the eyes brightened, until he looked as if years had fallen from him. She could interest him in a thousand ways, with affairs of the manor, of her household doings, with jest and laughter; and she had grown to look for the happiness in his face and to sheer from aught that brought a thought of care.

So it was now. She stole her slender fingers to where his rested on her chair and slipped them under his warm clasp. "I will think on it," she promised. "Hush!" as she saw the quick words forming on his lips, "here comes Sarah."

She pushed back her chair and rose to her feet.

"Truth, cousin," she went on, striving to speak steadily, as she crossed to the window looking out on a starlit lawn and river; "see," she called him to her side, "the clouds roll steadily up from the east, and soon the stars will be hidden, the oaks bend to the wind, 't will be such a night as one thanks God for shelter."

"And for shelter such as this," he looked meaningly at the bright room behind him and the slender figure by his side;

and if the wind moaned, it had no sinister sound to him; and if tide and wind ran swift to St. Mary's, it was but for the quicker journey on the morrow—the hour was his.

Though the storm howled over the house and shook the bronzed leaves from the oaks and scattered abroad the scurrying leaves in the woodland and tore the branches of the forest, and the rain beat on land and river and beat the requiem of the summer and its beautiful afterglow, the fire on the hearth blazed high and the candle-light shone on damask and silver and good cheer, and again on Mistress Margaret's piquant face as she sat by the fireside, her eyes bright with laughter, for she would have naught but fun and jest this night, and Calvert must bend himself to her humor.

Yet when the evening was done and Calvert slept the sleep of the well content within the guest chamber, Mistress Brent still lingered by the smouldering fire in the living-room. Much as she had come to think on her cousin's happiness she was not yet ready for the step he urged. She would rather have lingered and used herself more to the thought of it; a year hence was time enow, in faith, and he, she knew he grew impatient; yet, as he said, she had been a most excellent fencer and held him at bay. Now, Mistress Margaret sighed. Freedom was dear to her. Why could not they have gone on in the old way? Why should every one urge her on? Why, last of all, had she learned this strange insight of Leonard Calvert's nature, to read the craving for love and sympathy he hid under his calm exterior and to feel she dared not trifle with it? Yet did she care for anything?

Yes, for everything. She threw her arms above her head, and the wide, loose sleeves slipped back, showing the gleaming whiteness of them. She cared for the world about, for her ventures in the new country, for every acre of her grant, for every tree in her forests, yet unsurveyed, for every friend she claimed within the colony and every household in St. Mary's, and for the man who slept that night under the roof of St. Anne's.

Her heart ached for him, and because of that ache and because she was well content to be with him, to feel his love about her caring for her, she would do as he pleaded. She would tell him on the morrow. Yet she sighed as she rose,

the decision made, and blew out the candles and husbanded the fire, and made her way across the dark, draughty hall to her chamber, where Lucy waited her, asleep before the hearth.

On the morrow she was ready to answer the eager questioning of his eyes, though they met at the breakfast-board and Sarah waited on them. She saw the shaking of his fingers; the cake of maize upon his plate untouched, though smoking hot and thin and dainty; the venison uncut, though it was of the tenderest; the smoking hominy and potatoes neglected.

"Sarah," she called, though there was a demure look of mischief in her eyes, "Sarah, what have you within the tankard, beer of our own brewing? An thou wilt bring me hither some of the white ale. Nay, call no one! Go thyself; the keys hang there." She pointed to the mantel-shelf and busied herself with the food upon her plate until Sarah's heavy foot was on the cellar stair. Then she slipped hastily from her seat at the head of the board to the governor's chair.

"Sir Giant," she smiled bravely as she spoke, even if there were a catch in her voice and a tremble upon her red lip, "eat thy food in peace, it shall be as thou dost wish. Yes," to the quick question, "ere yule-tide. Shame!" for he had sprung to his feet and was crushing her close to him. "Sarah—unhand me!" she sprang back to her chair as Sarah's footfall sounded in the hall. And the governor as he smoothed the lace upon his coat wondered at the clear drops glittering on the velvet. Yet were there tears there, the face that looked at him from the head of the board was bright as sunshine.

TRAGEDY AT "THE BARRACKS"

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Alice followed the gay crowd to the city, and flitted home but again to leave it. She filled the house with a Christmas party which was gayer than her summer guests: and again was gone.

Jenifer, seeing that she missed much which he had expected of her and taking her moods with masculine wonder, let her have her way.

The remoteness, the stillness and the sounds that broke it,

the short bitter days and the long black nights had been to Alice unendurable. The rutty, bemired roads shut her to the house; and if she would see Grame, she must make opportunity. The guests and her comings and goings had snapped the intimacy of rides and chance meetings. Alice's following of the crowd had been half in instinctive defense from a budding danger; and temptation lurked in the desolation left behind. The woman fled.

Jenifer and Wheatham were ashamed to find that their days had thus been simplified. Each in his blundering fashion had reached out to aid her, and both had failed; Wheatham chiefly because he had come again to the absorption of inspiration and interpretation, Jenifer because of the happy vigor of his life, his silent strength, and that new fascination which claimed the hours he spent within the house.

Her going left each free to follow his own way—Wheatham to his table and the wistful look towards the peaks when fancy flowed too sluggishly; Jenifer to the joy of the hills in storm and sleet and drifting rain, in clear cold, or folding mists when all the world in sight was his.

If Alice fretted against the loneliness of her life here, and if she were happier for a while at her girlhood's home, Jenifer's indulgence abetted her. His sense of protection made him excuse her to Wheatham.

"She doesn't like it up here in winter, you see. I suppose it is—well, cut-off like to her. She has been used to the city. If she were fond of anything to do now," he added helplessly, "sewing or reading—there are books enough, heaven knows." They were in the library. "If she were, it might—it would be different. All the women I have ever known were busy enough," he floundered. "The only trouble seemed to be they could never find time to do all the things they wanted to do. Still—Oh, well; it doesn't matter, you know. I want her to do what she likes best," he declared stoutly.

Wheatham, in truth, had begun to feel disdain of the listless figure, the dull eyes, and drooping mouth. To have only Jenifer's vigorous content as companion to his dreaming mood was ideal.

"Well, things are different from what you have mostly seen," he began carelessly and cynically. "A woman used to

be compelled to work in order to have the things she wanted. Now she need not. What is the use of sewing when some one is waiting and anxious to do it for you and when you can get half the things you want already made? And pickles and preserves are standing on the store shelves waiting to be bought.

"Fact is, woman has been talking emancipation for so many years that she's got it, only not just the sort she expected," he chuckled gracelessly. "Still she's free, if she pleases. And what is she doing with her freedom? She quotes man as example. The work of the world has so divided into lines that he has got to leave the crossings and keep to one, and trot a pretty good pace on that one, too. For what? Bread and meat, my boy." Wheatham was enjoying his monologue hugely; and it served the purpose of diverting their thoughts from personalities. "Bread and meat; and never were they harder worked for. But woman! Man, what is she going to do with the thing she had fought through two generations for? As far as I can see those who fought hardest, the leaders, battled for a purpose. They knew what they wanted, where they had been restricted. But all these idle sisters in their train!

" 'In the sweat of thy brow,' " added Wheatham dreamily, turning in his chair to watch the fire, " 'In the sweat of thy brow'—God knew the blossom he put beside the thorn. The Creator's high and unwritten promise which follows on that vow is, 'So doing man shall find joy.'

" Happiness," the monologue went fitfully on, "the world-old, world-wide quest. I found its secret long ago. Do you want to hear it?"—he leaned forward eagerly and peered through the cloud of smoke at Jenifer—"It is to do the work you long to do, to breathe the breath of your life into it, to see it live. Just now," he added with a touch of cynicism, "one must be sure that the Public wants it—and will pay for it." He threw himself back in his chair. His quick look at Jenifer was searching. Wheatham was not used to talking freely, and he had been saying some things he meant; not talking, as at first, merely for effect.

One tie, and a strong one, between them was that neither he nor the man who listened needed to beat out their thoughts with speech; but that each, divining somewhat of the other, was willing to leave that other to development.

Jenifer, his head thrown back against the cushions of the chair and his long limbs straight before him, was listening silently.

The undrawn curtain left in view the moon-flooded and untrodden lane with the drifted fences and snow-cushioned stile. The settling of the snow and the snapping of laden branches made sharp and sibilant sound.

"Tough tramping to-day?" asked Wheatham, as he glanced like Jenifer through the clear-paned windows.

"Tough?" Jenifer laughed. The sting of the snow upon his face, the settling of it upon his shoulders, the sight of the veil drifting down the valley and shutting out the mountains—Jenifer had not called it "tough." He had been thinking, as he silently watched the racing flames, of the mystic peaks which guarded the mountain world like gleaming pickets against the moonlit sky and of the sheltered cattle, the housed horses; and remembering how, flaring out across the snow, the circling lights shone about the tower.

Living—the breath of life alone—seems enough for some. Was it thus, taking God's daily gifts, He meant life to be? If so, man has wandered. Such fret of fear, such tangle of planning, such piling of breaks between him and disasters which never blow, till all his strength has gone in futile work, and that which should have been done with unvexed mind and skillful hand is forever marred, or left untouched.

But Jenifer lived, splendidly, freely, with a hint of broader life and a possibility of firmer grasp. Wheatham had become aware of the roundness of the man's thought and its completeness; and how he envied the quality Jenifer could not guess.

The artist got up lazily, and walked to a book-shelf, fingering the volumes upon it. "Half the time I read," he said carelessly, "I don't care what it is. Something to carry the mind easily along the story's train is all I want, something to ease its own thinking, something—Pshaw! I want to hear the birds sing and see the sun shine, and know that this old world is moving right when I read. As for this pulling out of the heart's strings to hear them twang—Lord, deliver me!

"Half the time a man himself couldn't tell why he did a thing. A hundred reasons, or the total of them all, might move him. Yet the man who writes a tale is wont to insist

on only one—and that the purpose of the story; while many a thread is tangled to make the cord. Thank God, the unravelling is not mine. It is hard enough to paint a face, but words —Lord!

"As for you, man," moving restlessly, coming back to the table and leaning across it and laughing at Jenifer's lazy content, "as for you, or what you would do at some unexpected moment, I wouldn't give a guess, a hint; nor could you."

"No," said Jenifer, flushing under the scrutiny, "nor care What's the use of thinking about it? Sets you wool-gathering. Have another smoke."

In some such fashion the evenings went. Quiet often; words, sometimes; long silences! To Jenifer the winter slipped by like a single magic day. Before he had learned its moods the haze was on the mountains and the green crept through the valleys.

"I must tell Alice she ought to be here. She is missing all this," he declared enthusiastically. Wheatham was following him out of the dining-room. The door of the wide hall was open. The spring-like air blew through, and Jenifer paused for a moment at the door which opened towards the quarters. Blue were the peaks, purplish blue. Bees were humming in the warm air; fowls clucking in the yard. "I must tell her," he repeated.

"When?" asked Wheatham with quizzical look. Jenifer's decisions were sudden and curious. The artist found himself looking for them, and weighing them when they came with an amusement which was sometimes mixed with astonishment.

"To-day will do. Everything will be out in no time. She will miss it all if I don't."

Wheatham recalled the last intelligence of her. The theatre, a dance, new clothes—gay notes, all of them, and sounding of the street. How would these weigh, with her, against the blossoming of the spring jessamine or the budding of the lilacs in the hedge?

"To-day," dreamily, "right now." Jenifer walked rapidly up the hall. He stopped by the telephone.

"Better wait till the roads are settled," warned Wheatham quickly as he followed.

"The carriage can get in easily enough. Ben can drive slowly."

"You are not going to call her up now?"

"Why not?" Jenifer saw before him always the one thing which he would do, and he was hindered by no doubt of it. He was ringing the telephone while he answered. Wheatham lingered to listen amusedly.

What he heard was sufficiently simple. The protests were from the other end of the wire. The directions from this end were explicit; and the date and hour selected were of that day.

"Think of staying in the city such a time as this. Man, she ought to see it," with a broad sweep of his hand. The men were on the porch. "The orchard will be in bloom soon," added Jenifer. "Lord, I pity those who miss it."

So did Wheatham; but he pitied, also, the woman who saw it perforce and missed its significance. The artist's quick nature stirred with sympathy for her restlessness when Alice had come. That swaying figure which paced the halls and loitered at the doors and hung from out the windows, and found nothing satisfying from any loophole of her view, was like a weight upon his fancy. He found himself waiting for calm upon her face before there could be quiet of his pulses and freedom of his thought: and none came; instead he felt a watchful consciousness of her which he detested.

He wondered at his dismay when he saw her cross the yard one morning to intercept Grame. So far the Englishman had kept to himself; but Alice made the move boldly.

Sunshine of March was about her and it was warm and sweet, with blue sky far above her head and soft airs to woo. Wheatham, through his open door, saw, as always, the notes, the hints of something the woman might have been but never was; and he berated himself for his distrust when her high voice carried to his ears.

Alice asked about her horse; Grame answered briefly. Was the horse in the stable? Had the winds dried the roads? Were they fit for riding? She would try them anyhow; could he go? She named the hour when she would be ready.

Then the light laugh which ended all her speeches. Why had it always rung false to Wheatham? He leaned back in his chair to watch her as she walked; tall, easy of movement,

past-mistress in the art of gowning—and the sunny yard, the waving shadows of budding branches across it—What was amiss with it and with him? Untuned, lowered from the key of his work, his fingers lay inert.

Jenifer, that night, vowed that Alice must ride every day. Her cheeks were already rosy. Soon she would be sunburned and strong. He himself would go with her; if he did not, Grame could. But Jenifer's intentions settled, through carelessness on his part and purpose on hers, into non-fulfilment. The routine was of the summer—the gallop, the twilight, and the hour of the day.

Now her rides with Grame and her manner were marked. Grame was neither overseer nor groom, and his work was not typical. Although at first he had been ready to assume the manner and garb of livery he was quick, when not called upon to do either, to forget them both. Ready to serve as he had been born and bred, he was yet alert to the standards of a new land; and he had recognized that she who ruled with careless hands the house he served was yet of his own kind. The strength of Jenifer's nature set him apart, above, a master to be served; but Alice, glorified, perhaps, by her setting and made shining by her garments, was of his class. Worst of all, Grame loved her.

He had fought against it sullenly and weakly; and had kept to his quarters when she returned. But Alice, blindly determined upon something which would amuse, had openly reinstated the order she herself had been glad to escape. Once more begun, the old way was easy and more fatal.

The coquetry of her manner when their horses were on the highroad, the something that he was none too anxious to conceal when the long lane was between him and the man he served, must be apparent; and Alice ignored too utterly those passers-by who seemed unobservant.

The thing wore an ugly tinge. Wheatham, who divined it, and Ben, who knew, were desperate. They felt themselves traitors to Jenifer in his ignorance; and they feared, with deadly fear, his faintest knowledge. Wheatham, with no whimsical wonder now as to what Jenifer would do, was sure only of the horror of what it would be: and the artist's

love and loyalty kept him dumb till he felt he could bear it not an hour longer. But then the end was near.

The riders came over the hill slowly one day at dusk. The orchard's bloom had been scattered across the grass; the locusts were white; the blossoms had died from the lilacs; and green hedges and tall trees made early darkness in the lane.

Alice slipped from her saddle and stood, her habit tight-held about her, looking down at Grame. Furrows of passionate perplexity were on her face; her breath was a long heave at her breast. He, with one searching look at the unlighted house and empty yard, struck the horses sharply. Both, knowing the careless customs of the house, thought themselves unseen.

"Wait a moment," begged Grame hoarsely. "You have not said a word. I—You have promised nothing. Wait!"

Long as the way had been not half had been said. The love that had been slow, at first, strangled, deflected, that had shown but a glance or broken word, had, fostered by the woman's coquetry, gone its way to flood; and it had swept her with it.

Grame was mad in his earnestness and his urging. Flight and England, he pleaded for; and Alice was as mad as he. Lacking just scales and broad balance, she had coaxed herself into the belief that this alone was love and that she had missed it and been defrauded.

The man's broken words were hoarse and low, the lilacs thick, the shadows heavy. Jenifer, coming up from the garden squares, turned that way and sauntered by the hedge. He walked carelessly, light-heartedly; and the young grass hushed his steps.

The tones of passion breathed through the branches in his very ear. They were what the dusk, the evening star, the perfume of the roses demanded; but who would have thought to hear him here? To whom could such words be spoken? Jenifer was rigid with astonishment, yet laughter twitched at his mouth. Then he heard the voice that answered.

His leap was clear and clean. In one breath, one heat of passion, Grame lay in the grass; and Alice, Jenifer's hand upon her arm compelling her, sped to the dark house, up the black stair, to her room. Jenifer's touch flared the lights in the

gaudy, tinselled room which she had bedecked; and as he looked at her in her fit setting Jenifer knew that the fancy he had taken for love had fled. He loathed her. He despised the white face and frightened eyes and whimpered assurances of her innocence. He did not hear them. He grasped the exact significance of what he heard, and knew it for the sequel of the wiles by which he himself had been won and others lured; the end of a coquetry which she had allowed, but whose climax she was too weak to grasp.

"Stay here," he commanded, without a glance at her white horror.

Wheatham was shouting his name in the hall. "What is it?" demanded Jenifer calmly, coming down the stair.

"I—The horses," Wheatham panted. "Is any one hurt? The horses—came to the stable—alone."

Wheatham cursed himself for his vehemence; but pull himself together, or speak coherently, he could not. His nerves had been too long on edge. He had been leaning on the fence, watching the slow coming of the night, when Ben ran up to him.

"De hosses in de stable; dey's loose dyar; de hosses dey rode. An' de saddles on 'em. An' I don't see dat man nowhars. Gawd's sake, Marse Wheatham, whar is he? Whar is she?" And Wheatham had started running to the house. He reiterated his question: "Is any one hurt?"

"He is dead, I think," said Jenifer clearly.

"God! Where?"

"In the lane," and at Wheatham's rush of steps Jenifer turned aside. He flooded with light the hall, the library, every wide room upon the floor; and he was in the hall when Wheatham, shaking, stumbled up the steps of the door which opened towards the quarters.

"Well?" demanded Jenifer sharply.

"He—he—" Wheatham gasped, his breath too short for speech.

"He is dead, I hope."

"He is not. Have you no sense?" catching Jenifer roughly by the shoulder.

The smile on Jenifer's face chilled Wheatham's fierceness. "Come in here," the master of the house commanded.

The library had come to be Jenifer's room. He took out his check-book now, filled one blank, another.

"You will go to New York to-night," he said to Wheatham evenly. "You will take him—"

"The man is half-dead."

"You will take him with you. This"—as if the paper scorched him—"is his; a year's wages. With this—take what you need. Buy his ticket. Pay every expense. See him aboard the ship. Watch him sail. If ever he puts foot on this side the ocean again I'll kill him. If he should write to her, or seek to have her join him it will be both. Let him know."

"The man cannot be moved," began Wheatham hotly.

Jenifer hushed him with a gesture. "The carriage will be ready for you at the stables. You start from there in fifteen minutes. You will catch the midnight train. And—" looking him squarely in the eyes, "you will go."

Go! With that half-conscious man beside him, with Ben ashy white in the starlight and his teeth chattering, Wheatham obeyed.

The roll of wheels, ominous in the stillness of the black night, was the last sound but the breath of the wind that the old house heard for many an hour.

The servants, knowing little, slept. The woman up-stairs, feeling God knows what horror of remorse or shame, slept also; but the wide doors were open, and, white and clear, the lights shone out into the night. White, too, the crown of fire hung above the hills.

Jenifer went from room to room looking about him steadily and slowly—the dark, gleaming floors, the red mahogany, the shining brass, the dim old portraits. The breath of long living was in the house, the hint of history, and the throb of passion. He loved it. But for what had it stood for him? For what did it stand? Treachery! Here had been born the passion whose touch debased his ancestry. Here the woman who was his had listened to the whisperings of dishonor. As he had loved it, he hated it. The white flare of light flickered red before him. If he had had any knowledge of himself Jenifer would have feared his own calm more than any whirl of furious rage.

He could sit and watch the stars. The locusts were luxuries

of perfume. A late narcissus gleamed like a candle-flame dropped in the grass. An old and wasted moon came up behind the peaks. Still Jenifer sat, his arm on the window-ledge. A moan of midnight wind stole through the hall—and a thin blue trail.

He never saw. Feathery and slow its fellows trailed after it. Jenifer watched the shadows beneath the hedge, the tall trees, the clearing light across the fields. Dark, heavy, pungent, a smoke-column rolled through the hall and house; crackling, hissing noises broke out; the quarters, awakened from sleep, set up wild clamor of confusion: and a shriek rang over the railing of the stair.

* * * * * *

From the tower Jenifer watched the dawn. In the dim duskiness he saw the servants huddled in the yard. Dull smoke rolled above the house-walls and drifted down about them. By him, above his head, the points of light showed yellow in the coming day. The dawn with long fingers stealing through the peaks plucked at the darkness in the vale, and a bird called clear across the fields; Jenifer, from his height, looked down on what the night had hidden and the day lay bare.

THE APPROACH OF EVENING

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I TURNED my cheek upon the hollow of my arm, curved on the low window-sill. The sun was swinging, round and red, above the distant pines, and the golden light lay on the brown, fresh-ploughed fields beyond the yard and the white ribbon of the lane which led out, between fields and woods, to the wide country road a mile away. The scent of the upturned earth and of green grass, of budding leaves and newly opened violets was abroad. The cherry tree, huge and shadowing and ruling half the yard, lifted a white cloud of bloom into the soft spring air; the buzzing of the bees about the scented blossomings was a part of the rhythm of low winds and bending grasses and tossing branches. I drew a long, ecstatic breath. The spring-tide was in my heart as well as in the

world. The cotton gown, fresh and dainty, which I wore, was the blossoming in which I had clothed myself, as the cherry put on its white petals; and I was as dreamful as the day when I thought of Robert, of his pleasure at this gay dress with which I would astonish him when he came home. But how late he was.

I got up restlessly from the chair and wandered to the door. Daddy was coming from the fields, the plough rope hanging loosely about his neck, the share scraping along the road, and the tired mule plodding with drooping head. Through the back door of the hall, wide-open likewise, I could see Dick driving the cows into the milking lot. It was very late; Robert must be coming; I would go and meet him.

I took down my sunbonnet; my knitted mitts hung beside it, but after a second's pause I put both back on the pegs and hurried out. The sun was too low to burn even a tender skin, and the touch of the wind on neck and cheek was a joy.

The rose-bush by the single low step was thick with odorous leaf-buds, jonquils shone in their long leaves by the pathway, the dandelions were set like gold in the lush grass.

In the road I met Daddy. "Well, Daddy," I began, intending some trivial talk; but he cut me short.

"Lawd, Miss Lucy, what is you doin' 'dout yo' sunbonnet? fus' thing you know, you 'll be all freckled up same lak a tukky-aig."

Now this tender skin of mine was a sore point to me. Left to myself, bonnet and gloves would be forever discarded; but the whole household from Robert down, through Daddy and Mammy to Dick, was a household guard for beauty. I was never allowed to forget.

"What Marse Robert say now?" queried Daddy, as he rested his plough-point for a moment and jerked at the reins. "Whoa dyar! you's in a pow'ful hurry! if you jes had showed a little o' dis disposition long 'bout fo' 'clock you'd a' finished dat fiel'. What Marse Robert gwine say?" he repeated to me.

"Nothing," said I, shortly. "I don't need anything on my head; it's near sunset now. I wonder what keeps Robert."

"I dunno, chile, 't ain't nuthin' to worry 'bout. Ain't you gwine back now?"

"No; maybe I'll meet him."

"Bettah not go beyon' de woods."

The restless mule was hurrying on to stable and his supper; Daddy followed perforce; I loitered on down the road. Every moment I thought I should see Robert riding out of the dusky woods and waving his hand gayly at sight of me. I went on and on with slow footsteps. I would not turn back now; the house was far behind me; the breath of brown, ploughed land on either side grew less and less, and the gloom of the pines, the sound of their soft sighing was nearer and nearer. Here the ploughing ceased, and a strip of land, yellow with thin sedge and set with saplings, made a border land between field and forest. The saplings were tipped with the pink or green tassels of new growth, the resinous smell of them was strong in the air; before me the pines loomed dark and sombre in the waning light. Should I venture on?

I stood listening, when I heard the blessed click and slam of the upper gate, and then the rhythmic sound of hoof-beats. I knew Lady's trot as I knew Robert's footsteps; in a moment they would be in sight, out of the forest.

I stood, laughter dimpling my face, and then in a flash crouched out of sight behind a well-rounded sapling by the roadside. Peering eagerly through the green needles, my eyes looked straight into two black, unwinking ones; a song-sparrow, flattened on her nest, kept anxious guard; I smiled into the tiny, frightened eyes, but whether I gave her courage I know not, for out of the woods rode Robert, and I swooped out and at him. Lady swerved, but he sat true, and when I looked for hearty laughter I won only a smile.

MARSE WILLUM HIMSELF AGAIN

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THE rest of that story I had heard from 'Zekiel; he had told it to me many times.

"An' thar Marse Willum he was tied to de chair; did n't nobody know if he ebbah would walk no mo'; and Miss Lucy daid; an' you a-trottin' 'bout de house cryin' fer yo' ma. Lan'! but we had a time dem days! de niggahs dey would n't 'tend to nuthin' nohow an' eberyt'ing seem lak it goin' to rack an' ruin spipindicular. I done tole Marse Willum 'bout it, I done tole him; an' he sigh an' tuhn erroun' in his chair lak he ain't gwine notice nuthin' nebber no mo' in dis worl'. Den I pervide fer; an' if you don't look mighty sharper dan you's doin' now you's gwine come out lackin'. Ain't nuthin' gwine ups an' speaks to him one day sho' nuff. 'Marse Willum,' I says, 'Miss Lucy she's done daid an' she lef' you her chile to right on dis place; de niggahs look lak dey's clean 'stracted; de craps ain't gwine ermount to a row o' pins; dyar ain't gwine be corn ernuff to feed de niggahs wid, much less de hosses an' de cows.'

" 'What's dat?' he say, sharp lak.

" 'Dat it ain't,' I 'sponded, 'an' de wheat was plum ruined in de harves', an'—'

" 'Sen' Charles hyar.'

"Lawd knows I didn't know what he was 'bout, but I seed he was roused up, an' I went erlong. By and by Charles he came runnin' out de house an' he fell to workin' in de cyarpenter's shop like he was nigh 'pon gone crazy; an' I go 'long. 'Praise Gawd, Marse Willum is awakin' up,' says I. But de Lawd knows I nebbah hoped to see what I did. De very nex' day Marse Willum come hobblin' to de barn on de crutch Charles done made. I was busy dyar cleanin' out de stables, an' when I looks up an' sees him standin' right befo' me de pitchfork drap right out o' my han'. 'Lawd,' says I, 'my time done come!' 'case I thought 't was a sperrit, you see. An' den he say—de very fus' word he says is, 'Whar is dat roan colt?' An' I say wid my knees a-shakin' lak dey gwine knock te-ter-gedder spite o' all I could do, 'Jo got him, sah.'

" 'What in thunder is he doing with him?'

"I stood up straight den, an' my knees stiffened up good under me. 'T warnt no ghos' gwine swear lak Marse Willum swear when I tell him Jo's tryin' to break dat colt down in de fiel'.

" 'Tell him to come hyar.'

"I tell you, sah, I went.

"Jo he was off dat colt's neck in de shake o' a daid sheep's tail, an' he was glad ernuff to come off, too, for it sho was hard to stick on; he come a-runnin' 'long up wid de halter in his han' an' de colt cavortin' an' pawin' after him, yukkin' de halter nigh 'pon out Jo's han's.

" 'You idjit!' Marse Willum shouted out, 'bring him here.'

"Den I seed what Marse Willum was after. I tried to say sumpin' but my tongue jes dried up in my mouf I was so scared, an' little red an' black things got a-dancin' befo' my eyes. When I could see good an' clear dyar was Marse Willum on dat colt, an' dat colt was a-cavortin' an' a-pawin' up de earth; but Marse Willum he set good an' straight an' tight as ebbah. 'Glory Hallelujah!' says I. 'Glory Hallelujah!' I says it ergin when he come ridin' dat colt down de fiel' jes as easy an' peaceable! He sort o' laughed when he heard me shout out, an' he pull de colt up on de uddah side of de fence whar I was a-leanin'. His cheek is all done flushed up an' his eyes bright, but de win' done blow his hat off back dyar in de fiel', an' his hair done blow back on his haid, an' I seed dat undah de topmos' locks it 's all tuhn white.

"Marse Willum he drew a long breath. 'Gimme my crutch,' he says. An' I picked it up from whar it done drap when he clum on dat colt's back somehow; I picked it up an' han's it to him an' holp him down.

" 'Marse Willum done come back to hise'f,' I say dat day mo' dan once, 'but he's had a huht he'll nebbah git ober. Dyar's a huht in his body an' a huht in his heart, an' neider will nebbah be mended.' "

FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR

[1822—1874]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

DR. TICKNOR'S work has never lacked admirers in the South, but it is only in very recent years that his recognition may be said to have become in any sense national. Paul Hamilton Hayne had declared in 1879 that the light irradiating from Ticknor's poems "seldom failed to be light from the heaven of a true inspiration." Professor William P. Trent wrote in 1905 that the work Ticknor did "ought to have given him more fame during his life and secured him much more consideration from posterity than has been allotted him." Mr. Charles W. Hubner in 1906 characterized Dr. Ticknor's war poetry as follows: "In the power of passionate feeling, in terse, concentrated diction, clear, ringing music, and idealistic imagery, the poetry evolved by the incidents, the pathos, the glory and the gloom of our Civil War, shows but few examples that can be considered superior to the best of Ticknor's contributions to that phase of our American literature."

But, as late as 1896, Mr. Samuel Albert Link could find no mention of Dr. Ticknor's name in any of the handbooks or cyclopedias of American literature. It should be said, however, that in 1891 Karl Knortz, in his 'Geschichte der Nordamerikanischen Literatur' (Berlin, volume II, pages 327-328), had devoted a page to Dr. Ticknor, though a page of no special insight or discrimination. Since 1896, however, Dr. Ticknor has begun to come into his own. "Little Giffen" is found in practically every recent representative anthology of American poetry, and Ticknor's name is now rarely omitted in up-to-date histories of American literature. "Dr. Ticknor," says Pancoast in his 'Introduction to American Literature' (1898), "lived the self-sacrificing life of a kindly, hard-worked physician, but in the scant leisure which the duties of his profession allowed him he wrote some poems—less known than they should be—which deserve to live. One of these, 'Little Giffen,' which commemorates one of the otherwise unknown heroes of the war, has a concentrated force and directness which make it not unworthy of comparison with some of Browning's shorter narrative poems." In Burton Egbert Stevenson's 'Poems of American History' (1908), Ticknor is repre-

sented by "The Virginians of the Valley," "A Battle Ballad," "Our Left," "Albert Sidney Johnston," and "Little Giffen."

Francis Orray Ticknor was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, November 13, 1822. His father, also a doctor, was a native of New Jersey who had come South and married into a distinguished family of Savannah, where he resided for several years. His early death left Mrs. Ticknor, the mother of the poet, with three small children to provide for. Moving at once to Columbus, Georgia, she sent Francis to school in Massachusetts. After a thorough training there, he studied medicine in New York and Philadelphia, returned to Georgia, and settled permanently at Torch Hill, a few miles from Columbus.

He had married Miss Rosalie Nelson, daughter of a soldier of the War of 1812 and a woman in every way fitted to quicken by appreciation his devotion to letters and to enter by her breadth of sympathy into the wider and more practical demands of his profession. Mrs. Ticknor still survives her gifted husband, and the author of this sketch would like to assure her that her loyalty to her husband's memory, her just appreciation of his real worth as a man and as a poet, and her unshaken confidence in the ultimate triumph of his name and fame have already been vindicated by the verdict of the years and have themselves become a part of the history of Southern literature.

The Ticknor home at Torch Hill is thus sketched by Paul Hamilton Hayne: "With the poet's love of all that is pure, sweet, and natural, he soon surrounded his home with flowers and fruits. In the spring and summer I have heard it described as a perfect Eden of roses; while towards autumn the crimson foliage and blushing tints of the great mellow apples, especially if touched by sunset lights, caused the 'Hill' to gleam and glitter as with the colors of fairyland. Here in this peaceful nest Ticknor lived for nearly a quarter of a century, exceptionally blessed in his domestic relations, though more than once that Dark Presence no mortal can shun entered his household, to leave it for a season desolate. He was a gifted musician, playing exquisitely upon the flute, and a draughtsman of the readiest skill and taste. Still I picture him always as preëminently the poet—the poet 'born,' yet with every natural endowment purified and strengthened by careful, scholarly culture."

Dr. Ticknor believed that he owed his first duty to his State, and when the great war came he espoused the cause of the Confederacy. His pen found its chief inspiration not in the constitutional questions at issue nor in the progress of the war as a whole, but rather in the individual prowess of Confederate soldiers. He was a man of rooted

convictions but without bitterness. The prayer of his heart was for peace. Thus in "Ora Pace":

Ora Pace! Ye that lift
The nation's weapons, keen and swift,
Ere ye loose the thunder, pray
That the wrath may pass away!
Ere the lightnings ye release,
Patient statesmen, pray for peace!

Ora Pace! Ye that stand
The shield and summer of the land;
Though the blood is hot and high,
Bounding for the battle-cry,
Remember, boys, whose kiss ye bear,
And pray for peace, ye sons of prayer!

Dr. Ticknor was already known in 1861 as a fluent versifier, but the drama that unrolled itself between 1861 and 1865 deepened and enriched his whole nature and changed what might have continued to be mere versification into poetry of abiding beauty and appeal. With his own home and the homes and churches of his neighborhood turned into Confederate hospitals, with the flower of his native State on the firing-line, with mingled tidings of victory and defeat coming daily from the front, with "the sudden making of splendid names," the latent poet in Dr. Ticknor was matured, and both theme and inspiration came unprompted to his hand.

His reputation as poet and physician grew steadily to the end. War brought its personal bereavements and its general desolation, but Dr. Ticknor found alleviation in the adequacy of his song and in the constant though frequently unpaid ministrations of his profession. "Far and wide," says Hayne, "among the 'sand-barrens' or in the farmhouses of the neighboring valley, the good and wise physician was known and welcomed. His gleeful smile, his spontaneous criticisms (for his mind actually bubbled over with innocent humors) cheered up many a despondent invalid and, it is possible, scared Despair, if not Death himself, away from the bedsides of patients just about finally to succumb. What wonder, therefore, that when—partly through fatigue, exposure, and the unremitting discharge of duty—their benefactor was, in his turn, stricken down, to die after a brief, painful illness, the community mourned him as only those are mourned who could truly say, like Abou ben Adhem in his vision of the angel and the book of gold, 'write me as one who loved his fellowmen.'" Dr. Ticknor died December 18, 1874.

The poem that first made Dr. Ticknor's name widely known in

the South was "The Virginians of the Valley," written evidently in the beginning of the war. The setting of the poem is taken from a once famous book, 'Knights of the Horseshoe' (1845), by William Alexander Carruthers of Virginia.* In this entertaining volume Carruthers describes the romantic ride of Governor Spottswood and his followers through the Valley of Virginia, which they explored and opened to permanent settlement. The Virginia House of Burgesses, in commemoration of their services, is said to have awarded golden horseshoes to the most deserving of Spottswood's men, thus establishing a sort of Virginia knighthood of which Dr. Ticknor makes felicitous use.

The poem entitled "Loyal," a universal favorite, is a rare example of skillful though hazardous structure. It consists of eight stanzas of introduction with a culminating stanza of application, in which the reference is to the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee (fought November 30, 1864), and more particularly to the heroic death of General Patrick R. Cleburne. In *The Confederate Veteran* of January, 1900 (Nashville, Tennessee), General John B. Gordon calls this "the bloodiest battle of modern times." Of the Confederate infantry engaged thirty-three per cent were killed, and Cleburne's Division (Cheatham's Corps) lost fifty-two per cent.

Dr. Ticknor's best-known poem, "Little Giffen," published first in *The Land We Love,* November, 1867 (Charlotte, North Carolina), narrates the true story of little Isaac Giffen, son of a Tennessee blacksmith. He was nursed back to health by Dr. and Mrs. Ticknor, only to fall in some unknown battle and to fill at last a nameless grave. In the simplicity of its pathos, the intensity of its appeal, and the dramatic compression of its thought, "Little Giffen" ranks among the best short poems of American literature.

The range of Dr. Ticknor's poetic interests may be seen in the divisions of his work. Miss Rowland, his editor, classifies his poems into martial and chivalrous lyrics, songs of home, poems of sentiment and humor, and memorial and religious poems. His songs of home are representatively Southern and Saxon in their loyalty to home life and in their delicate handling of home themes; his poems of sentiment and humor are easy and graceful; his memorial and religious poems show a deeper feeling and finer art; but his best work is in the martial and heroic vein. His incision of phrase, his artistic husbandry of details, his rare sense of structural unity and convergence, his quick responsiveness to the really heroic, his ballad-like vividness and simplicity—these qualities reach their finest fruition in the poems called forth by the events of 1861-1865.

*See 'The Library of Southern Literature,' volume II, pages 753-783.

Dr. Ticknor's feeling for form is his most notable characteristic. The influence of Poe is evident in "The Hills," but Tennyson was more probably his model. However short the poem—and Dr. Ticknor did not essay long poems or complicated verse forms—there is in all of his best work the unmistakable presence of form, the stamp of wholeness in thought, texture, and expression. He is thus eminently quotable. The following citations display a phrasal force and a power of suggestive condensation not easily paralleled:

"Utter Lazarus, heel to head"
("Little Giffen")

"Skeleton boy 'gainst skeleton death"
(*Ibid.*)

"Whose touch was the foe undone,
Whose name was a nation's cheer"
("Our Great Captain")

"From the victor-wreath to the shining Palm:
From the battle's core to the central calm."
("Albert Sidney Johnston")

"This man hath breathed all balms of light,
And quaffed all founts of grace,
Till Glory, on the mountain height,
Has met him face to face."
("Lee")

"And lo! the midnight of her shrouded mine
Garners the radiance of the years to shine"
("Georgia")

"And the great Alchemist shall teach the Sun
That Earth's great gloom and Life's great light are one."
(*Ibid.*)

"No truth is *lost* for which the true are weeping,
Nor *dead* for which they died"
("Under the Willows")

"Mansions of mist and silver, white and slender,
The shy wood-spider weaves;
Swingeth the swallow to his old home under
The unforgotten eaves"
("An April Morning")

"One chord in thy heart unbroken!
One key to that chord alone!
A touch—and thy thought hath spoken;
A sigh—and thy song hath flown!"
("The Old Harpsichord")

"*This* much, if nothing more:
That vainly o'er our lost delights
The pomp of marble towers,
Without the gentle care that writes
Its Martha-thought in flowers."
("The Cemetery")

C. Alphonso Smith

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The Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M.D., edited by K[ate] M[ason] R[owland], with an Introductory Notice of the Author by Paul H. Hayne (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1879). This remains the only edition yet published. Miss Michelle Cutliff Ticknor, of Albany, Georgia, a granddaughter of the poet, will probably edit an enlarged edition. A scrapbook with beautifully illuminated borders and other hand-painted designs, the work of Mrs. Eveline Page Carter, the poet's sister-in-law, contains many poems by Dr. Ticknor not included in Miss Rowland's edition.

See, for further criticism, The Pioneers of Southern Literature, booklet No. 3, by Samuel Albert Link (Nashville, Tennessee, 1896); The South in History and Literature, by Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford (Atlanta, Georgia, 1906); Representative Southern Poets, by Charles W. Hubner (Washington, D.C., 1906); and Reminiscences of Famous Georgians, by Lucian Lamar Knight (Atlanta, Georgia, 1907-1908).

For information kindly furnished I wish to record my indebtedness to Mrs. Leonora M. Ticknor, of Knoxville, Tennessee, and Miss Michelle Cutliff Ticknor, of Albany, Georgia.

LITTLE GIFFEN

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Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath—
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die.

And didn't. Nay more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
Dear mother, at first, of course; and then
Dear captain, inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer; of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive.

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"*I'll write,* if spared!" There was news of the fight
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

(W. N. N.)

The knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas:

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil-fires;
But, aye, the "Golden Horseshoe" knights
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep!

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

(SHILOH)

His soul to God! on a battle-psalm!
The soldier's plea to Heaven!
From the victor-wreath to the shining Palm:
From the battle's core to the central calm,
And peace of God in Heaven.

Oh, Land! in your midnight of mistrust
The golden gates flew wide,
And the kingly soul of your wise and just
Passed in light from the house of dust
To the Home of the Glorified.

THE SWORD IN THE SEA

The billows plunge like steeds that bear
The knights with snow-white crests;
The sea-winds blare like bugles where
The Alabama rests.

Old glories from their splendor-mists
Salute with trump and hail
The sword that held the ocean lists
Against the world in mail.

And down from England's storied hills,
From lyric slopes of France,
The old bright wine of valor fills
The chalice of Romance.

For here was Glory's tourney-field,
The tilt-yard of the sea;
The battle-path of kingly wrath,
And kinglier courtesy.

And down the deeps, in sumless heaps,
The gold, the gem, the pearl,
In one broad blaze of splendor, belt
Great England like an earl.

And there they rest, the princeliest
Of earth's regalia gems,
The starlight of our Southern Cross,
The sword of Raphael Semmes.

"UNKNOWN"

The prints of feet are worn away,
No more the mourners come;
The voice of wail is mute to-day
As his whose life is dumb.

The world is bright with other bloom;
Shall the sweet summer shed
Its living radiance o'er the tomb
That shrouds the doubly dead?

Unknown! Beneath our Father's face
The star-lit hillocks lie:
Another rosebud! lest His grace
Forget us when we die.

GEORGIA

Between her rivers and beside the sea,
My mother-land! What fairer land can be?

The lyric rapture in her leaping rills,
The crown-imperial on her purple hills.

Her lips are pure that never breathed a curse;
Her hands are white before the universe.

Behold the witness of the King of Peace
Clear, in the splendor of her dew-lit fleece.

And lo! the midnight of her shrouded *mine*
Garners the radiance of the years to shine.

Yea! the swart Gnome that bides his time below
Shall rise at last, in full regalia glow!

And the great Alchemist shall teach the Sun
That Earth's great gloom and Life's great light are one!

Oh, sweetest souls that ever rose by prayer
White from the furnace-dungeon of despair!

That wrought new grace from battle's chaos-mould,
And reared new shrines from ashes not yet cold.

Not cold!—from flames the strangest that have given
From all this world, an altar-smoke to Heaven!

Crowned on the cross, above high-fetter line,
They smile on hate with Love's own smile divine.

Prouder than hills that plume thy star-ward crest,
Sweeter than dales that dimple at thy breast.

Richer than Rome! when God's great chariot rolls,
Imperial Georgia! count thy children's souls.

UNDER THE WILLOWS

Brave "ends" may consecrate a cruel story,
  And crown a dastard deed;
Brave hearts are laurelled with eternal glory
  That held another creed.

Who knows the end? or in what record written
  The crowned results abide?
The volume closed not with an Abel smitten
  Or Christ the crucified.

How poor and pale from yonder heights of Heaven
  Our Cæsar's pomp appears
To those who wear the purple robes of Stephen,
  Or Mary's crown of tears!

So let us watch, a single pale star keeping
  Its vigil o'er the tide.
No truth is *lost* for which the true are weeping,
  Nor *dead* for which they died.

DIXIE

AIR—"ANNIE LAURIE."

Oh! Dixie's homes are bonnie,
And Dixie's hearts are true;
And 'twas down in dear old Dixie
Our life's first breath we drew; *(Repeat)*
And there our last we'd sigh,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'll lay us down and die.

No fairer land than Dixie's
Has ever seen the light;
No braver boys than Dixie's
To stand for Dixie's right; *(Repeat)*
With hearts so true and high,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
To lay them down and die.

Oh! Dixie's vales are sunny,
And Dixie's hills are blue;
And Dixie's skies are bonnie,
And Dixie's daughters, too, *(Repeat)*
As stars in Dixie's sky;
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'd lay us down and die.

* * * * * *

No more upon the mountain,
No longer by the shore—
The trumpet song of Dixie
Shall shake the world no more;
For Dixie's songs are o'er,
Her glory gone on high,
And the brave who bled for Dixie
Have laid them down to die.

LOYAL

(To General Cleburne)

The good Lord Douglas—dead of old—
  In his last journeying
Wore at his heart, encased in gold,
  The heart of Bruce, his king,

Through Paynim lands to Palestine—
  For so his troth was plight—
To lay that gold on Christ his shrine,
  Let fall what peril might.

By night and day, a weary way
  Of vigil and of fight,
Where never rescue came by day,
  Nor ever rest by night.

And one by one the valiant spears
  Were smitten from his side,
And one by one the bitter tears
  Fell from the brave that died;

Till fierce and black around his track
  He saw the combat close,
And counted but the single sword
  Against uncounted foes.

He drew the casket from his breast,
  He bared his solemn brow!
Oh, foremost of the kingliest!
  Go "first in battle" now!

Where leads my lord of Bruce, the sword
  Of Douglas shall not stay!
Forward! We meet at Christ his feet
  In Paradise, to-day!

The casket flashed; the battle clashed,
  Thundered, and rolled away;
And dead above the heart of Bruce
  The heart of Douglas lay!

Loyal! Methinks the antique mould
  Is lost, or theirs alone
Who sheltered Freedom's heart of gold,
  Like Douglas, with their own!

HOME

Forest-girded, cedar-scented,
  Veiled like Vesper, sweet and dim;
Pure as burned the Temple's glory,
  Shadowed by the Seraphim;
Islet from contending oceans,
  Coral-cinctured, crowned with palm,
Where the wrestling world's commotions
  Melt through music into calm;
Throats that sing and wings that flutter
  Softly 'mid the balm and bloom;
Sweeter sounds than lip can utter
  Hath my heart for thee,
My home.

Bless that dear old Anglo-Saxon
  For the sounds he formed so well;
Little words, the nectar-waxen
  Harvest of a honey-cell,
Sealing all a summer's sweetness
  In a single syllable!
For, of all his quaint word-building,
  The queen-cell of all the comb
Is that grand old Saxon mouthful,
  Dear old Saxon *heartful,*
Home.

THE HALL

(Page Brook)

There is dust on the door-way, there is mould on the wall;
There's a chill at the hearth-stone, a hush through the hall;
And the stately old mansion stands darkened and cold
By the leal loving hearts that it sheltered of old.

No light at the lattice, no gleam from the door;
No feast on the table, no mirth on its floor,
But "Glory departed" and silence alone.
"Dust unto dust" upon pillar and stone.

No laughter of childhood, no shout on the lawn;
No footstep to echo the feet that are gone:
Feet of the beautiful, forms of the brave,
Falling in other lands, gone to the grave!

No carol at morning, no hymn rising clear;
No song at the bridal nor chant at the bier.
All the chords of its symphonies scattered and riven;
Its altar in ashes, its incense in Heaven!

Is there pæan for Glory, whose triumph shall stand
By the wreck of a home once the pride of the land?
Its chambers unfilled as its children depart,
The melody stilled in its desolate heart!

Yet the verdure shall creep to the mouldering wall,
And the sunshine shall sleep in the heart of "The Hall";
And the foot of the pilgrim shall find till the last
Some fragrance of Home at this shrine of the Past.

EASTER

Christ! *arisen?* Lift your eyes!
Lo! what glory fills the skies!
Winter's death is dead, and born
The summer's hope in springing corn.
White the lily cleaves the sod,
Who shall bind the Son of God?

Christ! *arise?* The sun to-day
Unseals a tomb, and rolls away
All mists of midnight like a stone;
All raiment save of light alone.
Shall the single shadow fall
On the Christ, the Lord of all?

Christ! *arisen?* Roman steel
Sentineled that stone and seal.
Rome, in her imperial power,
Watched until the dawning hour—
Watched and *witnessed!* bowed and said:
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

Oh, by all an Age's trust!
By our darlings laid in dust!
In our griefs the single stay;
Of our joys the central ray;
Cease, my Doubt, thy sentry tread!
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

FRANCES CHRISTINE TIERNAN

"CHRISTIAN REID"

[1846—]

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

NO more striking commentary exists, alike upon the modesty of Southern talent and its usual portion of local neglect, than is furnished by the career of the novelist known as Christian Reid. Though the author of about thirty novels and numerous short stories, she is so indifferent to "popular" success that only with difficulty is she ever induced to speak of her literary career: and her portrait was recently published for the first time.* No account of her life and career in the least degree trustworthy has ever been published. In this day of blatant self-puffery, the discovery in a writer of the strongest sense of the sanctity of personality and private life is a most refreshing rarity. Christian Reid's admirers in Salisbury, North Carolina, have paid her the tribute of founding the Christian Reid Book Club, which has been in existence for a decade. Had she produced only one work, and that the war-drama, "Under the Southern Cross," her name would still be enshrined in the hearts of thousands of Southerners who have witnessed this play in several cities in the South, and have rejoiced in its impassioned but logical presentation of the views of the South upon the Constitutional Right of Secession. To-day, Mrs. Frances Christine Tiernan—to give her the name by which she is known in social intercourse—lives with her aunt, Miss Christine Fisher, in a graceful and dignified seclusion, upon Salisbury's most beautiful street, Fulton, in a home bearing all the marks of a *régîme* of classic courtesy and culture. In appearance she is distinguished and aristocratic, with fine eyes and delicately chiseled features; and one may readily guess that the semi-seclusion in which she has lived has been less voluntary than enforced. The memorials of the Confederacy and of her gallant father, which adorn the walls of her home; the books and magazines which fill the study, and the Roman Catholic Chapel which stands at the northeast corner of the yard epitomize the profound and absorbing interests of her life. For she is a devout and zealous Roman Catholic, and her fidelity to the Lost Cause has led her to proclaim her faith in that cause even from a public platform.

**Putnam's Monthly* and *The Critic*, April, 1908.

Moreover her devotion to letters demonstrates that she has lived in two worlds, the past and the present South; and her literary interests have been wide enough to include poetry, drama, travel-notes, and fiction.

It has been said of her grandfather, the Honorable Charles Fisher, that "as a statesman and leader of men in his generation, no man in North Carolina ever surpassed him, and he enjoyed the confidence of the people of his own county (Rowan) as fully as any man who ever lived in it." Charles Frederick Fisher, father of Christian Reid, was born at Salisbury, Rowan County, North Carolina, December 26, 1816; was a student at Yale College, and later editor of the *Western Carolinian*. He served in the State Legislature (1854-'55); and it was through his influence that the first charter of the Western North Carolina Railroad was passed through the Legislature. He was the first man in North Carolina to begin to raise troops for the Confederacy, his private papers showing that his regiment, though named the Sixth, was in reality the First Regiment of the North Carolina Line. Colonel of his regiment, he died in the "forefront of the hottest battle" at Bull Run; and the historical evidence is conclusive that the capture of Rickett's double battery by the men under Colonel Fisher's immediate command, won the battle of First Manassas for the Confederate cause.

In July, 1845, Mr. Fisher was married to the eldest daughter of the Honorable David F. Caldwell, Elizabeth, by whom he had three children, Frances Christine, Annie, and Frederick. Frances Christine, the subject of this sketch, was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, on July 5, 1846. A child of unusual imaginative precocity, she showed in her earliest youth a determination, at once amusing and inspiring, to realize her fancies. As a child of three or four, before she had learned to form her letters, she would spin out long tales of fanciful invention which she persuaded her aunt to transcribe. Her inclination to express her fancies in written form continued to grow upon her, in spite of the discouragement she met with on every hand. From time to time, she wrote stories for the delectation of herself and the other members of the family; but it was not until the end of the war, when the family found itself without a head and practically without fortune, that she conceived the idea of putting her talents to profitable account. Her placid announcement, "I shall write a novel," was greeted with amused scepticism by the other members of the family. The publication of 'Valerie Aylmer' in 1870 was the beginning of her literary career.

Christian Reid's career as a woman of letters falls quite naturally into three distinct divisions, revealing not so much a progressive

evolution in talent as the influential impress upon her art of certain events in her life. Those works which have been most effectively successful, or which evince the greatest refinement of art, stand out, not so much as the flowering of any distinctive artistic purpose progressively evolutional, but rather as distinct achievements noteworthy in themselves, quite aside from their relation to her other work. In choosing Christian Reid for a pen name, she was actuated by a desire to find a name which would be simple, and applicable to either man or woman. "Christian" is one of the forms of Christine, and "Reid" suggested itself as at once brief, good, and unpretentious.

The first period of Christian Reid's literary activities comprises the decade from 1869 to 1879. Most notable of the works of this period are the novels 'Morton House' (1871); 'A Daughter of Bohemia' (1874); and 'A Question of Honor' (1875); and the short travel-sketch, superficially cast in narrative form, 'The Land of the Sky' (1876). Her first novel, 'Valerie Aylmer,' achieved immediate success and enjoyed considerable sale, judged by the standards of that day. Needless to say it was faulty and immature, yet it possessed the inalienable charm of interest and exhibited the "continual slight novelty" which is the sign-manual of romance. Together with most of the other stories of this early period, it is chiefly of interest for its portrayal of then-prevailing standards of life and conduct at the South, as reflected through the temperament of a very impressionable, romantic, not to say sentimental young lady of distinguished birth and breeding.

Perhaps the most solid and substantial novel of this period—a work of which the author once told me she felt no cause to feel ashamed—is 'Morton House.' For clarity in character-delineation, sustaining interest of story, and strength of workmanship, 'Morton House' is probably not excelled by any of Christian Reid's other works.

In 'The Land of the Sky,' a slight travel-sketch describing a journey through the mountains of Western North Carolina, Christian Reid accomplished the most notable commemoration of a great section of this country ever published in North Carolina; and I question whether any work of so slight a character has ever been so influential in introducing a noble creation of God's handiwork to an unconscious world. 'The Land of the Sky' made the wonderful mountains of western North Carolina, the highest on this continent east of the Rockies, known throughout the entire United States, gave this beautiful "sapphire" country its unforgettable, aerial, name, and may be said, without exaggeration, to have pointed the way to Biltmore and Toxaway.

During the 'seventies, Christian Reid wrote a great many stories, both long and short; at this period, her facility in production seems to have lured her into work less carefully considered than that of any other stage of her career. The result of this incessant work was felt at last in both mental and physical exhaustion. The second period of her career as a novelist begins in 1879 when she made a journey to Europe, there to rest and strengthen her eyes in the mirrors of European art, life and thought. 'Heart of Steel,' the principal literary residuum of her studies in Paris and Rome, albeit absorbingly interesting, is conventional in plot, portraying individuals readily recognizable as stock characters of fiction; the one truly unconventional figure, the heroine, is rendered individual, less through temperament and natural endowment, than through the somewhat hysterical obsession by an *idée fixe*. 'Armine' is deserving of notice on account of a most interesting character, the bedridden physician, whose heroically endured death-in-life was so masterful an inspiration to all who knew him. A Dr. Goode, whom Mrs. Tiernan knew in Paris, was the model for this character; first in the Papal Zouaves and afterward, in 1870, joining the French Army, he was stricken with locomotor ataxia as the result of his wounds. As he lay on his couch overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, this beautiful character who was a master in medicine as well, was visited and consulted by the greatest medical specialists of Paris. With incredible fortitude, he triumphed over his disastrous bodily infirmities and with rare ability practised his profession from his couch of pain. 'Miss Churchill: a Study,' with an opening as arresting as James Lane Allen's 'The Mettle of the Pasture,' gave promise of a remarkable development; but, like Allen's book, its development and *dénouement* failed to satisfy the anticipations confidently aroused by the earlier chapters. From the standpoint of art, there is something of the unjustifiable in the "providential" intervention which robs the book of its essential significance and coherence. As a fictive study of temperament, the first two-thirds of the book merits sincere respect and admiration.

The third and last period of Christian Reid's activity, according to the division adopted, begins in 1887 with her marriage to Mr. James Marquis Tiernan and her sojourn in Mexico, where her husband had extensive mining interests. She lived in Mexico for something like a decade; and her later work evinces the remarkable fascination exercised over her by this land of sunshine and flowers. 'The Picture of Las Cruces,' the most notable story of this period, appeared originally as the leading feature of an issue of *Lippincott's Magazine* (53:147) and achieved the notable distinction of being translated into French and appearing in one of the most noted

Parisian journals, *L'Illustration*. After reading this beautiful story, the distinguished French critic, M. C. de Varigny, wrote to Christian Reid: "You have talent, imagination, a clever pen, and the gift of observation. You write soberly, clearly, and your personages move life-like in the mirror of your imagination. I do not doubt that you may conquer fame . . ." A second part, included in the book published in 1896, appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1895 under the title "The Lady of Las Cruces" (55:579); but this is less a natural sequel than a hazardous effort to crown the story with the usual "popular" ending. 'The Land of the Sun,' really the most careful and sustained work of this period, is an interesting and entrancing description of wonderful Mexico and is entitled to take its place alongside the best of modern works of similar scope descriptive of travel. Christian Reid's travels in beautiful, world-forgotten Santo Domingo furnished tangible results in 'The Man of the Family,' dealing with the French end, and 'The Chase of An Heiress,' dealing with the Spanish end of the island. The descriptions of Vaudoux worship, incredible though they appear, have ample attestation from eminent authorities as well as from recorded testimony in courts of law.*

After the death of her husband in 1898, Christian Reid wrote and published little, seeking solace and consolation in the religion she so devoutly professes. For a decade her sole literary work is represented by one novel, 'Weighed in the Balance,' and some short stories, among which may be mentioned, "A Woman of Fortune," "A Daughter of the Sierra," "Vera's Charge" and "Carmela," all distinctly religious in tone and appearing in Roman Catholic magazines.

The beginning of perhaps a fourth period is announced in 'Princess Nadine,' written originally as a play. The picture of the princess of some nameless European principality courted by an untitled but masterful American (South American!), calls to mind the long line of romances from 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and 'Princess Aline,' to 'Graustark' and 'The Puppet Crown;' but 'Princess Nadine' enjoys the advantage of priority, for it was completed before 'The Prisoner of Zenda' appeared. The story is fascinating in interest, the situations are constructed with faultless nicety, and the characters play at cross-purposes with a madness akin to method.

Christian Reid enjoys the distinction of being the most notable novelist North Carolina has ever produced, alike in the quality of her art and the extent of her achievement. Her most signal achievements in fiction have enjoyed the rare distinction of translation into French and Italian. It is no banal truism to say of her fiction

*Cf. 'Hayti, the Black Republic,' by Sir Spencer St. John. Also "Vandoux-Worship in Hayti," by Christian Reid, in the *Ave Maria* for September, 1896, pp. 389-393.

that it is preëminently lofty in tone and elevating in sentiment. Indeed, one may say without exaggeration that the characteristic notes of her fictive art are purity of purpose and a delicacy of sentiment which is the genuine flower of Southern civilization. If one concerned solely for art should find cause to cavil, it would doubtless be at a fictive contribution largely unrelieved by humor, in which religious propagandism often dominates the story to the detriment of its artistic integrity. Her art, at times, approximates rather nearer to French than to English models, in respect to form and style; and yet her models, for the most part, have been the master novelists of classic English fiction.

The author herself says: "I have never for a moment lost the sense of the responsibility of the written word, which has persisted in me from the outset of my career as a novelist. My purpose has always been to inculcate high standards of living, to influence none to do wrongly. I have tried never to write

'One line that dying
I would wish to blot.'"

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ON THE SUMMIT OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN

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THEN the full glory of all that we have come to see bursts upon us. How can one write of it?—how give the faintest idea of the beauty that lies below us on this September day?—how describe the sublimated fairness of the day itself in the rarefied air of this high peak?

The view is so immense that one is forced to regard it in sections. Far to the north-east lies Virginia, from which the long waving line of the Blue Ridge comes, and passes directly under the Black, making a point of junction, near which it towers into the steep Pinnacle and stately Graybeard—so called from the white beard which it wears when a frozen cloud has iced its rhododendrons. From our greater eminence we overlook the Blue Ridge entirely, and see the country below spreading into azure distance, with white spots which resolve themselves through the glass into villages, and with mountains clearly defined. The Linville range—through which the Linville River forces its way in a gorge of wonderful grandeur—is in full view, with a misty cloud lying on the surface of Table Rock, while the peculiar form of the Hawk's Bill stands forth in marked relief. Beyond, blue and limitless as the ocean, the undulating plain of the more level country extends eastward until it melts into the sky.

As the glance leaves this view, and sweeping back over the Blue Ridge, follows the main ledge of the Black, one begins to appreciate the magnitude of this great mountain. For miles along its dark crest appear a succession of cone-like peaks, and as it sweeps around westwardly it divides into two great branches—one of which terminates in the dominating height on which we stand, while numerous spurs lead off from its base; the other stretches southward, forming the splendid chain of Craggy. At our feet lie the elevated counties of Yancey and Mitchell, their surface so uniformly mountainous that one wonders how men could have been daring enough to think of making their homes amid such wild scenes.

"The richest lands in the mountains are to be found in those counties," says Eric, when we remark something like this. "Look at the farms—they scarcely seem more than gardens from our point of view—dotted over the valleys and rolling table-lands, and even on the mountain-sides. Yet Burnsville, the county seat, is six hundred feet higher than Asheville."

Beyond these counties stretches the Unaka, running along the line of Tennessee, with the Roan Mountain, famous for its view over seven States, immediately in our front. Through the passes and rugged chasms of this range we look across the entire valley of East Tennessee to where the blue outlines of the Cumberland Mountains trend toward Kentucky, and we see the marked depression which Eric says is Cumberland Gap. Turning our gaze due westward, the view is, if possible, still more grand. There the colossal masses of the Great Smoky stand, draped in a mantle of clouds, while through Haywood and Transylvania, to the borders of South Carolina, rise the peaks of the Balsam Mountains, behind which are the Cullowhee and the Nantahala, with the Blue Ridge making a majestic curve toward the point where Georgia touches the Carolinas.

"To understand how much you see," says Eric, "for such a view is bewildering in its immensity, you must remember that this elevated country called Western North Carolina is two hundred and fifty miles long, with a breadth varying from thirty to sixty miles, and that you overlook all this—with much more besides."

"You are right—it is bewildering," says Sylvia, "and it is

folly to think of seeing such a view in one day or two days. We should remain here a week at least."

Then Eric rouses with a start to the consciousness that while the sun is sloping westward and the shadows are lengthening over all the marvelous scene, a supply of wood for the night has not been cut. "Come, Rupert," he says, "a little exercise will do you no harm. Charley, if we need recruits, I'll call you."

"Very good," says Charley, with resignation.

Deserted thus by our instructor, we cease to ask the names of the mountain ranges or towering peaks. It is enough to sit and watch the inexpressible beauty of the vast prospect as afternoon slowly wanes into evening. There is a sense of isolation, of solemnity and majesty in the scene which none of us are likely to forget. So high are we elevated above the world, that the pure vault of ether over our heads seems nearer to us than the blue rolling earth, with its wooded hills and smiling valleys below. No sound comes up to us, no voice of water or note of bird breaks the stillness. We are in the region of that eternal silence which wraps the summits of the "everlasting hills." A repose that is full of awe broods over this lofty peak, which still retains the last rays of the sinking sun, while over the lower world twilight has fallen.

Twilight is brief on the summit of the Black. A hundred miles or more away—behind the far peaks and passes of the Tennessee Mountains—the sun sinks in a bed of unimaginable glory and the last rim of his disk has scarcely disappeared before a soft mantle of darkness falls over us. Then we remember that there is a full moon, and we turn toward the east. Yes, she is coming! There is a glow along the horizon out of which a yellow shoulder presently appears, and before the crimson light has faded out of the distant west, the "silver sister world" has mounted into the blue depths of the eastern sky, and her light streams on the deep chasms and lofty peaks of the great mountain, with its plumage of firs.

We sit and watch this beauty deepen as dusk gives place to night. Over the immense expanse spread below—from Virginia to Georgia, from Tennessee to South Carolina—a white glamour lies, showing the dim outlines of countless mountains, the dark shadows of unnumbered valleys, and

deepening to silver mist where the remote landscape meets the arching sky. Around us this radiance has almost the brightness of day, so rarefied is the air, while the mica, which enters largely into the composition of all the rocks and even of the soil on the surface of the peak, sparkles in the light like precious stones. So brilliantly white is all around, so dark the firs sweeping downward below, so far-stretching and mysterious the immeasurably distant view, that words are hushed on our lips. We are thrilled by the greatness of the silent scene, by the solemnity of the glorious night. To be on this lonely mountain-top, uplifted so high above the world, fills us with a sense of exaltation and awe.

A GLIMPSE OF ZACATECAS

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THE valley in which the city lies is a ravine between steeply ascending heights, up the sides of which the buildings have climbed in successive terraces, with a result very delightful to the eye, though probably not so admirable from a sanitary point of view. But notwithstanding the difficulties of the situation, the place has all the air of cleanliness that distinguishes Mexican cities. The prevailing tone of colour is a soft terra-cotta, derived from the reddish-brown stone of which it is chiefly built, that harmonises well with the deeper brown of the enclosing hills, the dazzling sapphire of the overarching sky, the richness of abounding sculpture, the jewel-like flash of highly-glazed tiles, and the brilliant touches of colour in the garb of the people who fill the streets that run up and down between houses built with Old World solidity, on that ancient model brought by the Moors into the Iberian peninsula so long ago, and thence borne across the western seas to the land of New Spain.

The tramway carried the strangers rapidly into the heart of this quaint and charming city. After a brief visit to a hotel, where rooms were engaged, and where the cloistral arches surrounding its court seemed full of the memory of the banished nuns whose home was here for long years of peace

and usefulness, they set forth to wander at will through the streets and market-places, where every new vista opened a new combination of novel forms and glowing tints. All the sights and sounds they encountered were familiar to Russell, but it seemed to intensify his pleasure in returning to the land that had long ago fascinated him, to witness the pleasure of these friends of his in its abounding picturesqueness. The whole effect was to them novel, brilliant, semi-Oriental in the extreme—thick-walled, flat-roofed houses, with their grated windows, their portals giving glimpses of sunny courts within, gay with flowers and green with trees, the narrow streets, where on raised pavements, before small, dark shops, cobblers and tailors sat at work and gossipped the while with their friends, who lounged around in attitudes of unstudied grace, suggestive of unlimited leisure; the richly-carved façades of great churches, standing on platforms cut from the mountain-side, with noble towers rising against the sky, and sunlight shining on the tiled surface of their domes. Amid all these scenes, recalling a hundred memories of other lands, yet possessing a distinct and peculiar character of their own, the party passed with fresh delight at every step. Everywhere was the stately architecture in which the grace of the Orient mingles with the massive strength of the Gothic, as if the Crusader had clasped hands with the Arabian; everywhere the bright, delicate frescoes which Mexican painters produce with their pure, indestructible pigments, and everywhere the graceful forms and gentle faces of the people, filling streets, shops and markets.

It was in the central plaza, where radiates and to which converges all the life of a Spanish city, that the most striking aspects of this life met and mingled. Throngs of people were here passing to and fro, the dashes of scarlet, dusky purples and soft blues, that formed parts of their attire, brightened by the flash of silver as some gentlemen in full Mexican costume strode by, or cavaliers on small fiery horses, their bridles and saddles lavishly decorated with the precious metal, rode through the crowd. Ladies shrouded in black, with prayer-books and pearly rosaries in their hands, passed on their way to or from church; while around a fountain with a low, encircling wall numbers of women were filling great red earthen water-jars, coming and going in frieze-like procession, their

rebozos draped in perfect folds about their heads and shoulders while one bare, uplifted arm held the urn-like vessel in its place with the poise of a Greek statue. Strings of patient donkeys went by laden with sacks of ore or charcoal, displaying a nonchalant disregard for everything and everybody in their way, and venders of fruit sat on squares of matting upon the sidewalk, surrounded by all the products of the tropics.

The whole scene formed a picture full of animated movement and human interest, with rich architectural vistas opening on every side, massive buildings with great stone pillars and cool arcades, a glimpse of the spacious, brightly frescoed court of the governor's palace, and the superb mass of the cathedral towers thrust against a heaven that burned with the blue intensity of a jewel.

"You are right, Mr. Russell," said Dorothea. "It does seem incredible that we are on the same side of the ocean as our pasteboard houses, our cities with so little trace or monument of the past, our country where everything looks as if it had come yesterday, and would be gone to-morrow. Compare those scenes with these buildings formed to endure for centuries, this wealth of sculpture, this artistic grace of form and colour! Why has nobody ever told us that while we were crossing sea and land and compassing the earth in search of the picturesque, it lay here in such perfection at our doors?"

"A few persons have told us so, I think," remarked Travers, "and it is our own fault, no doubt, if we have paid no attention to them."

"The immense predominance of the native type surprises me," said the general. "From the books that I have read on Mexico I have been led to believe that although the natives of the country remained, it was entirely in a subject position—as peons or virtual serfs—but I see little difference between the upper and lower classes, as far as type goes. They evidently belong to the same race."

"They do, with comparatively few exceptions," said Russell. "The proportion of pure Spanish blood in Mexico is very small. Spain civilised and ruled the countries she discovered —she did not repopulate them. Hence when the rulers withdrew, the natives remained in possession. There would not be one of these dark faces to be seen had the conquerors of Mexico

belonged to the same race as the settlers of North America. Yet the descendants of those who robbed utterly and exterminated entirely our native races, hold up their hands in pious horror at the conduct of the Spaniards, who have left Mexico possessed by Mexicans."

"I also find," said the general, "that I had very little idea of the work which Spain did here. If she filled her treasury with the riches of Mexico, she certainly spent a vast amount of those riches in the country. And her work is so well done —so splendid and so enduring—that it shames the work of other civilisers and settlers."

"The material side of the work is indeed magnificent," said Russell. "The public buildings, churches, aqueducts, roads and bridges—all of these, as you remark, shame our work of the present day, but that is trifling compared to the greater work of civilising and Christianising this people. Think of it for a moment! Here is one part of America possessed by a native race, lifted to a higher plane of civilisation than was ever before attained by any race of men in the same length of time. Putting aside the romantic fictions of Aztec civilisation, we know that in reality Spain found these people savages, practising the very worst and most cruel idolatry; and she has left them civilised, intelligent and Christian to the core, let their calumniators and detractors say what they will to the contrary."

Here Miss Graham yawned in a manner expressive of a mental weariness calculated to touch the hardest heart. Standing a tall, graceful figure in her perfectly-fitting tailor-made gown, she had beguiled the interval of the above conversation in observing with a critical eye the black-clad, mantilla-draped ladies passing by, and she now communicated the result of her observations to Dorothea. "One thing at least is certain," she said; "style has not yet penetrated into Mexico."

Russell hearing the remark, laughed. "Suspend judgment on that point, Miss Graham, until we reach the city of Mexico," he said. "You will fancy yourself among the modes of Paris then."

"Let us thank Heaven," said Dorothea impatiently, "that there are a few corners of the earth left where the modes of Paris and the cult of Redfern have not penetrated. My dear Violet, I know that I am blaspheming all your gods—but really

to talk style in the face of such scenes as these is too much!"

Miss Graham, looking slightly offended, replied that she had not been aware that style was a subject which could be out of place in any sense. "I shall get one or two of these mantillas of Spanish lace before I leave the country," she added meditatively. "They will come in well for drapery, or for fancy balls."

"You have not yet seen the west front of the cathedral," said Russell, addressing the party a little hastily—for he feared that the smile on Travers' lip would irritate Dorothea into retort; and for the same reason, probably, he went on talking as they turned away in the direction indicated. "These great Mexican churches," he said, "all belong architecturally to the order of the Spanish Renaissance, which, with its noble harmony of outline and florid magnificence of detail, has always seemed to me specially appropriate to this wonderful land of New Spain in the days of its fabulous wealth."

"That is certainly a magnificent façade!" said the general, as they paused before the vast front of the cathedral, the entire central portion of which is a mass of elaborate sculpture, with life-size statues of our Lord and the Apostles set in niches between richly decorated columns, and the ornate yet harmonious splendour of the whole, broken by cornices into three stately stories. The sides of the façade are plain, admirably cut stone, crowned by the noble towers, one (apparently unfinished but most effective) consisting of a single story, a square mass of the richest imaginable carving, the other rising with exquisite proportions into a second story, and equally rich in decoration, while at the farther end of the edifice the great tile-encrusted Byzantine dome lifts itself, with an incomparable effect of lightness and grace, above the massive walls and flat roof.

As they passed from the dazzling sunshine of the outer world into the soft gloom of the church, they were met by a fragrance of incense lingering still in the peaceful interior. The spacious open nave spread before them in fine perspective, its floor inlaid in Moorish pattern with the beautiful hard woods of Mexico, and polished by the knees of many generations of worshippers, the richly decorated roof sprang upward in splendid arch, and the frescoed dome soared above the high

altar throned on its steps of coloured marble. Altars rich with gold lined the walls on each side; through the high windows rays of misty sunlight fell on statues in robes stiff with ancient embroidery, on dim old paintings, and candlesticks which looked as if they might have been brought from the temple of Jerusalem, as they stood holding tapers of wax as thick as a man's arm. It was all, in its faded sumptuousness, its noble space and solemn calm, like a poem full of pathos, yet of triumph too. For, though despoiled of its magnificence, with the princely gifts that once adorned it taken away by the robbers in high places with whom Mexico has been so abundantly cursed, the charm of the old sanctuary still remains, and must ever remain, as long as its sculptured façade uplifts the symbol of redemption over the spot where the holy Franciscans planted it three hundred and fifty years ago.

Perhaps only in Spain can any other churches be found so absolutely delightful to the artistic sense as those of Mexico. Constructed with the massive solidity, the enduring strength of ages when men built not pretentious shams to last for a day, but temples in which generations might worship God for centuries, they are in every detail marvels of picturesqueness. Great gates of ancient metal-work guard chapels where the glance can scarcely pierce the twilight obscurity to distinguish the details of time-touched splendors within, pictures with the rich tones of the old Spanish painters look down from dusky corners; delicate arabesque carving delights the eye; wrought silver and carved onyx abound. And the people—ah, the people! Through the great open doorways they come and go, as little children to their mother's side to offer a caress or whisper a petition. At no hour can one enter the humblest chapel or the stateliest cathedral without witnessing a piety so unobstrusive, so unconscious, and so sincere, that it cannot fail to touch and edify any one capable of receiving edification. Female figures, with their drapery drawn in graceful folds over their heads and around their shoulders, kneel before the different shrines absorbed in silent prayer; or a group may be seen together reciting the rosary or a litany in audible tones; children clasp their slender brown hands in devotional entreaty, or sit on the floor beside their mothers and gaze with dark, solemn eyes at scenes familiar as those of their own home.

Men of all ages and classes, come in, kneel on the pavement, pray with fervour, sometimes with arms extended in the attitude of crucifixion, then cross themselves in the devout Spanish fashion, and pass out again to the world of business or pleasure. From the stately hidalgo to the sandalled peasant who puts his basket down beside him as he kneels, all show the same devotion, the same reverence for the sacred place and the sacred presence it enshrines.

All of this the strangers found in the old cathedral of Zacatecas. Its Rembrandt-like shadows, its lofty domes and incense-laden atmosphere, seemed fit surroundings for the dark, gentle people who came and went, gliding noiselessly over the parquetry floor or kneeling motionless as statues around some carved confessional, within which sat a priest, tonsured head bent, and delicate ascetic face outlined, like a pictured saint of the Spanish or Italian school. They found a courteous sacristan who led them into the spacious sacristies, the chapter-room, and other parts of that mass of buildings, of vast vaulted chambers, long stone passages, courts and corridors, which are comprised within the walls of a Mexican cathedral. In the dusky spaces of the great rooms were objects to set an antiquarian wild with covetous desire. Dark old chests revealed treasures of ecclesiastical embroidery, pictures of dead and gone prelates looked down from the walls, crucifixes gleamed with ivory whiteness out of dim recesses; in the baptistery they saw where the splendid font of silver valued at a hundred thousand dollars had once stood, and everywhere the picturesque delighted their eyes. It was like a dream when emerging from these precincts, as full of the spell of the Middle Ages as if their massive walls, their cloisters and archways had stood for ten instead of three centuries, they found themselves again in the midst of the vivid life of the plaza, its shifting colours and moving throngs.

IN THE GARDEN OF SANTA SILVIA

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By the first of March there is an atmosphere of spring in Rome. The air may still be sharp in the high, narrow streets, and cold, with a chill which strikes to the heart, in the great galleries and marble churches, but in the gardens of the villas violets are blooming everywhere, and the sunshine lies warm and bright over the wide expanse of the Campagna, where wild flowers are springing in profusion, and the long undulations like giant billows, are growing green. The beautiful outlines of the Alban and the Sabine Hills wear the softest tints of azure, and away beyond Soracte the snow-clad peaks of the higher Apennines rise against a sky of tender blue. Even over the time-worn face of the city which has witnessed such myriads of springs, a smile seems to break. The characteristic Roman life flows out rejoicing into the piazzas, women group around the fountains, children laugh in the sunshine, people lean from balconies or gossip in door-ways, soft-eyed girls are offering fragrant bunches of violets at every corner—spring has come with a tide of joyous movement, a great thrill of awakening life.

There are some people to whom the changes of season are fraught with influences almost as deep as those to which Nature responds with bud and leaf. The breath of spring stirs the current of their being, as it stirs the sap of trees, the dormant roots of flowers and grass. There is a poem in the sunshine, a something too subtle and sweet for utterance in the delicate clouds of blossom, the sparkling mist of distant hills. And if there is scarcely a spot of earth where this influence may not be felt, what is it in Rome, where all influences meet and centre?

Irene could hardly have told perhaps, but she felt all that it meant. With the opening season she began for the first time to rally from the long depression of poignant grief. The weight of sadness seemed in a measure lifted from her. It does not follow that people forget because they cease to mourn "as one refusing to be comforted." Remembrance may live

under smiles as well as under tears. Indeed, the truest, the sweetest, the deepest hearts are those which remember in this way—which with a cheerful spirit go to meet all fair and pleasant gifts of God, yet carry in sunshine or in shadow the tender memory of some buried past. So it was that after long and passionate sorrow, a realization of better wisdom was borne to Irene in the sweetness of the Roman spring. Would it have been so elsewhere? It is doubtful. In this Eternal City all things speak of eternity to the thinking mind, the feeling soul; the solemn glory of the churches, with their tombs and shrines of imperishable memories, the earth which has been soaked with the blood of martyrs, the stones which have known the footsteps of unnumbered saints, the tranquil spaces of convent gardens, the beauty of cloisters where holiness and learning have made their home for centuries, all the mighty past which in Rome cannot be put aside, that confronts one at every turn—these things told slowly but surely upon her, as Mrs. Falconer had hoped that they might.

It was certainly a different-looking girl from the one who left Paris, who stood on a sunny afternoon in the garden of Santa Silvia on the Cœlian Hill, and gazed over the scene before her. She had just emerged with her companion from the church of San Gregorio, and uttered a soft cry of surprise and pleasure, when the Cistercian monk opened a side-door, and the view burst on her, together with the soft glowing outer air. She had hardly realized before how closely grouped around the spot are the most famous monuments of ancient Rome. In front rose the Palatine, crowned with those sombre masses of ruin, shaded by dark groups of cypress, which are all that remains of the palace of the Cæsars—a picture which no familiarity can ever make less impressive. Desolate beyond all expression, solemn and deserted, like a spot accursed, it stands—this hill round which Romulus traced the mystic circle of his city with the yoked heifer and bull, from which went forth the force to subdue and rule the world, and where the long line of emperors rivalled each other in crime and cruelty, and unimaginable excesses. Yonder are the broken arches of the great amphitheatre where, for their pleasure, the Martyrs of Christ died by fire, and sword, and wild beasts. There are the cyclopean walls of the Baths of Caracalla, with their

testimony to the luxury of the imperial and pagan city—the luxury which sapped the foundations of Roman strength and valour. And here—O contrast only possible in Rome!—in the church of St. Gregory, is the cell of the monk who, called forth from that cell to rule the Church of God, "gave the last blow to the power of the Cæsars, and first set his foot as sovereign on the cradle and capital of their greatness"—the majestic Pontiff whose figure seems near to us as we look across at the Palatine Hill, yet who on this spot gave his parting blessing to St. Augustine and the monks who went with him as missionaries to carry the light of faith to England, and of whom Montalembert has well written, "*C'est lui qui inaugure le moyen âge, la société moderne et la civilisation chrétienne.*"

"Truly Rome is an awful place—the weight of its memories is enough to crush one!" thought the girl, as she stood with clasped hands, trying to picture all the innumerable scenes of history that had been enacted on the space of earth that lay beneath her gaze. That quiet road, coming from the Via Appia and leading toward the Forum, what is it but the Via Triumphalis, along which the victorious generals passed with their legions and captives and the conquered wealth of tribute nations, in the gorgeous spectacle of a Roman triumph to the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill? Along that way St. Paul was led, "having appealed to Cæsar," to the quarters of the prætorian guard and the judgment-seat of Nero. Along there St. Peter fled, to meet on the Appian way the well-known figure of his Lord, to cry, "*Domine, quo vadis?*" and to be sent back by the answer to suffer, head downward, on the height of Janiculum. And that defaced arch, is it not the Arch of Constantine, erected in memory of the victory, won under the sign of the Cross, which ended the long persecution of three hundred years, and brought the Church forth from the Catacombs to conquer the world?

There was a dazzled expression in the girl's eyes when she slowly turned at last. It was caused less by the sunshine than by the visions that had risen before her. How tranquil this small space, partially enclosed by soft-toned church and convent-walls, looked! Violets were blooming in profusion along all the borders; the monk in his picturesque habit was stooping

to gather some, while Mrs. Vance stood by, talking to him in broken Italian. "Si, signora," he was saying. Irene was touched by his gentle, worn face, his dark, kind eyes. When he divided the flowers and offered her half, she thanked him with a smile.

"One feels as if they ought to be sweeter here than elsewhere," she said. "Thirteen hundred years ago St. Gregory must often have walked where we are walking now. Has he regretted the peace that he left here! It seems to be here yet," said she, looking around.

REGRET

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand, we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still would keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide,
We loitered through the summer land,
What Presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

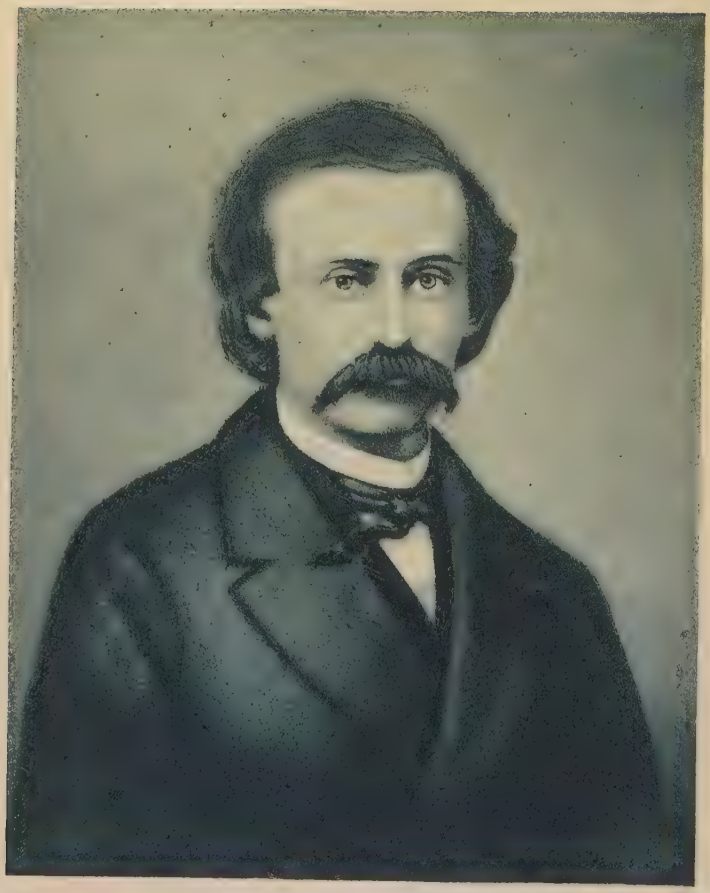
If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known how from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions here below,
Unto a purer, higher life,
That you were called, O friend, to go,
I should have stayed all foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long God-speed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link
To bind the heart so constant grown,
And kept it constant even there,
If I had known.

If I had known that until Death
Shall with his fingers touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you before God's great white throne
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.



HENRY TIMROD

HENRY TIMROD

[1829--1867]

R. E. BLACKWELL

HENRY TIMROD was born in Charleston, South Carolina, December 8, 1829, and died of consumption in Columbia, South Carolina, October 6, 1867, the last of his name in America. When told that he could not recover, he exclaimed: "And this is to be the end of all—so soon, so soon!—and I have achieved so little. I thought to have done so much." "Timrod," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "is one of the most attractive figures and most pathetic in the brief history of our literature—one of the truest lyric poets that has yet appeared in this country, the most characteristic Southern poet." He left a small volume of verses, of between four thousand and five thousand lines, chiefly lyrics of love, nature, and war. Timrod's grandfather, Henry Timrod, the founder of the family in America, was of German birth. Before the American Revolution, he had established himself in Charleston, as one of its prominent citizens. He volunteered for the war, and his name stands first on the roll of the German Fusiliers. He married a Miss Graham, an accomplished woman from the north of Ireland. Their son, William Henry Timrod, served in the Seminole War, as captain of the German Fusiliers, and died from the effects of disease contracted in that war. He left his family in straitened circumstances. Thus the poet was early made acquainted with the effects of war—poverty, disease, and death.

Henry Timrod had a rich spiritual inheritance from his parents. His father possessed a strong character and a vigorous and versatile intellect; he was the editor of a literary periodical in Charleston and the author of a volume of verse. His mother, a Miss Prince, of Charleston, whose mother was of Swiss origin, was a woman of remarkable beauty and of great goodness and purity of character, with a poet's sensitiveness to all the beauties of nature.

Timrod had among his school-fellows in Charleston the great Greek scholar, Basil L. Gildersleeve, and the poet, Paul H. Hayne, who was to be his lifelong friend and the guardian of his name and reputation. "I well remember," says Hayne, "the exultation with which he showed me one morning his earliest consecutive attempt at

verse-making. . . .Our 'down East' schoolmaster, however . . . could boast of no turn for sentiment, and having remarked us hob-nobbing meanly assaulted us in the rear, effectually quenching, for the time, all æsthetic enthusiasm." It was to Hayne that Timrod sent from his deathbed his last poem, "Tell me what you think of it, be sure."

As a boy, Timrod is described as "modest and diffident, with a nervous utterance"; "full of quick impulse, and with an eager ambition, insatiable in his thirst for books, yet mingling freely in all sports, and rejoicing unspeakably in the weekly holiday and its long rambles through wood and field." "He delighted in every sort of rough outdoor sport, in leaping, running, wrestling, swimming, and even in fighting."

His college education was received at the University of Georgia, but owing to illness and to the lack of means he was not graduated. But he carried away from college a wide experience in reading. Of the classics, his favorites were Vergil, Horace, and Catullus. Of Catullus he made a poetic translation, and, as his own verses show, he certainly caught some of the charm of that author. But it was with English song that he chiefly fed his muse—with Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. To Wordsworth, we are told, he looked up as his poetical guide and exemplar; he caught Wordsworth's spirit of simplicity and truth and shows his influence both in his style and in his attitude toward nature. Some of his early poems are marred by a too evident suggestion of Tennyson's influence; but he wrought out a style peculiarly his own, and in his treatment of nature he is often truly original, and is nowhere a mere imitator.

While at college he spent a large part of his leisure time in composing love-songs, some of which were published in the Charleston *Evening News,* and one of which, to his great gratification, was set to music.

On leaving college, he returned to Charleston, and, like so many other Southerners with literary aspirations, entered upon the study of law. He was taken into the office of the distinguished jurist, the Honorable J. L. Petigru. But to a man of Timrod's unworldly, poetic temperament, "slow of speech and effeminate in his gentleness," who "shrank from noisy debate and the wordy clash of argument as from a blow," success in the law was an impossibility. After some failure to execute a commission, Mr. Petigru said to him, frankly, "Why, Harry, you are a fool!" "I would have been a fool," said Timrod, "to Mr. Petigru to the end of my days, even had I revealed in after-life the genius of a Milton or a Shakespeare."

Failing at the law, he sought a professorship in some college, but

as no situation was available he became a private tutor in several Carolina families, and continued in this work for ten years. Whenever opportunity offered, he returned to Charleston, where he was one of a literary coterie, over which William Gilmore Simms presided. Among his friends were Judge George S. Bryan, Dr. J. Dickson Bruns and Paul H. Hayne. These literary friends started *Russell's Magazine,* with Hayne as editor, and to it Timrod contributed some of his best pieces, as "Præceptor Amat," a charming poem; "The Arctic Voyager," and "A Rhapsody of a Southern Winter's Night." From 1848 to 1853 he was a contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger,* under the pen-name of Agläus. "The Past," a poem which received the hearty admiration of the poet Longfellow, was contributed to the *Messenger.*

In 1859-60 a volume of his poetry was published by Ticknor and Fields, of Boston. It contained, besides thirteen sonnets, thirty poems, many of them his most characteristic love and nature poems. Twelve out of his fifteen "well-nigh perfect sonnets," as Henry Austin calls them, appear in this early volume. Here, too, is "A Vision of Poesy," his longest and most ambitious poem, tracing the growth and development of a poetic soul, and giving his conception of the mission of genius on earth as being "to uplift, purify, and confirm, by his own gracious gift, the world." His passionate love of nature and his interpretative treatment of it is shown in such poems as "The Sonnet," "At Last, Beloved, I Have Met," and in "The Summer Bower." And could there be any more charmingly sweet and delicate love poem, with its dainty playfulness, than "The Lily Confidante"? Hayne is amply justified in saying, "A fitter first volume of the kind has seldom appeared anywhere." But 1860 was not an auspicious time for a volume of poetry on love and nature, though Hayne tells us that it was welcomed by a few Southern editors. The New York *Tribune,* too, spoke favorably of the work, with moderation, but with real discernment:

"These poems are worthy of a wide audience. They form a welcome offering to the common literature of our country. The author, whose name promises to be better known from this specimen of his powers, betrays a genuine poetic instinct in the selection of his themes, and has treated them with a lively, delicate fancy and graceful beauty of expression."

This is surely high and well-merited praise. But these qualities, and even more and greater ones than might have been truthfully attributed to Timrod's poetry, would not have been sufficient to make the poet's voice heard above the coming tempest of war.

When the storm finally broke, Timrod helped to arouse the war spirit among his fellow countrymen by his martial poems. "Ethno-

genesis" was written during the meeting of the first Southern Congress at Montgomery, and part of it was read before that body. It expresses the high hopes of the Southerners at the time, and on that account will live as a part of the history of the times. It is, to use Hamilton W. Mabie's phrase, "the prelude, as Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode' is the epilogue, to the Civil War." Henry Austin speaks of it as perhaps the greatest of Timrod's poems, and predicts that it will rank in English literature next to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." "A Cry to Arms," "Charleston," "Carmen Triumphale," "Christmas," "Ripley," "Carolina," and "The Cotton-Boll," all belong to this time. In these he spoke for his people, and reached their hearts. To give him a wider audience, it was proposed by some of his friends to have an edition of his poems issued in England, and illustrations by an English artist had been promised for the work. But this plan failed, as might have been expected. "An unspeakable disappointment," Timrod writes, "but I try to bear my lot—the lot of every impecunious poet." After the war the plan was again revived, and he was editing his poems when death came to dash his hopes.

But Timrod did not confine himself to writing war poems. He went to the front, and when the physicians sent him back he tried being a war correspondent. But this also was too much for his constitution, which had already been undermined by the disease which was finally fatal. He then returned home, and on January 12, 1864, he became the associate editor of the Columbia *South Carolinian*. On February sixteenth of that year he married the "Katie" of his love-poems, Miss Kate Goodwin, an English lady, whose brother had married Timrod's sister. A short year of happiness was vouchsafed to him. A son, the subject of "A Mother's Wail," and "Our Willie," was born Christmas Eve, 1864. On February 17, 1865, a year and a day after his marriage Sherman destroyed Columbia. Then all the waters of affliction swept over him and his people. Thenceforth he was to see nothing but sorrow and disappointment. In October of that year his son died. "Beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope," is his summing up of the story of his life for that year. Is it surprising that though he lived more than two years after the war he wrote only three or four poems? "A great poet," he had written in *Russell's Magazine* the year before, "has defined poetry to be 'emotion recollected in tranquillity.' No man with grief in his heart could sit straightway down to strain that grief through iambics." There was no tranquillity for Timrod in his last years, and grief was always in his heart. In March, 1866, he writes to Hayne: "Both my sister and myself are completely impoverished. We have lived for a long period, and are still living, on the proceeds of the gradual sale of furniture and plate. We have—let me see—

Yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead.

"Until December I had no employment. Mr. ——— passed through Columbia in November . . . informed me that he was going to reëstablish his paper in Charleston, and promised that I should have my old interest in it . . . offering a salary of fifteen dollars a week for daily editorials. I have now hacked on for four months, and have as yet failed to receive a single month's pay. The plain truth is, Mr. ——— can't pay. . . .

"As for supporting myself and a large family—wife, mother, sister and nieces—by literary work, 'tis utterly preposterous. . . . I forwarded some poems in my best style to certain Northern periodicals, and in every instance they were coldly declined. . . . To confess the truth, my dear P., I not only feel that I can write no more verses, but I am perfectly indifferent to the fate of what I have already composed. I would consign every line of it to eternal oblivion for one hundred dollars in hand!"

In October of the same year William Gilmore Simms writes to Hayne: "Poor Timrod is swallowed up in disaster. He now contemplates separation from his wife, that she may go forth as a governess, and he as a tutor, in private famlies." The pity of it all was that his friends were almost as much impoverished by the war as he, and could not come to his assistance. About this time, Mr. Richardson, a Northern publisher, invited him to be his guest in New York, and had he been able to accept it he would have doubtless made friends among literary men who could have helped him; but poverty prevented his accepting the invitation. But all that his friend Hayne could do was to invite him to visit him in his "crazy wooden shanty" in the Georgia pines near Augusta, where he himself was struggling against misfortune and barely eking out a subsistence. Urged by his physician, Timrod paid Hayne a visit in April, where, in the delightful companionship of his friend, and in sweet communion with nature, his health seemed improved, and his spirits were somewhat revived. He paid a second visit in August. On his return home, he had in September a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. From this time, the disease moved swiftly in its destructive course. In a few short weeks he was on his deathbed, but to the last he was the poet and the painstaking artist, correcting his poems for the press; and when he died he left his manuscript stained with his life's blood. Often during his sickness, he would fold his arms and quote lines from his favorite hymn: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The last Sunday morning before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. As his last moments drew near he said: "And this is death. The struggle has come at last. It appears like two

tides—two tides advancing and retreating. . . . Now the power of death recedes, but wait, it will advance again, triumphant." He quoted Milton's "Death Rides Triumphant." "Do you remember," he asked, "that little poem of mine:

> " 'Somewhere on this earthly planet,
> In the dust of flowers to be,
> In the dew-drop and the sunshine,
> Sleeps a solemn hour for me?' "

In one of his last agonizing struggles his sister said to him: "You will soon be at rest now." " Yes, my sister, but love is sweeter than rest."

An unquenchable thirst consumed him, and he recalled a passage in Shakespeare's "King John":

> "And none of you will let the winter come
> To thrust his icy fingers in my maw?"

The last spoonful of water his wife gave him he could not swallow. " Never mind," he said, " I shall soon drink at the river of eternal life." In a few minutes, as the day was " purpling in the zenith," at the hour he had predicted, the watchers whispered, " He is gone."

On October 7, 1867, he was buried in the cemetery of Trinity Church, Columbia. Years afterward a small shaft was erected over his grave, and on October 7, 1901, a boulder of gray granite was placed on it by the Timrod Memorial Association which has done so much for his memory.

For years after Timrod's death, he was little known, even among Southern people. The edition of 1859-'60 had fallen, still-born, from the press, and only a few of his songs could be found in the books of war poetry. In 1872-'73, his friend, Paul H. Hayne, even before he issued an edition of his own poems, edited an edition of Timrod's, which was published by E. J. Hale and Son, of New York. This, to the surprise of the publishers, was quickly sold, and a new and revised edition was issued in 1873, which, in its turn, was soon exhausted. The Hayne edition contained the thirty-four poems and the twelve sonnets of the edition of 1859-'60, besides the ten war poems: "Spring," "The Cotton-Boll," "Serenade," "Dedication," "Katie," "Why Silent?" "Two Portraits," "La Belle Juive," "An Exotic," "The Rosebuds," "A Mother's Wail," "Our Willie," "Address at the Opening of the Richmond Theatre," "A Summer Shower," "1866—Address to the Old Year," "Hymn sung at a Sacred Concert," "Lines to R. L.," "Storm and Calm," and Sonnets III and IX. We learn from Hayne's introduction to the second edition that he rejected fourteen poems of those we have, when preparing his works for the press in 1862.

Hayne wrote for this edition a very full and sympathetic Memoir of sixty-two pages, in which he gives specimens of Timrod's criticism on poetry, especially the sonnet, and several of his editorials.

In 1864 "Katie" was brought out in an illustrated edition by Hale and Son, New York. When all these editions were exhausted the Timrod Memorial Association undertook to issue the Memorial Edition to Timrod, which appeared in 1899. It is now published by B. F. Johnson Company, Richmond, Virginia. This has an unsigned introduction of thirty-two pages, with a portrait of Timrod "reproduced from the oil portrait in the Honorable William A. Courtney's library, Innisfallen, South Carolina." This edition claims to contain the poems of all the former editions, and also some earlier poems not hitherto published. There are, however, three pieces in the edition of 1860 that are not found in it: "Song, When I Bade Thee Adieu" (six stanzas), "Florabell, I Know Thee Well" (five double stanzas), and a sonnet, "Fate, Seek Me Out Some Lake Far Off and Lone"; and two of the poems given as "Now first collected," "Dedication to Fairy," and the sonnet, "If I Have Graced No Single Song of Mine," were also in the edition of 1860. On the appearance of the Memorial Edition, a Timrod revival followed, which helped to give the poet an assured place with the lovers of poetry in our country.

Timrod is not one of the greater gods of song. Neither his range nor the body of his work would justify us in classing him among the great poets; but, by the verdict of his fellow poets and of the critics, he takes rank among the genuine lyrical poets of America. "I was," says Whittier, "one of the very first to recognize the rare gift of the Carolina poet, Timrod"; and he wrote to Hayne, warmly praising Timrod's poems. Longfellow made the prediction: "The day will surely come when his poems will have a place in every home of culture in our country." L. Frank Tooker says of him: "He was a true poet, and worthy to stand in the narrow space that belongs to our best." Hamilton W. Mabie speaks of him as "one of the truest lyric poets that have yet appeared in this country." "America," says Professor Stockton Axson, of Princeton, "has produced no poet with a truer feeling for the outward beauty and inner mystery of the natural world", and again: "His love poetry was never on stilts, but is simple, sincere, and grandly spontaneous. This spontaneity is under the restraint of a well considered art." In the estimation of Henry Austin: "He is the most masterly Southern poet our civilization has produced. . . . In his war poetry there is a fervor and fire lacking in Tennyson. . . . Read it," he says, in speaking of "Carolina," "and say whether anything in English or Greek battle-poetry surpasses this in fervor and in form."

These are but a few of many equally favorable criticisms. If,

therefore, a poet's position in literature is defined by authority, it seems that Timrod has an assured place in the roll of our American singers. A reading of his poems by any lover of poetry will confirm this verdict.

Timrod's style is a reflection of the man. It is simple, refined, elevated, yet restrained. It adapts itself with perfect naturalness to his highest themes. There is never the feeling of straining to produce an effect. He was a master of the phrase and the line. His sonnets—a form of verse that most severely tests the skill of a poet—are among the very finest in our American literature, and at least one of his poems, the "Ode for Decoration Day in Magnolia Cemetery," is, by common consent of critics, well-nigh faultless. He possessed an archness and gay sportiveness of fancy and humor, and a genuine imagination, though not of wide range. His philosophy of life was thoroughly wholesome and sound. In spite of his sorrows and afflictions, there is no morbid note in all his poetry. In the pathetic wail over his dead son, there is no cursing of God.

But the reader should not judge Timrod by a few poems, especially by his war songs, but by the whole body of his work. For, though such poems as "Carolina" and "Charleston" deserve the high praise that has been bestowed upon them, Timrod's genius was for love and nature. Even in most of his martial poems, his heart pants for peace; and in "Spring," which is one of his most characteristic pieces, and in "The Cotton-Boll"—in which, as Hamilton Mabie says, "in depth of thought, in comprehensiveness of imagination, and in beauty of style, Timrod touched his high-water mark"—even in these poems the war-notes are the least pleasing, and do not add to their imaginative beauty and charm.

When contemplating his rich endowments, his artistic skill, and his acknowledged successes, who does not echo his cry at the approach of death, "So soon, so soon!" If fate had only been less cruel to him, and he could have lived to sing out his song, or if he could only have had some of the wine of praises and triumph, what might he not have accomplished for American letters?

In personal appearance, Timrod, as described by his friend, Dr. Bruns, was below medium height, slightly built, but with unusual breadth of shoulders, rather stooping in gait, quick and nervous in his movements. The jaw was square, almost stern, the mouth large, the lips exquisitely sensitive, the eyes gray and "deeply set under massive brows, and full of a pleading tenderness and melancholy, which attracted attention to his face at once as the face of one who had thought and suffered much."

R. L. Blackwell

SPRING

All selections are from 'Poems of Henry Timrod,' published by B. F. Johnson Publishing Company and used here by permission.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessëd time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

THE COTTON-BOLL

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,

Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands—
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze

Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O Land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;

Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind!
In offices likes these, thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach—
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the archëd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong

Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

TOO LONG, O SPIRIT OF STORM

Too long, O Spirit of Storm,
  Thy lightning sleeps in its sheath!
I am sick to the soul of yon pallid sky,
  And the moveless sea beneath.

Come down in thy strength on the deep!
  Worse dangers there are in life,
When the waves are still, and the skies look fair,
  Than in their wildest strife.

A friend I knew, whose days
  Were as calm as this sky overhead;
But one blue morn that was fairest of all,
  The heart in his bosom fell dead.

And they thought him alive while he walked
  The streets that he walked in youth—
Ah! little they guessed the seeming man
  Was a soulless corpse in sooth.

Come down in thy strength, O Storm!
  And lash the deep till it raves!
I am sick to the soul of that quiet sea,
  Which hides ten thousand graves.

THE LILY CONFIDANTE

Lily! lady of the garden!
Let me press my lip to thine!
Love must tell its story, Lily!
Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret—
Thee, and yonder wordless flute;
Dragons watch me, tender Lily,
And thou must be mute.

There 's a maiden, and her name is . . .
Hist! was that a rose-leaf fell?
See, the rose is listening, Lily,
And the rose may tell.

Lily-browed and lily-hearted,
She is very dear to me;
Lovely? yes, if being lovely
Is—resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers
Make the sweetest of the "teens"—
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,
What a lover means.

Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman,
I am puzzled how to woo—
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?
Tell me what to do.

"Silly lover, if thy Lily
Like her sister lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou wouldest wear her,
With a simple plea.

"Love 's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart.

"Like the dewdrop in my bosom,
Be thy guileless language, youth;
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,
Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside,
With the little children by—
As thou prayest in the darkness,
When thy God is nigh—

"With a speech as chaste and gentle,
And such meanings as become
Ear of child, or ear of angel,
Speak, or be thou dumb.

"Woo her thus, and she shall give thee,
Of her heart the sinless whole,
All the girl within her bosom,
And her woman's soul."

KATIE

It may be through some foreign grace,
And unfamiliar charm of face;
It may be that across the foam
Which bore her from her childhood's home,
By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
Along with English creeds and thought—
Entangled in her golden hair—
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
I cannot tell—but here to-day,
A thousand billowy leagues away
From that green isle whose twilight skies
No darker are than Katie's eyes,
She seems to me, go where she will,
An English girl in England still!

I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet;
Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
An English cowslip lifts its head;

And, as to do her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup!
I roam with her through fields of cane,
And seem to stroll an English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way!
As fancy wills, the path beneath
Is golden gorse, or purple heath:
And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn,
Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn!
All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path when she is by:
The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn,
And in a thick, melodious rain,
The mavis pours her mellow strain!
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the listening woods rejoice
I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
The passion of the nightingale!

AN EXOTIC

Not in a climate near the sun
Did the cloud with its trailing fringes float,
Whence, white as the down of an angel's plume,
Fell the snow of her brow and throat.

And the ground had been rich for a thousand years
With the blood of heroes, and sages, and kings,
Where the rose that blooms in her exquisite cheek
Unfolded the flush of its wings.

On a land where the faces are fair, though pale
As a moonlit mist when the winds are still,
She breaks like a morning in Paradise
Through the palms of an orient hill.

Her beauty, perhaps, were all too bright,
But about her there broods some delicate spell,
Whence the wondrous charm of the girl grows soft
As the light in an English dell.

There is not a story of faith and truth
On the starry scroll of her country's fame,
But has helped to shape her stately mien,
And to touch her soul with flame.

I sometimes forget, as she sweeps me a bow,
That I gaze on a simple English maid,
And I bend my head, as if to a queen
Who is courting my lance and blade.

Once, as we read, in a curtained niche,
A poet who sang of her sea-throned isle,
There was something of Albion's mighty Bess
In the flash of her haughty smile.

She seemed to gather from every age
All the greatness of England about her there,
And my fancy wove a royal crown
Of the dusky gold of her hair.

But it was no queen to whom that day,
In the dim green shade of a trellised vine,
I whispered a hope that had somewhat to do
With a small white hand in mine.

The Tudor had vanished, and, as I spoke,
'T was herself looked out of her frank brown eye,
And an answer was burning upon her face,
Ere I caught the low reply.

What was it! Nothing the world need know—
The stars saw our parting! Enough, that then
I walked from the porch with the tread of a king,
And she was a queen again!

A COMMON THOUGHT

Somewhere on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! oh, hist!

In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

CAROLINA

I

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!
Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

II

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!
Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Carolina!
Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

III

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!
Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!
Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

IV

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!
And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!
Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

V

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!
No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!
Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina!

VI

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!
When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'T will be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!
From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

VII

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!
Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina!
Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

CHARLESTON

Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The City bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof, and spire, and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And Summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the Spring dawn, and she still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

ODE

Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, South Carolina, 1867.

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

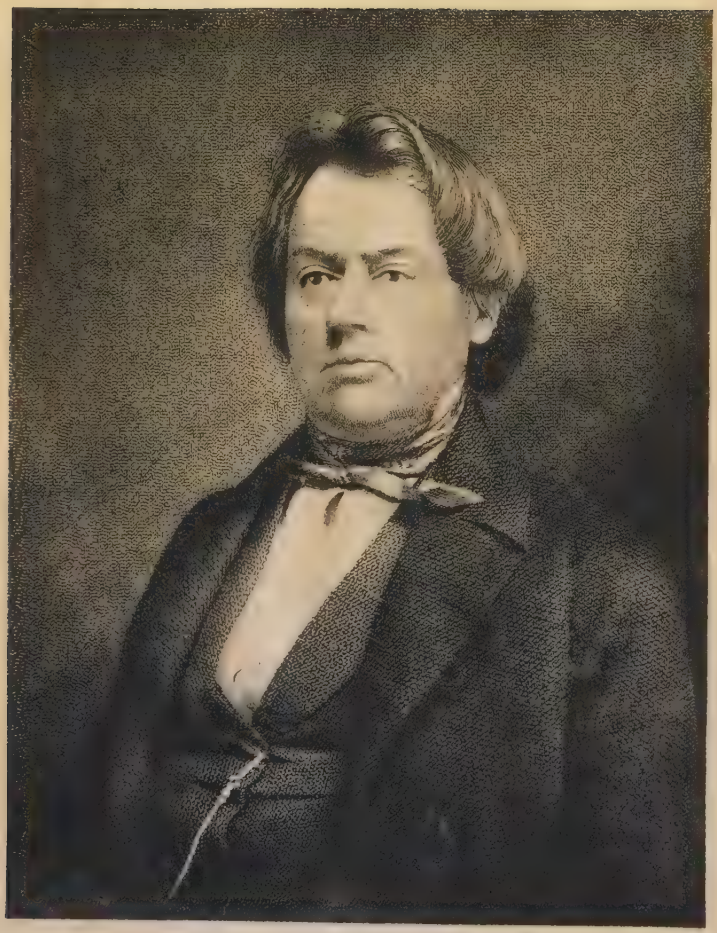
SONNETS

I

Poet! if on a lasting fame be bent
Thy unperturbing hopes, thou will not roam
Too far from thine own happy heart and home;
Cling to the lowly earth, and be content!
So shall thy name be dear to many a heart;
So shall the noblest truths by thee be taught;
The flower and fruit of wholesome human thought
Bless the sweet labors of thy gentle art.
The brightest stars are nearest to the earth,
And we may track the mighty sun above,
Even by the shadow of a slender flower.
Always, O bard, humility is power!
And thou mayst draw from matters of the hearth
Truths wide as nations, and as deep as love.

II

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest
In the brief pauses of that daily strife,
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way of the Sun!



ROBERT TOOMBS

ROBERT TOOMBS

[1810—1885]

PLEASANT A. STOVALL

ROBERT TOOMBS said that his ancestors "fought for their estates like feudal barons." His grandfather, Gabriel Toombs, was one of Braddock's soldiers in the unfortunate expedition which was sent against Fort Duquesne. His father was Major Robert Toombs, a Virginia veteran, who came to Georgia and received a rich tract of three thousand acres, his share in the award to distinguished Revolutionary soldiers of the "Virginia line." Robert Toombs was fond of declaring, after the Civil War, that he came from a "generation of rebels" and that "no vote of Congress, no amnesty proclamation could rob him of the glory of outlawry." His mother was Catherine Huling, a most excellent woman of Welsh ancestry.

The younger Toombs did not give evidence of great promise in his youth. He was fond of riding and was a close reader of history. He attended the University of Georgia at Athens and was finally graduated from Union College, Schenectady, New York. He was admitted to the Bar in Elbert County, Georgia, before William H. Crawford, who had been twice United States Senator from Georgia, Secretary of War, Secretary of the United States Treasury, and United States Minister to Paris. Toombs's earlier work at the Bar was said to have been spasmodic, disconnected, and vehement, but he soon developed a talent for close study and a love for laborious work. He had a passion for the strife of the courthouse, and in the early forties made fame and fortune at the Bar. He had a thorough knowledge of the principles of law and would frequently spend a whole night in the preparation of a case. Sometimes he was a rash talker, but always he was a safe counselor. He had a genius for finance, and never appeared to better advantage than when unraveling the intricate financial details of a lawsuit. He built up a fine estate, and, although all his life a free spender, he was a close collector.

There were many anomalies in the life of Robert Toombs which surprise the casual reader and yet are perfectly well understood by a student of his life. His main effort in the Legislature was to

pass a law to abolish suretyship in Georgia; and yet, at his death, his fine estate was found to be impaired on account of his own endorsement for a hotel company in Atlanta. He was looked upon as a "fire-eater," but as a member of the Constitutional Union party of 1850 he boasted of having saved the Union; and, in debating the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in the Senate, he sided with the conservative element, rebuking the extremists at home and in Congress. In the Georgia Legislature he preferred to remain in the House or in the more popular branch of lawmakers. Yet he spent two terms in the United States Senate after his election to Congress.

Rated as an extremist always, his entry into Congress was marked by a speech on the Oregon question, where he differed sharply with the " jingoes" who had sounded the war cry of " 54-40 or fight." He had been handed down as an irreconcilable—this man who had declared that "the blood which mingled at Cowpens and at Eutaw cannot be kept at enmity forever."

He was elected to Congress in 1844, supporting Henry Clay and the Whig platform. In early life he was a protectionist, and on this issue he met the great George McDuffie of South Carolina, once in the latter's home, and the second time in the city of Augusta.

When the compromise measures of 1850 were passed Mr. Toombs accepted them as final, and coming back to Georgia threw himself into the political canvass with great power. The influence of Webster and Clay upon General Toombs's career at this time was marked. Always a great admirer of the Massachusetts statesman, Mr. Toombs was his near neighbor in Washington. He was instrumental in having a ticket put out in Georgia in 1852 of Daniel Webster for President and Charles J. Jenkins of Georgia for Vice-president. After his celebrated speech in the Senate on the seventh of March, Mr. Webster had been a great favorite in the South. The leaders, Toombs and Stephens, never gave greater evidence of power than when they held Georgia in the Constitutional Union party in 1850.

The spirit of disunion was even then rife in the State of Georgia, but this influence defeated the ultra States' Rights party and aided even in the retirement of John McPherson Berrien, so long United States Senator from Georgia. The passage of the compromise measures of 1850 had a great effect upon Mr. Toombs, and not even the name and prestige of George M. Troup could keep the party of Union Whigs from prevailing in Georgia. Throughout the Kansas-Nebraska debate Mr. Toombs maintained a consistent attitude. He stood with Douglas upon his plea of popular sovereignty. He conceded that Kansas would probably be a free State and asserted that the people of a commonwealth had the right to

establish their own institutions, coming into the Union with whatever republican constitution they might prefer and adopt for themselves; that in the exercise of their rights they should be protected from insurrection within and invasion without. For these four years Robert Toombs really checked the secession spirit in Georgia and the South. He championed the sovereignty of the people, he pleaded for the actual *bona fide* settlers of Kansas. It was not until the John Brown raid in 1859, and the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law by several states, that Mr. Toombs came around and advised that the South should take measures for its own protection. In discussing the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, Senator Hale warned Senator Toombs that the North would fight. The Georgian answered, "I believe nobody ever doubted that any portion of the United States would fight on a proper occasion. . . . There are courageous and honest men enough in both sections to fight. There is no question of courage involved. The people of both sections of the Union have illustrated their courage on too many battlefields to be questioned. They have shown their fighting qualities shoulder to shoulder whenever their country has called upon them; but that they may never come in contact with each other in fratricidal war should be the ardent wish and earnest desire of every true man and honest patriot."

It was true that the times needed no Mirabeau. The people took charge of the destiny of the country. Toombs was a tower of strength, but he did not move fast enough for the people of Georgia. After the John Brown raid in Virginia they believed that they were in constant danger from invasion, and the result was inevitable. Robert Toombs had come home from Congress in 1850 and had established the fortunes of the great party that upheld the Constitution and declared for the Union. Throughout the fiery contest over Kansas and Nebraska he defended Douglas and extolled the loyalty of Northern Democrats, who were fast passing into disfavor in the South. He fought the Know-nothing party in 1855 and met upon the stump the brilliant and eloquent Benjamin H. Hill of Georgia, just rising into prominence. The latter charged that the Kansas Bill, voted for by Mr. Toombs, was "a cheat, swindle, and a surrender of our dearest rights." Toombs retorted, "I have been protecting your rights and your children's rights in spite of yourselves." His style was one of intense and dramatic indignation, and the American party was overthrown in Georgia. Mr. Toombs did not go to the extent of asking new guaranties for the protection of slavery in the territories. He expressed his willingness that the territories should continue to govern themselves

in their own way as long as they respected the rights of other people. He would not insult them, he said, by supposing them capable of disregarding the Constitution.

After the adjournment of the Charleston convention, which failed to agree upon a candidate or a platform, Senator Toombs advised the State of Georgia to safeguard its own interests. Once decided upon this principle, he advocated it with all the energy and impetuosity of his nature. The new departure of Douglas—"Squatter Sovereignty"—which Mr. Lincoln forced from him in his Illinois debate, estranged from his support Mr. Toombs with other friends in Georgia. He declared that the Northern States had refused to keep the bargain adopted in the compromise measures, and he feared that the policy of Mr. Lincoln was to drive slavery out of the territory and to abrogate the Fugitive Slave Laws. The only way to remedy these evils was by "constitutional amendment which could neither be resisted nor evaded." Strong and unmistakable as was his position, the great body of the people did not think it sufficiently aggressive. When the Senate refused to adopt the guaranties, he sent his famous telegram to the people of Georgia "that the South could no longer look to the North for security of its constitutional rights."

On January 7, 1861, Robert Toombs delivered his farewell speech to the United States Senate. It was the strongest summary of the demands of the South. Mr. Blaine said it was the only speech made by a Congressman from the seceding States that named the conditions upon which they would stay in the Union. The speech attracted wide attention, and it closed the career of Robert Toombs as a member of the national council.

For sixteen years he had served in the two houses in Washington, holding his rank among the first men of the country. He had been very active and attentive to his public duties. He had impressed himself upon every phase of legislation. He opposed the system of internal improvements. He sustained President Polk's veto of the River and Harbor Bill of 1847. "Instead of leaving the taxes in the pockets of the people," he said, "you have spent nine months in endeavoring to squander and arranging to have more to squander in the next Congress. I think it is corruption." He claimed that the power given to Congress to regulate commerce meant simply to prescribe the rules by which commerce could be carried on, and nothing else. He opposed the pension system as "dishonorable to the memory of the men who fought our battles." He favored the purchase of Cuba, or even the admission of Canada, if it could be honestly and fairly done. The question of the slave population of Cuba did not enter into the question, he insisted. He would not

trammel the President in his power to deal with foreign nations by internal questions, saying: "I will not manacle the energies of this great republic by tying up our foreign diplomacy with internal dissensions." He spurned the idea that he wanted Cuba in order to strengthen the slave power in America. He criticized Simon Cameron for asking that the Government give employment to fifty thousand men out of work. He declared that there never was a government that did not ruin the people they attempted to benefit by such a course.

After he had decided that the Southern States should secede, he was not half-hearted in the measures he advocated. He said that if they must go out, the quicker they did so the better. There was no melancholy in his make-up. He directed the movement in Georgia, was elected to the provisional Congress, and was regarded as the logical man for President of the young Confederacy. He was finally prevailed upon to take the place of Secretary of State, but had occupied this post only a short time when he accepted the appointment of brigadier-general in the field. He served gallantly on the Virginia peninsula; was commended for gallantry in the battles around Richmond, and served with conspicuous valor at Antietam and the second Manassas. Disagreements with President Davis, however, and with some of his officers, led to his retirement from the army of Virginia. He returned to Georgia and, refusing an election to the Confederate States Senate and the succession to the position of Governor, he remained with the militia. He was the soul of energy and had no patience with delay. This led him frequently into conflict with superior officers and with the civil authorities.

After the war he escaped from the country in a very dramatic way, riding six months on horseback and vacillating between the mountains of Georgia and the port of New Orleans, where he subsequently took ship for Cuba and finally sailed for Paris.

When he returned to Georgia he resumed the practice of law and was soon again at the head of the Bar with a large and lucrative practice. Between 1836 and 1843 he made one fortune at the Bar, and in the ten years between 1867 and 1877 he made another. He was fifty-seven years of age when he returned to this country, but was in the full vigor of physical and mental qualities. He denounced the Republican administration of Georgia on the hustings and in the courts. He accused the Supreme Court of making laws as well as of construing the laws. He aroused the people to action in his famous Bush Arbor Speech in Atlanta in 1868, and never temporized or compromised with what he regarded as an "alien administration." He prepared and delivered before the

people his celebrated lecture on the principles of the Magna Charta. With the exception of his address on slavery, delivered at the Tremont Temple, Boston, it was the only carefully prepared effort of his life. His object was to summon the people back to the principles of good government. In his opinion, these principles were drifting away and old landmarks were being destroyed.

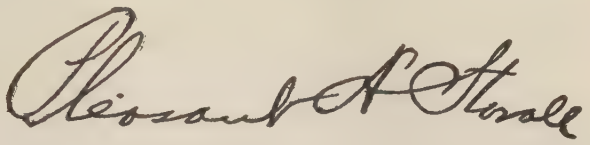
His last public service was in the constitutional convention of 1877. He had never tired of declaring that the organic law of 1868 was "the product of aliens and usurpers." Georgia proceeded with her own sons in council to make a new Constitution for her people. That famous body, the ablest which has assembled in Georgia since the secession convention of 1861, was presided over by his lifelong friend, Charles J. Jenkins. This office of delegate was the only public station General Toombs held after the war. He was grizzled and bent and his eyesight was seriously impaired, but he was the life and soul of that body. As chairman of the committee on final revision, he had the virtual shaping of the work of the convention. He attended closely all the sessions, which opened at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, closed at one o'clock in the afternoon, and was seldom absent from exacting committee work in the afternoons. He was then in his sixty-eighth year, but stood the ordeal well. He led the movement to outlaw certain classes of bonds and declared with energy that "no power of hell or heaven could force the people to pay them. The contract was one of bayonet usurpation."

But it was in asserting the power of the State to control the railroads that he made his greatest fight. The time was ripe for the movement. The Granger legislation in the West had planted this policy of government control in the organic law of Illinois, Ohio, and Missouri. The State was in an uproar. The Georgia lawyers cried out: "Toombs is attempting a new revolution." He was charged with leading the majority in a crusade upon the rights of corporations.

"It is a sacred thing to shake the pillars upon which the property of the country rest," exclaimed a member of the convention. "Better shake the pillars of property than the pillars of liberty," Toombs retorted, "the right to control these railroads belongs to the State, to the people, and as long as I represent the people I will not consent to surrender it, so help me God." The spirit of Toombs dominated the convention. Men moved up the aisle to take their seats at his feet, as he announced the new doctrine and poured out his strong appeals. The power of the Legislature to regulate railroads was a new principle in Georgia. "The great question is," he said, "shall Georgia govern the corporations or the corporations

govern Georgia. Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve." The house rang with cheers; the majority was with him. The principle is now in the organic law of this State.

His last appearance was in the State Capitol in Atlanta, in 1883, bowed and weeping, to deliver a funeral oration over the body of his lifelong friend, Alexander H. Stevens. Two years later he himself followed his contemporary to the grave.



SLAVERY: ITS CONSTITUTIONAL STATUS AND ITS INFLUENCE

Extract from a Lecture delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, January 24, 1856.

. . . I HAVE already stated that African slavery existed in all of the colonies at the commencement of the American Revolution. The paramount authority of the Crown, with or without the consent of the colonies, had introduced it, and it was inextricably interwoven with the frame-work of society, especially in the Southern States. The question was not presented for our decision whether it was just or beneficial to the African, to tear him away by force or fraud from bondage in his own country and place him in a like condition in ours. England and the Christian world had long before settled that question for us. At the final overthrow of British authority in these States our ancestors found seven hundred thousand Africans among them, already in bondage, and concentrated, from our climate and productions, chiefly in the present slave-holding States. It became their duty to establish governments for themselves and these people; and they brought wisdom, experience, learning and patriotism to the great work. They sought that system of government which would secure the greatest and most enduring happiness to the whole society. They incorporated no Utopian theories into their system. They did not so much concern themselves about what rights man might possibly have in a state of nature, as what rights

he ought to have in a state of society; they dealt with political rights as things of compact, not of birthright; in the concrete and not in the abstract. They held, and maintained, and incorporated into their system as fundamental truths, that it was the right and duty of the State to define and fix, as well as to protect and defend the individual rights of each member of the social compact, and to treat all individual rights as subordinate to the great interests of the whole society. Therefore, they denied "natural equality," repudiated mere governments of men necessarily resulting therefrom, and established governments of laws—thirteen free, sovereign and independent Republics. A very slight examination of our State Constitutions will show how little they regarded vague notions of abstract liberty, or natural equality in fixing the rights of the white race as well as the black. The elective franchise, the cardinal feature of our system, I have already shown, was granted, withheld, or limited, according to their ideas of public policy and the interest of the State. Numerous restraints upon the supposed abstract right of a mere numerical majority to govern society in all cases, are to be found planted in all of our Constitutions, State and Federal, thus affirming this subordination of individual rights to the interest and safety of the State.

The slaveholding States, acting upon these principles, finding the African race among them in slavery, unfit to be trusted with political power, incapable as freemen of securing their own happiness, or promoting the public prosperity, recognized their condition as slaves, and subjected it to legal control. There are abundant means of obtaining evidence of the effects of this policy on the slave and society, accessible to all who seek the truth. We say its wisdom is vindicated by its results, and that, under it, the African in the slaveholding States is found in a better position than he has ever attained in any other age or country, whether in bondage or freedom. In support of this point, I propose to trace him rapidly from his earliest history to the present time: The monuments of the ancient Egyptians carry him back to the morning of time—older than the pyramids—they furnish the evidence, both of his national identity and his social degradation before history began. We first behold him a slave in foreign lands; we then

find the great body of his race slaves in their native land; and after thirty centuries, illuminated by both ancient and modern civilization, have passed over him, we still find him a slave of savage masters, as incapable as himself of even attempting a single step in civilization—we find him there still, without government or laws of protection, without letters or arts of industry, without religion, or even the aspirations which would raise him to the rank of an idolater, and in his lowest type, his almost only mark of humanity is, that he walks erect in the image of the Creator. Annihilate his race to-day, and you will find no trace of his existence within half a score of years; and he would not leave behind him a single discovery, invention, or thought worthy of remembrance by the human family. . . .

But it is objected that religious instruction is denied the slave. While it is true that religious instruction and privileges are not enjoined by law in all of the States, the number of slaves who are in connection with the different churches abundantly proves the universality of their enjoyment of those privileges. And a much larger number of the race in slavery enjoy the consolation of religion than the efforts of the combined Christian world have been able to convert to Christianity out of all the millions of their countrymen who remained in their native land.

The immoralities of the slaves, and of those connected with slavery, are constant themes of abolition denunciation. They are lamentably great; but it remains to be shown that they are greater than with the laboring poor of England, or any other country. And it is shown that our slaves are without the additional stimulant of want to drive them to crime, we have at least removed from them the temptation and excuse of hunger. Poor human nature is here at least spared the wretched fate of the utter prostration of its moral nature at the feet of its physical wants. Lord Ashley's report to the British Parliament shows that in the capital of that empire, perhaps within hearing of Stafford House and Exeter Hall, hunger alone daily drives thousands of men and women into the abyss of crime.

It is also objected that our slaves are debarred the benefits of education. This objection is also well taken, and is not

without force. And for this evil the slaves are greatly indebted to the abolitionists—formerly, in none of the slaveholding States, was it forbidden to teach slaves to read and write, but the character of the literature sought to be furnished them by the abolitionists caused these States to take counsel rather of their passions than their reason, and to lay the axe at the root of the evil; better counsels will in time prevail, and this will be remedied. It is true that the slave, from his protected position, has less need of education than the free laborer who has to struggle for himself in the welfare of society; yet, it is both useful to him, his master, and society.

The want of legal protection to the marriage relation is also a fruitful source of agitation among the opponents of slavery. The complaint is not without foundation; this is an evil not yet removed by law, but marriage is not inconsistent with the institution of slavery as it exists among us, and the objection, therefore, lies rather to an incident than the essence of the system. But, in the truth and fact, marriage does exist to a very great extent among slaves, and is encouraged and protected by their owners; and it will be found, upon careful investigation, that fewer children are born out of wedlock among slaves, than in the capitals of two of the most civilized countries of Europe—Austria and France; in the former, one half of the children are thus born—in the latter, more than one fourth. But even in this we have deprived the slave of no pre-existing right. We found the race without any knowledge of or regard for the institution of marriage, and we are reproached with not having as yet secured to it that, with all other blessings of civilization. To protect that and other domestic ties by laws forbidding, under proper regulations, the separation of families, would be wise, proper, and humane, and some of the slaveholding States have already adopted partial legislation for the removal of these evils. But the objection is far more formidable in theory than in practice. The accidents and necessities of life, the desire to better one's condition, produce infinitely a greater amount of separation in families of the white than ever happen to the colored race. This is true, even in the United States, where the general condition of the people is prosperous. But it is still more marked in Europe. The injustice and despotism of

England towards Ireland has produced more separation of Irish families, and sundered more domestic ties within the last ten years than African slavery has effected since its introduction into the United States. The twenty millions of freemen in the United States are witnesses of the dispersive injustice of the old world.

The general happiness, cheerfulness, and contentment of slaves, attest both the mildness and humanity of the system and their natural adaptation to their condition. They require no standing armies to enforce their obedience; while the evidence of discontent and the appliance of force to repress it, are everywhere visible among the toiling millions of the earth; even in the northern States of this Union, strikes and mobs, unions and combinations against employers, attest at once the misery and discontent of labor among them. England keeps one hundred thousand soldiers in time of peace, a large navy, and an innumerable police, to secure obedience to her social institutions; and physical force is the sole guarantee of her social order, the only cement of her gigantic empire. . . .

The opponents of slavery, passing by the question of material interests, insist that its effect on the society where it exists is to demoralize and enervate it, and render it incapable of advancement and a high civilization; and upon the citizen to debase him morally and intellectually. Such is not the lesson taught by history, either sacred or profane, nor the experience of the past or present.

To the Hebrew race were committed the oracles of the Most High; slaveholding priests administered at His altar the slaveholding prophets and patriarchs received His revelations, and taught them to their own, and transmitted them to all future generations of men. The highest forms of ancient civilization, and the noblest development of the individual man, are to be found in the ancient slaveholding commonwealths of Greece and Rome. In eloquence, in rhetoric, in poetry and painting, in architecture and sculpture, you must still go and search amid the wreck and ruins of their genius for the "pride of every model and the perfection of every master," and the language and literature of both, stamped with immortality, passes on to mingle itself with the thought and the speech of all lands and all centuries. Time will not allow me

to multiply illustrations. That domestic slavery neither enfeebles nor deteriorates our race; that it is not inconsistent with the highest advancement of man and society, is the lesson taught by all ancient and confirmed by all modern history. Its effects in strengthening the attachment of the dominant race to liberty, was eloquently expressed by Mr. Burke, the most accomplished and philosophical statesman England ever produced. In his speech on conciliation with America, he uses the following strong language: "Where this is the case those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so, and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit attached to liberty than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths, such were our Gothic ancestors, and such in our day were the Poles; such will be all masters of slaves who are not slaves themselves. In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines itself with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible."

No stronger evidence of what progress society may make with domestic slavery can be desired than that which the present condition of the slaveholding States presents. For near twenty years, foreign and domestic enemies of their institutions have labored by pen and speech to excite discontent among the white race, and insurrections among the black; these efforts have shaken the National Government to its foundations, and burst the bonds of Christian unity among the churches of the land; yet the objects of their attacks—these States—have scarcely felt the shock. In surveying the whole civilized world, the eye rests not on a single spot where all classes of society are so well content with their social system, or have greater reason to be so, than in the slaveholding States of this Union. Stability, progress, order, peace, content, prosperity, reign throughout our borders. Not a single soldier is to be found in our widely-extended domain to overawe or protect society. The desire for organic change nowhere manifests itself. Within less than seventy years, out of five feeble colonies, with less than one and a half millions of inhabitants have emerged fourteen Republican States, containing nearly ten millions of inhabitants, rich, powerful, edu-

cated, moral, refined, prosperous, and happy; each with Republican Governments adequate to the protection of public liberty and private rights, which are cheerfully obeyed, supported, and upheld by all classes of society. With a noble system of internal improvements penetrating almost every neighborhood, stimulating and rewarding the industry of our people; with moral and intellectual surpassing physical improvements; with churches, schoolhouses, and colleges daily multiplying throughout the land, bringing education and religious instruction to the homes of all the people, they may safely challenge the admiration of the civilized world. None of this great improvement and progress have been even aided by the Federal Government; we have neither sought from it protection for our private pursuits, nor appropriations for our public improvements. They have been effected by the unaided individual efforts of an enlightened, moral, energetic, and religious people. Such is our social system, and such our condition under it. Its political wisdom is vindicated in its effects on society; its morality by the practices of the patriarchs and the teachings of the apostles; we submit it to the judgment of mankind, with the firm conviction that the adoption of no other system under our circumstances would have exhibited the individual man, bond or free, in a higher development, or society in a happier civilization.

THE SOUTH'S DEMANDS

Last Address in the United States Senate, January 1, 1861.

THE success of the Abolitionists and their allies, under the name of the Republican party, has produced its logical results already. They have for long years been sowing dragons' teeth, and have finally got a crop of armed men. The Union, sir, is dissolved. That is an accomplished fact in the path of this discussion that men may as well heed. One of your confederates has already, wisely, bravely, boldly, confronted public danger, and she is only ahead of many of her sisters because of her greater facility for speedy action. The greater majority of those sister states, under like circumstances, consider her cause as their cause; and I charge you in their name

to-day, "Touch not Saguntum." It is not only their cause, but it is a cause which receives the sympathy and will receive the support of tens and hundreds of thousands of honest patriotic men in the non-slaveholding states, who have hitherto maintained constitutional rights, and who respect their oaths, abide by compacts, and love justice. And while this Congress, this Senate, and this House of Representatives, are debating the constitutionality and the expediency of seceding from the Union, and while the perfidious authors of this mischief are showering down denunciations upon a large portion of the patriotic men of this country, those brave men are coolly and calmly voting what you call revolution—aye, sir, doing better than that: arming to defend it. They appealed to the Constitution, they appealed to justice, they appealed to fraternity, until the Constitution, justice, and fraternity were no longer listened to in the legislative halls of their country, and then, sir, they prepared for the arbitrament of the sword; and now you see the glittering bayonet, and you hear the tramp of armed men from your capital to the Rio Grande. It is a sight that gladdens the eyes and cheers the heart of other millions ready to second them. Inasmuch, sir, as I have labored earnestly, honestly, sincerely, with these men to avert this necessity so long as I deemed it possible, and inasmuch as I heartily approve their present conduct of resistance, I deem it my duty to state their case to the Senate, to the country, and to the civilized world.

Senators, my countrymen have demanded no new government; they have demanded no new constitution. Look to their records at home and here from the beginning of this national strife until its consummation in the disruption of the empire, and they have not demanded a single thing except that you shall abide by the Constitution of the United States; that constitutional rights shall be respected, and that justice shall be done. Sirs, they have stood by your Constitution; they have stood by all its requirements; they have performed all its duties unselfishly, uncalculatingly, disinterestedly, until a party sprang up in this country which endangered their social system—a party which they arraign, and which they charge before the American people and all mankind with having made proclamation of outlawry against four thousand millions of

their property in the territories of the United States; with having put them under the ban of the empire in all the states in which their institutions exist, outside the protection of federal laws; with having aided and abetted insurrection from within and invasion from without, with the view of subverting those institutions, and desolating their homes and their firesides. For these causes they have taken up arms. I shall proceed to vindicate the justice of their demands, the patriotism of their conduct. I will show the injustice which they suffer and the rightfulness of their resistance.

I shall not spend much time on the question that seems to give my honorable friend [Mr. Crittenden] so much concern—the constitutional right of a state to secede from this Union. Perhaps he will find out after a while that it is a fact accomplished. You have got it in the South pretty much both ways. South Carolina has given it to you regularly, according to the approved plan. You are getting it just below there [in Georgia], I believe, irregularly, outside of the law, without regular action. You can take it either way. You will find armed men to defend both. I have stated that the discontented states of this Union have demanded nothing but clear, distinct, unequivocal, well-acknowledged constitutional rights; rights affirmed by the highest judicial tribunals of their country; rights older than the Constitution; rights which are planted upon the immutable principles of natural justice; rights which have been affirmed by the good and the wise of all countries, and of all centuries. We demand no power to injure any man. We demand no right to injure our confederate states. We demand no right to interfere with their institutions, either by word or deed. We have no right to disturb their peace, their tranquillity, their security. We have demanded of them simply, solely—nothing else—to give us equality, security, and tranquillity. Give us these, and peace restores itself. Refuse them, and take what you can get.

I will now read my own demands, acting under my own convictions, and the universal judgment of my countrymen. They are considered the demands of an extremist. To hold to a constitutional right now makes one considered as an extremist—I believe that is the appellation these traitors and villains, North and South, employ. I accept their reproach

rather than their principles. Accepting their designation of treason and rebellion, there stands before them as good a traitor, and as good a rebel as ever descended from revolutionary loins.

What do the rebels demand? First, "that the people of the United States shall have an equal right to emigrate and settle in the present or any future acquired territories, with whatever property they may possess (including slaves), and be securely protected in its peaceable enjoyment until such territory may be admitted as a state into the Union, with or without slavery, as she may determine, on an equality with all existing states." That is our territorial demand. We have fought for this territory when blood was its price. We have paid for it when gold was its price. We have not proposed to exclude you, though you have contributed very little of blood or money. I refer especially to New England. We demand only to go into those territories upon terms of equality with you, as equals in this great confederacy, to enjoy the common property of the whole Union, and receive the protection of the common government, until the territory is capable of coming into the Union as a sovereign state, when it may fix its own institutions to suit itself.

The second proposition is, "that property in slaves shall be entitled to the same protection from the government of the United States, in all of its departments, everywhere, which the Constitution confers the power upon it to extend to any other property, provided nothing herein contained shall be construed to limit or restrain the right now belonging to every state to prohibit, abolish, or establish and protect slavery within its limits." We demand of the common government to use its granted powers to protect our property as well as yours. For this protection we pay as much as you do. This very property is subject to taxation. It has been taxed by you and sold by you for taxes. The title to thousands and tens of thousands of slaves is derived from the United States. We claim that the government, while the Constitution recognizes our property for the purposes of taxation, shall give it the same protection that it gives yours. Ought it not to be so? You say no. Every one of you upon the committee said no. Your senators say no. Your House of Representatives says

no. Throughout the length and breadth of your conspiracy against the Constitution, there is but one shout of no! This recognition of this right is the price of my allegiance. Withhold it, and you do not get my obedience. This is the philosophy of the armed men who have sprung up in this country. Do you ask me to support a government that will tax my property; that will plunder me; that will demand my blood, and will not protect me? I would rather see the population of my native state laid six feet beneath her sod than they should support for one hour such a government. Protection is the price of obedience everywhere, in all countries. It is the only thing that makes government respectable. Deny it and you cannot have free subjects or citizens; you may have slaves.

We demand, in the next place, "that persons committing crimes against slave property in one state, and fleeing to another, shall be delivered up in the same manner as persons committing crimes against other property, and that the laws of the state from which such persons flee shall be the test of criminality." That is another one of the demands of an extremist and rebel. The Constitution of the United States, article four, section two, says:

"A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another state, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime." But the non-slaveholding states, treacherous to their oaths and compacts, have steadily refused, if the criminal only stole a negro, and that negro was a slave, to deliver him up. It was refused twice on the requisition of my own state as long as twenty-two years ago. It was refused by Kent and by Fairfield, governors of Maine, and representing, I believe, each of the then Federal parties. We appealed then to fraternity, but we submitted; and this constitutional right has been practically a dead letter from that day to this. The next case came up between us and the State of New York, when the present senior senator [Mr. Seward] was the governor of that state; and he refused it. Why? He said it was not against the laws of New York to steal a negro, and therefore he would not comply with the demand. He made a similar refusal to Virginia. Yet these

are our confederates; these are our sister states! There is the bargain; there is the compact. You have sworn to it. Both these governors swore to it. The Senator from New York swore to it. The governor of Ohio swore to it when he was inaugurated. You cannot bind them by oaths. Yet they talk to us of treason; and I suppose they expect to whip freemen into loving such brethren! They will have a good time in doing it.

It is natural we should want this provision of the Constitution carried out. The Constitution says slaves are property; the Supreme Court says so; the Constitution says so. The theft of slaves is a crime; they are a subject-matter of felonious asportation. By the text and letter of the Constitution you agreed to give them up. You have sworn to do it and you have broken your oaths. Of course, those who have done so look out for pretexts. Nobody expected them to do otherwise. I do not think I ever saw a perjurer, however bald and naked, who could not invent some pretext to palliate his crime, or who could not, for fifteen shillings, hire an Old Bailey lawyer to invent some for him. Yet this requirement of the Constitution is another one of the extreme demands of an extremist and a rebel.

The next stipulation is that fugitive slaves shall be surrendered under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, without being entitled either to a writ of habeas corpus, or trial by jury, or other similar obstructions of legislation, in the state to which he may flee. Here is the Constitution:

"No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

This language is plain, and everybody understood it the same way for the first forty years of your government. In 1793, in Washington's time, an Act was passed to carry out this provision. It was adopted unanimously in the Senate of the United States, and nearly so in the House of Representatives. Nobody then had invented pretexts to show that the Constitution did not mean a negro slave. It was clear; it was plain. Not only the Federal courts, but all the local courts

in all the states, decided that this was a constitutional obligation. How is it now? The North sought to evade it; following the instincts of their natural character, they commenced with the fraudulent fiction that fugitives were entitled to habeas corpus, entitled to trial by jury in the state to which they fled. They pretended to believe that our fugitive slaves were entitled to more rights than their white citizens; perhaps they were right, they know one another better than I do. You may charge a white man with treason, or felony, or other crime, and you do not require any trial by jury before he is given up; there is nothing to determine but that he is legally charged with a crime and that he fled, and then he is to be delivered up upon demand. White people are delivered up every day in this way; but not slaves. Slaves, black people, you say, are entitled to trial by jury; and in this way schemes have been invented to defeat your plain constitutional obligations.

The next demand made on behalf of the South is, "that Congress shall pass effective laws for the punishment of all persons in any of the states who shall in any manner aid and abet invasion or insurrection in any other state, or commit any other act against the laws of nations, tending to disturb the tranquillity of the people or government of any other state." That is a very plain principle. The Constitution of the United States now requires, and gives Congress express power, to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the laws of nations. When the honorable and distinguished Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] last year introduced a bill for the purpose of punishing people thus offending under that clause of the Constitution, Mr. Lincoln, in his speech at New York, which I have before me, declared that it was a "sedition bill"; his press and party hooted at it. So far from recognizing the bill as intended to carry out the Constitution of the United States, it received their jeers and jibes. The Black Republicans of Massachusetts elected the admirer and eulogist of John Brown's courage as their governor, and we may suppose he will throw no impediments in the way of John Brown's successors. The epithet applied to the bill of the Senator from Illinois is quoted from a deliberate speech delivered by Lincoln in New York,

for which, it was stated in the journals, according to some resolution passed by an association of his own party, he was paid a couple of hundred dollars. The speech should therefore have been deliberate. Lincoln denounced that bill. He places the stamp of his condemnation upon a measure intended to promote the peace and security of Confederate States. He is, therefore, the enemy of the human race, and deserves the execration of all mankind.

We demand these five propositions. Are they not right? Are they not just? Take them in detail, and show that they are not warranted by the Constitution, by the safety of our people, by the principles of eternal justice. We will pause and consider them; but mark me, we will not let you decide the question for us.

Senators, the Constitution is a compact. It contains all our obligations and the duties of the Federal Government. I am content and have ever been content to sustain it. While I doubt its perfection, while I do not believe it was a good compact, and while I never saw the day that I would have voted for it as a proposition *de novo,* yet I am bound to it by oath and by that common prudence which would induce men to abide by established forms rather than to rush into unknown dangers. I have given to it, and intend to give to it, unfaltering support and allegiance, but I choose to put that allegiance on the true ground, not on the false idea that anybody's blood was shed for it. I say that the Constitution is the whole compact. All the obligations, all the chains that fetter the limbs of my people, are nominated in the bond, and they wisely excluded any conclusion against them, by declaring that "the powers not granted by the Constitution to the United States, or forbidden by it to the states, belonged to the states respectively or the people." Now I will try it by that standard; I will subject it to that test. The law of nature, the law of justice, would say—and it is so expounded by the publicists—that equal rights in the common property shall be enjoyed. Even in a monarchy the king cannot prevent the subjects from enjoying equality in the disposition of the public property. Even in a despotic government this principle is recognized. It was the blood and the money of the whole people (says the learned Grotius, and say all the publicists)

which acquired the public property, and therefore it is not the property of the sovereign. This right of equality being, then, according to justice and natural equity, a right belonging to all states, when did we give it up? You say Congress has a right to pass rules and regulation concerning the territory and other property of the United States. Very well. Does that exclude those whose blood and money paid for it? Does "dispose of" mean to rob the rightful owners? You must show a better title than that, or a better sword than we have.

But, you say, try the right. I agree to it. But how? By our judgment? No, not until the last resort. What then; by yours? No, not until the same time. How then try it? The South has already said, by the Supreme Court. But that is in our favor, and Lincoln says he will not stand that judgment. Then each must judge for himself of the mode and manner of redress. But you deny us that privilege, and finally reduce us to accepting your judgment. The Senator from Kentucky comes to your aid, and says he can find no constitutional right of secession. Perhaps not; but the Constitution is not the place to look for state rights. If that right belongs to independent states, and they did not cede it to the Federal Government, it is reserved to the states, or to the people. Ask your new commentator where he gets the right to judge for us. Is it in the bond?

The Northern doctrine was, many years ago, that the Supreme Court was the judge. That was their doctrine in 1800. They denounced Madison for the report of 1799, on the Virginia resolutions; they denounced Jefferson for framing the Kentucky resolutions, because they were presumed to impugn the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States; and they declared that that court was made, by the Constitution, the ultimate and supreme arbiter. That was the universal judgment—the declaration of every free state in this Union, in answer to the Virginia resolutions of 1798, or of all who did answer, even including the State of Delaware, then under federal control.

The Supreme Court has decided that, by the Constitution, we have a right to go to the territories and be protected there with our property. You say, we cannot decide the compact for ourselves. Well, can the Supreme Court decide it for us?

Mr. Lincoln says he does not care what the Supreme Court decides, he will turn us out anyhow. He says this in his debate with the honorable member from Illinois [Mr. Douglas]. I have it before me. He said he would vote against the decision of the Supreme Court. Then you did not accept that arbiter. You will not take my construction; you will not take the Supreme Court as an arbiter; you will not take the practise of the government; you will not take the treaties under Jefferson and Madison; you will not take the opinion of Madison upon the very question of prohibition in 1820. What, then, will you take? You will take nothing but your own judgment; that is, you will not only judge for yourselves, not only discard the court, discard our construction, discard the practise of the government, but you will drive us out, simply because you will it. Come and do it! You have sapped the foundations of society; you have destroyed almost all hope of peace. In a compact where there is no common arbiter, where the parties finally decide for themselves, the sword alone at last becomes the real, if not the constitutional, arbiter. Your party says that you will not take the decision of the Supreme Court. You said so at Chicago; you said so in committee; every man of you in both houses says so. What are you going to do? You say we shall submit to your construction. We shall do it, if you can make us; but not otherwise, or in any other manner. That is settled. You may call it secession, or you may call it revolution; but there is a big fact standing before you, ready to oppose you—that fact is freemen with arms in their hands. The cry of the Union will not disperse them; we have passed that point; they demand equal rights; you had better heed the demand.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS

Richmond, Va., March 5, 1863.

To the Officers and Men of Toombs's Brigade:

SOLDIERS: To-day I cease to command you. I have resigned my commission as Brigadier General in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States. The separation from you is deeply painful to me. I do not deem it proper on this occasion to enter into a detail of the causes which impose this duty upon me. It is only necessary now for me to say, that, under existing circumstances, in my judgment, I could no longer hold my commission under President Davis with advantage to my country, or to you, or with honor to myself. I cannot separate from you without the expression of my warmest attachment to you, and admiration of your noble and heroic conduct from the beginning of this great struggle to the present time. You left your wives and children, kindred, friends, homes, property and pursuits at the very first call of your country, and entered her military service as soon as she was ready to accept you—from that day to this you have stood, with but a few brief intervals, in sight of the public enemy, or within hearing of his guns.

Upon your arrival in Virginia, in the summer of 1861, you were incorporated into the Army of the Potomac; you have shared with that army all its toils, its sufferings, its hardships, and perils, and contributed at least your full share to its glorious career. You have been in the front, the post of danger, and of honor, on all the great battlefields of Northern Virginia, and Maryland, from Yorktown to Sharpsburg; neither disheartened by the death of comrades, or friends, or disease, or toil, or privations, or sufferings, or neglect; nor intimidated by the greatly superior numbers of the enemy, whom you have been called upon to meet and vanquish; you have, upon all occasions, displayed that heroic courage which has shed undying lustre upon yourselves, your State, your country, and her just and holy cause.

Nearly one thousand of the brave men, who originally composed your four regiments, have fallen, killed or wounded, in battle; your dead you have buried on the battlefield, shed

a manly tear over them, left "glory to keep eternal watch" over their graves, and passed on to new fields of duty and danger.

Though it may seem to be the language of extravagant eulogy, it is the truth, and fit, on this occasion, to be spoken. You have fairly won the right to inscribe upon your tattered war flags, the proud boast of Napoleon's Old Guard, "This brigade knows how to die, but not to yield to the foe." Courage in the field is not your only claim to proud distinction. Since I took command over you, I have not preferred a single charge against, or arraigned one of you before a court martial.—Your conduct never demanded of me such a duty. You can well appreciate the feelings with which I part from such a command. Nothing less potent than the requirements of a soldier's honor could, with my consent, wrench us asunder, while a single banner of the enemy floated over one foot of our country. Soldiers! comrades! friends! farewell!

R. Toombs.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

[1832—1901]

ELLA RIGHTOR

THE name of Mary Ashley Townsend—"Xariffa"—is one of the most revered and loved in the Southern world of letters. Not only is an unusually warm and tender personality expressed in unusually fervid and gracious poetry, but the woman gave of herself so generously to the South, and to every Southern cause, that the mere fact of her birth having occurred in a distant state makes Louisiana the more grateful for her complete devotion to, and absorption in, the city which in girlhood became her home, and remained home for the rest of her long and fruitful life.

Mary Ashley Townsend, *née* Voorhis, was born in Lyons, New York, 1832, of an old and distinguished Knickerbocker family, noted for its charm and culture, and partly to this fact she owed the fine education that supplemented her natural ability. She was married in 1856 to Gideon Townsend, a wealthy merchant and banker of New Orleans. The life that followed was one of fulness and beauty, the fruition of all a woman's hopes. As wife and mother she was ideally happy, and her three charming daughters became central figures in New Orleans society. Mrs. Townsend herself was not only a well-known and greatly admired person in her private social world, but took part in many public events, despite a certain timidity and shrinking from the world which was characteristic of her. She was one of the organizers of the Quarante Club, which has numbered so many gifted women in its ranks, and was its president for many years. At the opening of the Cotton Exposition (1884), at the laying of the cornerstone of Tulane University, at the opening of the Howard Memorial Library, at the Press Association Convention, and at the first Confederate reunion, her fine verses formed an interesting feature. Her last poem and last public appearance were in honor of the birthday of Robert E. Lee. During her latter years she joined forces with Mrs. M. E. M. Davis in editing the brief-lived but delightful *Art and Letters* of New Orleans. Her life in the Southern city was diversified by much travel in beautiful, mysterious Mexico, to which, like so many New Orleans people, she was devoted, and where her splendid abilities as an equestrienne had abundant opportunities. Toward the end of life the clouds came. The death, first, of her

husband, and then of her beautiful daughter, Cora, made that fate which came to her not unwelcome. She had sustained certain injuries in a railway accident the year before her death, and these gradually undermined her excellent health. She died in Galveston in 1901, at the home of her daughter and of her son-in-law, Dr. Lee, with whom she had just been visiting her beloved Mexico. Mrs. Lee and her sister, Mrs. Stanton, of New Orleans, were in devoted attendance through the last days of their mother. The poet was buried in New Orleans, with every honor and token of respect from the wisest and best of the city.

So much in general is known of Mary Townsend, the womanhood even of an author being sacred within the portals of her home. Mrs. Townsend's literary life, except for the ambitious efforts of girlhood, began with fugitive but delightful papers contributed to the New Orleans *Delta,* "Crossbone Papers," "Quillotypes," and "My Penny Dip." Though essentially a poet in nature and expression, Mrs. Townsend could write excellent prose. "The Brother Clerks," a tale of New Orleans, was published in 1859, and obtained instant recognition. In 1870 were produced the popular "Georgia Volunteer," and the first collection of poems by "Xariffa." About this time, also, appeared in the *Picayune* those verses to which the beginning of her fame is generally ascribed. Like most of the works by which authors have leaped into sudden prominence, "The Creed" is chiefly valuable because it led the way to other things, more delicate and unique; or rather because it directed attention to the woman who, in the fulness of her prime, was to write 'Distaff and Spindle.' Not that "The Creed" is without decided merit, but its theme is one which appeals to so many woman writers, and has been so often the subject of sentimentality that even when justly and nobly treated, it does not waken the highest poetic emotions. In like manner, "A Woman's Wish," and "Woman's Work," while beautifully expressed, and true to life, deal with that inner side of feminine nature, that domestic side which is either beyond or beneath poetry. One cannot say why the home life, the intimate life, of woman, with its beauty and pathos, should refuse expression, even in poetry, but that it does so cannot be denied. "A Woman's Wish," and "Woman's Work" are beautiful verse; "The Creed" is poetry, but not one of the three gives full justice to the author's genius. 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems' appeared in 1882, and 'Distaff and Spindle' followed. This, with the exception of occasional poems, was the last considerable work of "Xariffa." While everything Mrs. Townsend wrote has some poetical excellence, none being trivial and none careless, it is safe to say that by far the best of her work may be found in these last two volumes. The sonnets are the supreme flowering of her life; and no American

woman has handled more skilfully the "key" with which "Shakespeare unlocked his heart." But much of 'Down the Bayou' is of an excellence that comes very near to that of the sonnets. A brief examination of the modest book is well worth while.

The poem which gives its title to the whole is a rambling, descriptive, delightful length of verse, which should be treasured for its "atmosphere" if nothing else. In it moves the very soul of New Orleans in the early eighties a charming time, when the old city was waking to outer influences, new ideas in art and education, without losing one whit of its quaint and ancient guise, its dreamy, mystic sweetness, from the brooding past. Now it is so fast becoming a great metropolis that its atmosphere is slowly lifting, a veil of purple and crimson, of gold and silver, that will gradually dissipate and let in the light of common day. The dreamer's time is nearly over in New Orleans. In the future, those of us who still must dream will find the truest and sweetest wishing-cup of memory in Mrs. Townsend's poem. Only readers who know and love her home city will feel its perfect charm; but others will understand its lazy sweetness, its warm beauty. The second stanza wraps the whole in a dream-mantle, when the poet takes the reader into her own realization of life's unreality, its passing quality; and yet, the loveliness caught from its ever-changing, ever-shifting, moments—if one can but drift and dream.

> "We drifted on, my love and I,
> Beneath the semi-tropic sky,
> While from the clock tower in the town,
> Spake the meridian bells that said
> 'Twas morn—'tis noon—
> Time flies, and soon
> Night follows noon.
> Prepare, beware!
> Take care, take care!
> For soon—so soon—
> Night follows noon—
> Dark night the noon—
> Noon! Noon! Noon! Noon!"

"Le Roi est Mort" celebrates the coming of a new year, and is not unfit to rank with others inspired by the same theme. The calling upon various stars and constellations to honor the dead king's bier, is a fine thought. "St. Julienne," "My Lady," "Olga," and "Eleanor" are portraits of women, and so, in a less obvious way, are "Ashes of Roses," "From Year to Year," and "The Bird-Cage."

"Olga" and "What I Saw in my Sleep" are pictures of women

from the underworld, fair but sinful, and are drawn with the repulsion felt by the pure woman for those not like herself. But in "Flora McDonald" the poet's broad and noble sympathy is awakened, and she tells, with all tender forgiveness, "The deed of the women there—they of the town;" of their pity for one like themselves, the suicide whom none would touch.

> "So did they bury her—they, the unholy,
> So they wept for her, the lost and the lowly,
> Won the deed no recognition Up There?"

"Ashmed, the Rhymer," and "Dame Ailsie" are poems in which an incident gives rise to philosophic reflection. The poet, whose fame was empty because it came too late, and the woman who, in her desolate old age, recalled the pity she had long ago bestowed upon a young friend in an untimely grave, closing with the bitter cry "O God! that I had died at seventeen!" seem to point a sad philosophy, and this is borne out by the melancholy "Old Age to Time."

"The Captain's Story" is a long narrative poem of some dramatic force. It was this piece that won the highest encomiums of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who pronounced its theme worthy the pen of a Shakespeare. The theme had not been "done to death" when the poem was written, and is always one more likely to give artistic pleasure in portions of this country where it is less of a burning reality. Still, the "Story" is of sustained power, and has elements of real tragedy. "Angèle" and "A Spectre's Bridal" are rather mystical in character, while "In Dubio" and "My Soul" may be called psychological.

'Distaff and Spindle' needs little comment. The sonnet is more difficult to criticize than is any other form of expression. It is either a living and breathing thing or a purely mechanical effect. And this result can hardly be defined or put into words; since two sonnets, absolutely correct in form and beautiful in wording, may give opposite impressions of pure nature and refined artificiality. A sonnet must have a soul. Its bodily covering is too slight and formal to count for much in itself, as is the case in more elaborate forms of poetry. Mrs. Townsend's sonnets have souls. Each one embodies an idea, complete, earnest. The themes are varied; nature, life, death, love, pictures of the Southland, all full of mature and ripened poetic emotion, held together in a golden bond by the dedication to "My Three Daughters," by the beautiful maternity, the motherhood that animates the whole. The examples given will serve much better than criticism for an impression of the book, its author's finest work.

Mrs. Townsend's style has been described as "luxuriant, even tropical." Besides, it is the visible sign of the woman's adaptability

and her sincere nature. Mrs. Townsend's fluent and appreciative mind was forced to receive and register the impressions it received. Thus, her Northern birth in no way prevented her becoming the most Southern of writers. It was simply the meeting of poetic nature and poetic surroundings. Mrs. Townsend is sometimes very daring in her metaphors. That which compares the sunset to a daily execution is almost repulsive, yet as fascinating as it is startling.

> "The crime
> Spilled its red splendor on the blue sublime,
> And splashed the white stars with its crimson grime,
> Until Night sponged it from the walls of time."

Mrs. Townsend, as far as her writing shows, took no part in the problems of her day. Her philosophy was that of a loving woman, brave yet tremulous, with the gift of poetic expression, amid surroundings at once congenial and picturesque. Without a trace of morbidness, she can hardly be called an optimist, more than any loving woman can, since love brings fear. But she was no pessimist, and had the rare faculty of seizing the best in life for enjoyment, and imparting to others her own wisdom. The women of the South offer to "Xariffa" the tribute of affection.

Ella Righton

SONNETS

From 'Distaff and Spindle.'

Thy spindle and thy distaff ready make,
And I will send the flax. The promise read
So fair, so beautiful to me I said
"Ah, straightway forth my spindle I will take,
My distaff shall its idleness forsake,
My wheel shall sing responsive to my tread,
And I will spin so fine, so strong a thread,
Fate shall not cut it, nor Time's forces break."
Long, long I waited, sitting in the light,
Looked east, looked west, where day with darkness blends

Nor did I once my patient watch relax
Till cried a voice, "Thou hast not read aright,
The written promise, for God only sends
To him who toiling bravely seeks the flax."

'Twas but a bamboo hut with thatch of palm,
Yet well we knew it sheltered its full share
Of human life, and courage, and despair.
Through all that night of tropic dew and balm
Whilst sang the eternal stars their infinite psalm,
Above the lowly roof we saw the flare
Of one frail candle in the doorway there,
Where watched the watchers, humbly reverent, calm,
None sobbed or spoke, but watched as if to hear
A coming silence stop beside the bed
And touch its pillow with a sign devout.
At last, as drew the moonless morning near,
By wails of women, we knew all, and said,
"They watch no more, and lo, the light is out."

I walked among the by-ways of my thought,
And lo, three ghosts went ever on before,
With trailing robes that swept their footsteps o'er,
And windy hair with mingled odors fraught,
While each of my own self some semblance wore,
And one, with pitiless lips, named Nevermore
In blown, black mantle folds my heartstrings caught.
This trinity abideth with us all
Ourselves that haunt ourselves, whate'er betide,
With what we were, and are, and hope to be,
Where'er we work, their noiseless fingers fall,
Whene'er we rest they halt them us beside,
Three regnant forces of our destiny.

The cypress swamp around me hangs its spell,
With hushing sounds, in moss-hung branches there,
Like congregations rustling down to prayer,
While Solitude, like some unsounded bell,
Hangs, full of secrets that it cannot tell.
And leafy litanies on the humid air,

Intone themselves, and on the tree trunks bare,
The scarlet lichen writes her rubrics well,
The cypress knees take on them marvelous shapes,
Of pygmy nuns, gnomes, goblins, witches, fays,
The vigorous vine the withered gumtree drapes,
Across the oozy ground the rabbit plays,
The moccasin to jungle depths escapes,
And through the gloom the wild deer slowly gaze.

THE CREED

From 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.'

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the isles of death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe, if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe, if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps or by the maze,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief,
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe, if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hill of night,
And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As thee unworthy the worship thou hast won.

I believe who hath not loved,
Hath half the sweetness of his life unproved;
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew,
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk,
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel, Love, of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

ST. JULIENNE

A rare and radiant girlish face,
Touched with a tender saintly grace;

A brow of meekly proud reserve,
Sign of a cross on its patient curve.

Her locks the hue of rich, dead gold,
About an innocent forehead scrolled.

Eyes whose opaline luster beams,
Pure as a poet's holiest dreams;

Cheek as a polished seashell fair,
Sweet lips, half laughter and half prayer.

A smile exceeding sweet, and yet
Pained with the pang of some past regret.

A soul that loftily soars and sighs,
Yet leading Self to the sacrifice.

A heart as noble as ever rung
Its truthfulness out on a truthful tongue.

Silently suffering, brave to endure,
Patiently prayerful, prayerfully pure.

Gifted, glorious, half-divine,
A heavenly soul in an earthly shrine.

By women praised, and adored by men,
Radiant, rare St. Julienne!

OLGA

From 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.'

Planted stem deep in her red-gold hair,
A rose trails over her shoulder white,
As, softly robed, and in gems bedight,
She sits, the fairest where all are fair.
With wondrous eyes that seem everywhere
Save turned to the stage and the players there.

Those eyes to me are the strangest things!
Night blue; no, amber; no, they are green
As cool sea-deeps in a sun-flash seen.
And what a subtile, sweet perfume clings
To her garments when she stirs and flings
About her invisible curtainings.

There, in the box with the gilded door,
The first proscenium box at the right
The prettiest woman by far in sight!
Her great calm eyes roam the boxes o'er,
Roam, and return, and wander once more,
While forty musicians are playing "the score."

One arm on the velvet rail she leans
And that slow smile to her lip, which comes
Could make a halo for martyrdoms,
Who can say what the mystery means?
Ah, well, at the play there are scenes and scenes;
And a curtain which nothing tangible screens.

Her perfect face, not a face salutes,
Of all the multitude turned unto her;
And men admire, and women demur,
And this the homage of that refutes,
While grumble the drums and whistle the flutes,
In the "Hunter's Chorus" of *Der Freischütz.*

Over her shoulders the red rose trails,
Rises and falls in the opaline light
Of lamps that seem only burnt to-night
For that red rose, and the perfume veils,
And the cheek that neither reddens nor pales,
Though a thousand eyes its beauty assails.

There's that about her to make one weep,
All perfect and peerless though she seems
As some one seen in those sweet strange dreams
That come to a shining summer night's deep
Unbroken, and yet unconscious, sleep.

The players play, and the great house cheers;
That rose, it is red on its altar white,
Like blood on the wing of an angel bright;
And why does it seem, as the dimness clears,
That the necklace of pearls her young throat wears
Is only a necklace of frozen tears?

MYSTERY

From 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.'

Yea; all is mystery. Not the skies alone,
With their unfathomed secrecy of stars;
Nor science and religion with their wars,
Not yet earth's lonely lands, 'twixt zone and zone,
With hidden histories carved in voiceless stone;
But, too, sweet friendship that has left its scar
In passing, and the precious love that's gone
Out like a tide, and left us on the bar
Of bitterness, where bright waves come no more;
Ourselves, which to ourselves are mysteries;
The potent spark which speaks from shore to shore;
Creeds, which such hosts of cruel doubts involve,
Unbounded thought which through the boundless flies;
And life, that problem we must die to solve.

RECUERDO

From 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.'

Recuerdo! si, amigo!
Sweet remembrance bears me far,
Where the Toltec temples crumble,
Where the Aztec ruins are,
Where the broad banana's banner
Droops above the bamboo hut,
Where the plumy palm tree presses
To its heart the milky nut.

Recuerdo! at the magic
Music of your Mexic word,
How my pulses beat within me,
How my heart is thrilled and stirred!
At its soft, syllabic murmur,
Strange enchantment round me falls;
And again I see the moonlight
Gleam on Montezuma's walls.

And I see the Indian children
Play beneath the mango trees,
While the breath of orange orchards
Scents the palpitating breeze;
And I hear the clank of sabers,
And the mustang's eager neigh,
As the mounted guard dash briskly
Down the desolate highway.

Icy-bearded Orizaba,
Clothed in snow and crowned with cloud;
White and mute Iztaccihuatl,
Slumbering in her frozen shroud;
Cordova's fair coffee forests,
Cerro del Becerro's height,
Many meadowed Metlar, lying
In her valley of delight.

Skies that arch in matchless splendor
Matchless plains that lie below;
Marble hills that grandly girdle
Marble mansioned Mexico;
White cathedralled Guadalupe,
Cortez's Triste Noche camp,
Rise, as rose Aladdin's palace
By the rubbing of his lamp;

And I see beside the fountains,
Dusky maidens smile and nod,
While I tread the ancient courtways
Which the Aztec emperor trod,
And the caballeros gayly
Laugh, and, laughing, gayly ride
Down the path where Guatimazin
Turned upon his foes and died.

All adown the Rio Chalco,
From the islanded lagoon,
Indian barges wander slowly
In the amethystine noon;

Brown canoes with scarlet poppies
From the floating gardens float,
While some native minstrel lightly
Strikes the Bandalone's note.

Yonder, by the ruined arches,
And along the convent walls,
Picturesque, where all is picture,
An unfriended beggar crawls.
Where Chapultepec's grim castle
Its defiant shadow flings,
Halts the wretch, whose veins inherit
Blood, mayhap, that warmed its kings.

"Recuerdo! si, amigo!"
Sweet remembrance bears me far,
Where the Toltec temples crumble,
Where the Aztec idols are,
"Recuerdo!" at that whisper
What glad echoes are re-caught,
What mnemonic worlds are moulded,
From the nebulæ of thought.

SONG

My little one, my little one,
  The blossom is not faded yet
You gave me at the set of sun,
  And whispered "I will ne'er forget,
    Will ne'er forget!"

Its petals still their hues retain;
  I touch it and it crumbles not;
I lay it on my heart again,
  But, little one, thou hast forgot,
    Thou hast forgot!

HIC JACET

And this is life, to live, to love, to lose!
To feel a joy stir, like an unsung song,
The deep unwrit emotions of our souls;
Then, when we fain would utter it, to find
Our glad lips stricken dumb.

To watch a hope
Climb like a rising star, till from the heights
Of fair existence, it sends luster down,
Whose radiance makes earth's very shadows shine;
Then suddenly to see it disappear,
Leaving a bleak, appalling emptiness
In all the sky it did illuminate.

To build up, stone by stone, a temple fair,
On whose white altars we do burn our days;
To form its arches of our dearest dreams,
To shape its pillars of our strongest strength,
Then suddenly to see that temple fall
A broken and irreparable wreck,
Its shape all shapeless, and its formless form,
In worthless Ruin's unrelenting grasp.
To veil our shrinking eyes lest they should see
Life's grim appraisers, Death and Burial,
Come down the path that leads across our hearts,
And write us paupers in the Book of Love.

To dream, in all life's happy arrogance,
Life's proud proportions limitless, to find
Life's limit narrowed down to one fresh grave;
To stand beside the new-made mound, and feel
Within that cell is locked forever up
The precious honey, gathered drop by drop,
From out the fairest flower-fields of our souls;
Lonely and desolate, to cast ourselves
In some White City of the Silent, down
Beside some cold, forbidding marble door,
And feel ourselves forever shut away
From that which was our dearest and our own;

To know, however earnestly we knock,
That door will ne'er be opened unto us;
To know the dweller there will ne'er step
Beyond the boundary of that cruel gate;
To know, howe'er we plead, no lip therein
Will break into its old accustomed smile.
The folded hands stretch out no welcomings,
The fastened eyelids never lift themselves
Again in answering anguish or glad love,
From out the frozen bondage of their sleep,
'Tis this to love, and bury out of sight
Some precious darling of our dearest years—
Some far outstretching root of our own hearts,
Some flowery branch that we had hoped to train
Along the loftiest trellises of Hope.

Life, Love and Loss! Three little words that make
The compass of that road which lies
Stretched out between our swaddles and our shroud!

Life, Love and Loss. Three ripples on one brook;
Three widening branches of one mighty stream;
Three stemless currents emptying themselves
Into one vast and vague Eternity!

WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT

[1862—]

JOHN BELL HENNEMAN

WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT was born in Richmond, Virginia, November 10, 1862, the son of Dr. Peterfield Trent, a physician, and his wife, Lucy Carter Burwell. Both parents belonged to historic Virginia families. Born during war time in the capital of the Confederacy, the lad gained his first impressions in the period of reconstruction, reorganization, and revival after war, and it is to this spirit that our author's life throughout adheres. The father died while the boy was yet young, and he was brought up an only and at first a rather delicate child.

After a period of schooling in Richmond, which possessed good educational traditions, he proceeded to the University of Virginia in the autumn of 1880, in his eighteenth year. Here he remained four years, taking the regular courses in Latin, Greek, mathematics, modern languages, philosophy, and the sciences, prescribed for the Master of Arts degree. This prized academic honor of the University he received in 1884. He was also efficient as a member of the Jefferson Literary Society (then the more active of the two "literary" bodies) and as a contributor to and editor of the *University Magazine*.

The *Magazine* was the usual field for the display of literary talent, as the Society was the forum for oratory and debate. As it was not customary to sign the productions, it is difficult at times to identify his contributions. However, more than the usual number of articles during his first two years are signed by his name or his initials, showing a certain confidence in his powers even at that early date.

He left the University in 1884 and for the next two or three years taught school and studied law, chiefly in his native city. The decisive step was taken at last when in 1887 he went to the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore as a graduate student in history. The late Professor Herbert B. Adams was the head of this department, and Dr. I. Franklin Jamieson was his associate. Trent's university course in Baltimore, coming at the mature and critical twenty-fifth year of his life, was helpful to him in many ways; but it came to a sudden end at the expiration of one year, because the University of the South at Sewanee needed a man in history, and a particular sort of man. Doctors Gildersleeve and Adams unhesitatingly recom-

mended Trent for the place, and thus, in 1888, in his twenty-sixth year, he became professor of history at Sewanee. With his literary proclivities, and in a smaller college, with relatively few chairs, it could be foreseen that Trent would gradually take the lead in the literary work of the institution; and though for a time he combined instruction in both history and English, he gradually gave up the history classes to his colleagues, and limited himself exclusively to his literary and English work. It was thus at Sewanee that the really formative and important period of Trent's literary life began: the period of independent authorship and productivity. This is what Trent owes to Sewanee and Sewanee to Trent. While yet at Johns Hopkins he had written for Professor Adams a monograph on "English Culture in Virginia," and a chapter in the latter's volume 'Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia,' which appeared in 1889 in the National Bureau of Education Series at Washington. But this was assigned work, even though congenial. From that time his work struck out lines for itself.

In 1890 Charles Dudley Warner visited Sewanee, met Trent, and the next year commissioned him to write (for the 'American Men of Letters Series,' of which he was the general editor) the volume on William Gilmore Simms. This 'Life,' finished in the autumn of 1891, appeared early in 1892. It is a brilliant effort for a young man of twenty-nine. The literary judgments as to the merits of Simms's work, both in general and in particular cases, are singularly acute and just, but the asides, and the general attitude as to the South and South Carolina, raised loud protest. The Charleston and South Carolina influence had long been potent at Sewanee, and Trent's resignation was peremptorily called for by many, particularly in the editorial columns of the Charleston *News and Courier* and other papers. With somewhat less reason, the condemnation of the Virginia papers and other publications throughout the Southern States was equally strong. The Board of Trustees of the University of the South, however, refused to take any such action. However much it might disapprove of sentiments and opinions, the University had been avowedly founded upon the principle of academic freedom, and that great principle must not be allowed to suffer. Thus early and notably did Sewanee emphasize and apply this principle.

No sooner was the Simms volume off his hands than Trent, backed by the Vice-chancellor and faculty of the University, designed a quarterly publication of high character, somewhat upon the pattern of the English reviews. In November, 1892, appeared the first number of the *Sewanee Review*. The opening article—"The Novels of Thomas Hardy"—was fittingly by the editor, giving a fixed literary tone and flavor to the publication from the first. Of his numerous

other articles and reviews probably the more notable are "The Reverend Charles Wolfe," a study of the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore"; "The Teaching of English Literature"; "Mr. Brander Matthews as a Critic"; "John Milton"; "The Nature of Literature"; "Some Phases of the Situation" (the inception of our colonial policy); "Cosmopolitanism and Partisanship"; "The Poetry of the American Plantations," and two papers on the Greek and the Roman elegy. Trent's editorship continued for nearly eight years (lacking one number), until he left Sewanee in August, 1900, to accept a professorship in Columbia University. Since then he has contributed certain notable articles: "War and Civilization," "A Study of Reconstruction in the South," "An Academic Sermon," and "A Talk to Librarians."

Meanwhile, in 1897, appeared his 'Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime'—studies of Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Toombs, Stephens, and Jefferson Davis. These papers had been delivered originally as lectures at the University of Wisconsin. The storm of protest that had arisen over the Simms volume was repeated. There was not the same excuse as a literary study, but here the statesmanship of the Old South was assailed, even though the personal motives were not. The studies of the Virginians, as might be expected, are the happiest; the Georgians are less so; that on Calhoun is utterly unsympathetic; the one on Mr. Davis is discriminating and tactful, considering the audience for which it was originally intended.

If Southern sensibilities were hurt, certainly the *amende honorable* was offered in 1899 in the 'Beacon Biography of Robert E. Lee' a beautiful tribute to a noble character and itself a notable example of literary workmanship.

In this same year, 1899, appeared his volume of 'Verses,' in a small, little-circulated edition. Trent's poetic enthusiasm and interests were always intense; his poetic and critical judgments unusually sound. In his 'Verses' he expressed himself to himself and for himself. Classic themes, the result of wide reading and frequent brooding, Leonardo's "Gioconda," a Sewanee landscape or sunset, an experience in his travels abroad—each contributed its part. The influence and example of Arnold are perhaps strongest, as is the case with his criticism.

'John Milton: A Short Study of his Life and Works' belongs also to 1899. In his study and love of poetry the critic found more of the perfection of pure poetry in Milton than anywhere else in English literature. Homer and Milton have always been his two great poetic enthusiasms for prolonged power and flight. Trent had already edited Milton's 'Minor Poems' for use in colleges and schools, and

this seems to have led him to his larger work. In a day when Milton was generally being discredited—Mr. Saintsbury's Elizabethan volume actually treats Milton, as a whole, under "prose writers"—Trent's little volume, with its fine enthusiasm and ringing eloquence, was exceedingly timely. It further accentuated the catholicity of the critic: enthusiasms for Milton, Byron, and Balzac, all of whom he had edited and written upon, were equally pronounced and genuine.

The collection of the best of the author's literary essays—many of which had appeared in the *Sewanee Review,* the *Bookman,* the *Forum,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* and elsewhere—in a volume entitled 'The Authority of Criticism' marks an epoch in his literary career. It is almost the dividing point in that career. It shows the author at his best and his profoundest.

A booklet, 'War and Civilization' (1901) was an address delivered before leaving Sewanee at the commencement of 1900, and was first printed in the *Sewanee Review.* The work on an edition of Balzac, with critical and appreciative introductions to each volume was finished in 1900, as was a long monograph on the "Progress of the United States in the Century" for a Canadian series. Besides, he had published from time to time editions of certain texts—selections from Poe, Macaulay, etc.

All this was his work at Sewanee in the decade from 1890 through 1900—a notable work for ten years in any man's life. The congeniality of Sewanee had proved his training school. Doubtless, too, the winter vacations had helped in putting him in touch with publishers, scholars, and men of letters generally. Meantime, in December, 1896, he had married Miss Alice Lyman, of East Orange, New Jersey, whom he had met at Sewanee.

His call to Columbia University came as a natural recognition of the character of his work. He had declined other inducements to leave, and had remained at Sewanee. This he felt was an advance justified and recognized. He was already among the foremost critics of literature in America: this gave him a national position. His first important work in his new position was the 'History of American Literature, 1607-1865' (1903), written for the 'Literatures of the World' series, edited by Edmund Gosse. It is the most philosophical, sane work that has yet appeared on the subject, written from first-hand knowledge and investigation of sources and with sympathy for all portions of the American nation. A small school history of 'American Literature' was a secondary offshoot of the work on the greater volume. Also a school 'History of the United States' was written in 1903, in conjunction with President C. K. Adams of the University of Wisconsin. A second collection of essays, contributed chiefly to the *Forum,* the *Sewanee*

Review, etc., appeared in 1905 under the title 'Greatness in Literature, and Other Papers.' In this year he edited Thackeray in fifteen volumes jointly with J. B. Henneman; and about this time, with the same assistance, a new edition of Richard Grant White's Shakespeare was undertaken. Previously he had edited (1901) three small volumes on 'Colonial Prose and Poetry,' with his brother-in-law and former Sewanee colleague, B. W. Wells.

In the winter of 1905 he delivered for Columbia University a series of lectures before the People's Institute of the Cooper Union on certain Eighteenth Century prose writers. Attracted to the singular modernness in DeFoe's character and career, and the many problems and inaccuracies incident thereto and current, he has been at work ever since investigating all DeFoe material in libraries in this country and also in Europe. He has made many "finds," some announced in letters to the New York *Nation;* and the DeFoe volumes when they appear, should prove to be a genuine contribution to the subject and clear up many vexed points. In painstaking investigation the work promises to be his most scholarly performance.

Though living in New York City, he works quietly in his study on Seventy-first Street and seldom goes out. His time is chiefly given over to his writing and to the work with his classes in Barnard and Columbia, where he is steadily gaining a large circle of friends and admirers. To these friends and students his helpful sympathies and the hospitality of his home are always open.

He loves the literature of the classics—in poetry and in clear-formed prose. In prose his favorites seem to be among the Eighteenth Century English writers and in modern French masters. Apart from the French, he does not care much for the mass of contemporary productions. Trained in the classics, he has always retained an overwhelming enthusiasm for Homer as one of the great of earth; and he reads French constantly. This bias in two very different directions has kept him catholic-minded and explains his enthusiasm for such widely different authors as Milton and Balzac. He thus cares more for the stirring and large qualities of Byron than for the subtler shades of Shelley.

He possesses the natural gift of style. He is incisive, intellectual, clear; obscurities and tortuousness offend him—as conforming neither to the Greek masters nor to French stylists. He thus cares for Hardy but fails to be interested in Meredith. Pungent and even caustic at times, those who know him best recognize his broad human sympathies and genuine sentiment. In Northern surroundings his inherited Southern traits of refined gentlemanliness, courtesy, dignity, sympathy and consideration have had even better chance to develop

with growing years. No genuinely aspiring student of letters who has claim upon him but has found him attentive and helpful.

His criticism is as keen and direct as his style, and in literary matters is admittedly sound and good. On political and historical points he thinks differently from others, but fearlessly, and has not been so acceptable. He is an independent by nature, and any political time-server or machine organization is temperamentally utterly abhorrent to him; hence what to many seem extreme utterances. He takes stand against those Southern leaders that worked under the Union for separation and secession, because secession to him was suicidal and wrong. Contrariwise in the period of Reconstruction, his sympathies are all with the South as the wronged and offended party; and the Northern leaders of the time in their selfish partisanship are treated with even more bitter and caustic condemnation.

Fortunately, in literature, where his chief work and all his later interests lie, there is wider ground for acceptance. Wherever prose is lucid and strong, and poetry eloquent and mighty, he responds.

His volume of 'Selections from Southern Writers in Prose and Verse' (1905) met a demand and a growing interest in things Southern. It constitutes the best single volume on this subject; its selections are varied and characteristic, and its introductions to each author treated form virtually an effective history of literary activity in the Southern States. With John Smith, Byrd, Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Lee, Poe, Simms, Lanier, and others, the body of productive effort is very well worthy of note, and the revival of song in the younger school must have struck many with surprise and a feeling of hopefulness. In this new, naturalized South among its honest workers none is more important than William P. Trent: he is distinctively a contribution of the New South to the New Nation.

John Bell Henneman.

CONFESSIONS OF A POETRY LOVER

From "The Love of Poetry," in 'Greatness in Literature.'

WHILE I have remained true to my love of poetry ever since when, as a boy of ten or twelve, I used to declaim Byron's "Napoleon's Farewell" to a group of admiring relatives—the relatives, I may say, admired me, but I admired Byron, and that admiration has withstood the stress and strain of thirty years—while I have felt as though I should like to adapt the words of Coleridge and call upon the powers of nature to bear witness for me

> With what deep worship I have still adored
> The spirit of divinest Poetry—

I have had love affairs with quite as many different kinds of poetry as Cowley had with imaginary sweethearts. If I may trust the evidence of old books—pathetically cheap editions, for modern poets were not to be found in some Southern libraries at least, and a boy born in war times saw a dollar in the 'seventies about as often as your modern youth sees ten—if I may trust the dates written in execrable copies of ecstatically prized volumes, it was Keats and his favorite Spenser that succeeded Byron in my catalogue of poet-masters; but it was Horace who first made me flatter myself that I might become a rational lover of poetry. This means that whatever critical capacity I have was first awakened by Horace—to whom I owe a debt and for whom I cherish a love which when I cease to acknowledge, deterred by modern under-valuation of his admirable poetic gifts, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Shelley, Tennyson, and Pope followed almost immediately, and I was delighted by all three, and have no word of apology to offer for the combination. Then came Coleridge; then Longfellow, the only American poet I remember to have enjoyed in early years; for about my first acquaintance with Poe, to whom for one reason or another I have since devoted many pages, I have absolutely no recollection. I recollect well, however, that no alienation of South from North, no inherited belief that America had made but a poor showing in creative literature, kept me from

perceiving, what I still in the face of over-subtle recent criticism perceive, the essential worth and homely charm of Longfellow's simple poetry. If I had known Emerson and Poe then, I should have thought, I am sure, as now, that it is the great merit of the latter that he rarely or never appeared in public without his singing robes about him, and that it is the great error or misfortune of the former that he too often knocked about in a rhyming jacket.

How should I have thought otherwise then, when from Coleridge I passed to Shakespere and to Milton, and a little later to Sophocles? In other words, could a youth of few books—but those the best in English, Greek, and Latin, French and German—fail to perceive that true poetry is as much a matter of style as of substance? How could I from the start yield my full allegiance to any poet who does not marry wisdom to immortal verse? As the years have gone by, I hope that I have learned to give to that line of Wordsworth's a flexible interpretation—wisdom of a sort is married to immortal verse of a sort as well in Byron's "Don Juan" as in his "Childe Harold," most Anglo-Saxon critics in their native cant to the contrary notwithstanding—but I trust that I have never for a moment ceased to believe that the Muse must be lovely as well as wise and good. This may be a digression, but I said that I would be garrulous, and I confess I am moved to as much wrath as is good for me, when I hear well-meaning people counsel other people to overlook a poet's technical defects and get at his message, in total oblivion of the fact that their favorite prophet or preacher is entitled to only a very low place on Parnassus. Many Browningites, Emersonians, Whitmanites, even Shakespereans, make me wonder whether, because sending messages with or without wires and with or without rapping-tables has become common, the chief end of existence is to receive them. Poor benighted Southerner that I was, I grew up in comparative ignorance of the latter-day cults of poet-prophets; the only message my poets brought me was that the gardens of the Hesperides need be counted no myth, that I had but to open any of my well-loved volumes to be transported thither, where I could wander at will and pluck the golden fruit. As I think of those unsophisticated days, when I fondly deemed that poetry meant

joy—not messages and ideas and problems—I can truly exclaim with Wordsworth—

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

And yet, poor heathen, there was no Emerson or Whitman, or Walter Pater or Ibsen or George Bernard Shaw or "R. L. S." or Rudyard Kipling for me. I had only the poets I have named—and some novelists like Thackeray, who was dead, and George Eliot and dear old Trollope and excellent Charles Reade, who were living—and I added Moore and Campbell and one or two other old-fashioned writers, for my acquaintance with whom, I suppose, if I were not past forty, it would be my duty to blush.

Some of the things I read were not designed, I apprehend, for the perusal of a youngster. For example, I took a rather thorough course in Restoration comedy, and although the volumes bore on their fly-leaves the name of my grandmother, I do not care to shelter myself under that respectable ægis. I am sure I should have enjoyed Congreve, even if I had not known that ladies read him a hundred years before. I am equally sure that if I had had a father alive who could have kept those and certain other books out of my way until I was older I should have been no worse off. They did not prevent me, however, from having as bad a case of Wordsworth fever as any one ever had on attaining his majority; nor did Wordsworth keep me from seeing in Homer, not merely the Father but the King of Poets, to whom I still maintain that Dante, Chaucer, Shakespere, and Milton should make obeisance as to their rightful lord. Yet Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, the writers I was reading when people around me were praising the men who were removing the reproach of literary sterility from the South—Sidney Lanier, Cable, Harris, and the rest—even the great Greeks, could not wean me from a love that has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength—a love for those wits of Queen Anne's day to whom Thackeray, who, by the way, was never much attracted to great poetry, so completely lost that capacious heart of his. It was in the days following graduation that I picked up at book auctions little copies of Prior

and Gay that I would not exchange for their weight in gold. Cowper declared that poor, ill-fated Robert Lloyd was

> Sole heir and single
> Of dear Mat Prior's easy jingle.

but Prior was far more than a jingler, and he left no heirs, only some very respected collateral relations. He and Gay can scarcely be described as rapture producers, but the man they do not charm has had some very humane elements omitted from his composition. I felt this nearly twenty years ago, and at a time when, strange as it may appear, I was enjoying the work of Matthew Arnold and the treasures of Ward's "English Poets." Nor could the glorious rhythms of Swinburne or the deep, passionate poems of Browning, the next objects of my adoration, make me swerve in my affection for the eighteenth-century masters. I am certain—as certain as I am of my existence—that a love of poetry is an unceasing source of joy; I am almost equally certain that a catholic, as opposed to a narrow, appreciation, is indispensable to any form of healthy love.

I have now given you "The Confessions of a Lover of Poetry down to his Twenty-fifth Year," which I hope are at least a little less naïve than some of the autobiographies more distinguished persons are persuaded to contribute to our magazines. I cut my recital short, not only because I do not wish to bore you, but also because I have carried it to the point where in addition to being a lover, I became a teacher of poetry. From being irresponsible I became responsible. Henceforth there was to be less flitting from flower to flower and more storing up of honey in a hive. I was soon to learn that the teaching and the study of poetry, as opposed to browsing in it, are attended by drawbacks that often try one's soul. It is not easy to talk about what one would rather worship silently; it is not easy to teach the delights of poetry to superior young persons who, with the wide knowledge of human life derived from afternoon teas or the football field, think of one as merely a harmless old fool; it is not easy to extend one's knowledge over the tremendous field of English Literature in order that one may partly understand how the poets and the poetry one loves came to be what they are.

Such of you as have taught already will know what I mean when I say that the teacher who has to feed gaping mouths —not ears—with choice morsels of poetry often wonders why schools and colleges exist. You will know what I mean when I say that the sight of rows upon rows of poets and commentators upon them that one has never read, that one scarcely hopes ever to get time to read, makes the teacher of poetry long for a better world where great verse will be diffused in the air, not gathered between the boards of books.

But while these difficulties of the teacher and the thorough student are very real ones, a love of poetry will enable him to surmount them as nothing else will. It is chiefly because this is so that I began by assuring you that the love of poetry is a possession forever. To poetry you can apply those marvellous verses of the youthful Poe to Helen—themselves an almost matchless illustration of essential poetic charm:—

> . . . Thy beauty is to me
> Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
> That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
> The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
> To his own native shore.

The spirit of poetry will not desert you when the day's work is over, and you are alone with your books. A line or two of a dearly loved poem, and you are under the spell, and you will take up the task of preparing for to-morrow's class as though to-day's had not filled you with despair for yourself, your pupils, and some mighty poet in his undreamed-of misery dead.

Yes, there is nothing like poetry for true restorative powers. Each of us, doubtless, has his own verse-specific which he not only employs, but takes pleasure in recommending. Mine are numerous sonnets of Shakespere and lines from the dramas, sundry periods of Milton, not a few whole poems and passages of Wordsworth, things of Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and Browning—but more especially of Keats—yet why not say Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," with Ward's "English Poets" thrown in, and have done with it? How is one to narrow one's affections when English poetry resembles a field covered with daisies? And if

one turns to other literatures, one experiences the same embarrassment. Some wiseacres tell us that the French have little genius for essential poetry, but many and many a time, reading this or that great poet in that exquisite language, I have been tempted to apply to him in my stammering way the words of Alfred de Musset to Malibran:—

> C'est cette voix du cœur qui seule au cœur arrive
> Que nul autre après toi ne nous rendra jamais.

And as for what the Greeks and especially Homer have left us, and the tender Roman elegists—the smooth elegiac poets as Milton calls them—there is simply nothing to be said to those who knowing do not love such inestimable treasures. Men may be great philosophers and not love Homer—Herbert Spencer has just proved it—they may even appreciate many other forms of verse and fail to come under his ineffable spell; but if thirty years of devotion to poetry give me the right to express a very positive opinion, I will say that the man or woman who is denied the privilege of undergoing the effects of Homer's power and Homer's charm is deprived of a rapture absolutely unique and supreme among the raptures the Muses bestow upon their worshippers. I know that this is mere assertion. I can no more prove it than I can prove to a certain friend of mine that a real Havana cigar is better than the abominable weeds he genuinely enjoys and regularly presents me when I dine with him. There is no way known to me of proving that Homer's Nausicaa is a creation of a higher order than the astonishing heroines of some of our most popular novelists; but fortunately the need of such proof is by no means so great as the difficulty of furnishing it.

The mention of Nausicaa brings, however, to my mind what I can pronounce unhesitatingly to be in my judgment the most consummate product of the art of poetry that it has ever been my fortune to read. I am judging simply through the quantity and the quality of the rapture it gave me when I first read it nearly twenty years ago, through the impression it has left ever since on my memory, through the rapture it gives me to-day. Nothing for me quite takes the place of the pristine purity, the paradisiacal charm that irradiates the sixth book of the Odyssey, with its description of the white-armed

daughter of the King Alcinous confronting on the shore of the sounding sea, in all the dignity of maiden innocence, the ship-wrecked favorite of Athene, the much-wandered, much-enduring Odysseus. I have seen great pictures that made the blood leave my heart and rush to my cheeks and temples. One such I specially remember—a marvellous, a divine angel that burst upon me from a dark canvas by Titian in a dark church in Venice. I have forgotten the name of the church and the subject of the picture, but that angel and that moment of unexpected rapture I can never forget. Yet even this luminous point in my memory pales before the moment when Nausicaa first swam within my ken, when I first saw the thronèd Dawn awaken her, saw her put on her fair robes and hasten through the palace halls to tell her dream to her parents, saw her standing tall beside her mother, in the midst of the handmaidens spinning purple yarn, saw her taking counsel with her kingly father, saw her harness the mules to the polished car, store it with shining raiment, and take her way with her maidens to the sea. As for the game of ball played by her and her blameless Phæcian attendants there in the dawn of time beside the primitive waves, what words save those of Homer are adequate to describe it! Who save Homer could have put fitting speech into her mouth before the naked stranger, or have filled her mind with the innocent guile of the marriageable maiden? "Shakespere," you answer, and thinking of Ferdinand and Miranda I pause—and after due deliberation, reply, "Not so." Beside Nausicaa, even Miranda seems to me sophisticated, though to say that appear at first blush to be equivalent to saying that the sun in his meridian splendor is jet black. But I do say it, because it was not Shakespere's fortune first of mortals to behold the filleted Muses advance from out the mists of the young world's dawn, and take their predestined places upon their golden and eternal thrones.

THE TRAGEDY OF RECONSTRUCTION

From *Sewanee Review*, January, 1901.

. . . But, tried by high ideals, can the partisan, radical Republicans of 1867, escape serious animadversions?

In the first place they were unwise enough to reject a simple and consistent plan of reconstruction before they had given it a fair working chance. It is true that some of the Southern States had passed oppressive and unjust laws against the freedmen that seemed to reduce them to peonage; but it was also true that the Supreme Court was perfectly capable of pronouncing these laws unconstitutional, and had given signs of its disposition to do so. Besides, it was only natural that, in view of the total subversion of economic and social conditions, the Southern whites should have attempted hasty and unwise labor and vagrancy legislation, while on the other hand it was obvious that the men to whom they most looked up were counseling moderation and loyalty to the Union. From 1865 to 1870 Gen. Robert E. Lee was by far the most influential man in the South, and it requires small study of his character and correspondence to see what direction his advice was taking. The fire-eaters were somewhat under a cloud, for they had brought on the disastrous war, and many of the worst of them had escaped to Europe or to Mexico. Their places, curiously enough, were taken by the radical Republicans. These men, by opposing Johnson, by advocating negro suffrage, by talking about conquered provinces, by insisting upon the presence of troops in the South, by affiliating with the carpetbaggers and the scalawags, filled the Southern whites with a rage which the victories of Grant and Sherman had not caused and which the vindictive eloquence of Toombs and other irreconciliables would have been powerless to inspire. The South was exhausted and ready to listen to its great soldiers, Lee and Johnston, who, like Grant and Sherman in the North, were by no means radical. But the politicians intervened, established military despotisms, which, to their credit, the major-generals did not on the whole relish or abuse, gave free license to legislative carnivals of corruption, and laid, in part at least, the foundation for the present race troubles of

the South. It has, indeed, been held by high authority that for Congress to have left the Johnson plan in operation would have been, "from the standpoint of the great national issues demanding settlement, grotesquely impossible," but I am inclined to think that this statement rests on a confusion of the terms "national" and "partisan."

In the second place, not merely did the partisan Republicans of 1865 to 1870 reject a simple and consistent plan of reconstruction before it had been fairly tried; not merely did they substitute a plan of their own based upon the false theories of the doctrinaires and, in its reliance upon military support, antagonistic to every Anglo-Saxon ideal of government; not merely were they responsible for the "woes unnumbered" suffered by the South down to 1876, and for the Kuklux and other outrages inflicted upon the blacks throughout a long and dismal period; but they dealt a powerful and almost deadly blow to constitutional government in this country. From bitterly resenting the alleged treachery of Johnson and his so-called tyrannical attempt to govern in defiance of Congress, they proceeded themselves to erect the greatest tyranny this country has ever known. They developed the tyranny of the caucus over moderate and recalcitrant members, carrying through in at least one instance a most important measure in the space of twenty minutes. By allowing no interim between the close of one Congress and the beginning of another they grossly interfered with the constitutional power and prerogatives of the President. By refusing to recognize the existence of States whose votes were nevertheless counted in the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment they acted with a partisan inconsistency dangerous to constitutional liberty. In the Tenure of Office Act and in other legislation they not only flouted the principles of republican government as handed down by the fathers, but deliberately legislated so as to render powerless that independent and indispensable department of government, the executive—a course of conduct which was of the very essence of tyranny.

I have no doubt that a clever lawyer can make out a specious defence for their actions, and that historians can trump up the plea of necessity, which is really no plea, as it is impossible to prove that no other course of action, save the one

followed, is open to a set of men at a given time and under given circumstances. I know that it is possible for special pleaders to lay stress on the masterly way in which the radical leaders marshaled their forces, and thus obscure for the average reader the real meaning of the events whose record he is perusing, yet I am still convinced that when any man or body of men attempts in a republic to govern through only one of the three arms of government we have a plain case of tyranny. They may act from motives of supposed benevolence, but history shows that benevolent tyranny always degenerates rapidly and frightfully. Now, for a short time after the war Congress overrode the President and the judiciary, and so established a tyranny. But this was fortunately broken when the attempt to convict Johnson failed, and it has been in part remedied by the action of the Supreme Court in restricting the interference with the affairs of the States, attempted by means of Congressional legislation, and of the constitutional amendments secured through Congressional compulsion. The breaking down of a tyranny does not, however, leave a people uninjured. What has been may be, and it is neither traitorous nor pessimistic to declare that recent events seem to indicate that constitutional government is not so strong in the country to-day as it was two generations ago.

But there is no need to continue this indictment of the doctrinaires and the partisans of 1867. Let us turn our attention to other actors in the drama, perhaps I should say the tragedy of reconstruction.

As for the people of the loyal States whose support at the polls nerved the radicals in their madness, I have no words of blame. The people were well disposed, but they did not know what was best to be done in such a crisis, and they naturally trusted the party that had saved the Union. The idea that the people of this country really govern it and determine the course of political events is quite too absurd to be combated at this late day. The people have been party-ridden for generations, and it is no wonder that they should be an easy prey to irresponsible partisans. They were such in 1867; they are such in 1900; they will be such so long as historians and publicists, and other leaders of opinion, are blind to the fact that in an epoch of social and economic problems, as well as

in one of revolutionary tendencies, the two-party system is one of the most dangerous instruments of government ever devised by the wit of man.

With regard to the population of the South during the reconstruction period proper we must be a little more detailed in our treatment. That population was susceptible of a fourfold division—to wit, the carpetbaggers from the North, the scalawags from the South, the freedmen and the conquered whites. As for the carpetbaggers and scalawags, it must in justice be said that they contained among them some honest and estimable men who have since risen to prominence in the New South. That there should be rascals among them was inevitable. Where the carcass is, there will the vultures congregate. The South lay prostrate; and bad men, whether aliens or natives, hastened to prey upon her. Aided by Congressional ignorance and partisanship, and by the docility of the freedmen, they inaugurated a saturnalia of misrule which has been too often described to require many words here. The enormous State debts piled up by them retarded the process of recuperation by at least two decades. As a former resident of Virginia, I can bear testimony to the baleful effects of their extravagance in that State which led to partial repudiation and to the debauching of politics to a lamentable extent; yet Virginia probably suffered little compared with States farther south. Nor were extravagance and financial bungling and crime their worst injury to the South. They introduced a most vicious variety of the national disease of office-seeking. They grabbed offices, and showed a primitive people how to make them pay. The pluralities and sinecures of the Papal States were rivaled, if not distanced, in the South, especially in the commonwealths lying along the Gulf. Worse still, they inaugurated a reign of terror which, when the Southerners got the opportunity, was diverted, by means of the Kuklux Klan and in other ways, to the innocent heads of the blacks. The lives and property of influential men were not safe in certain districts, and whole families were forced to flee for refuge to States where they would be unknown. Is it any wonder that the memory of such outrages has been slow to fade in the South, that old men and women look upon the hardships suffered during the war as almost trivial in com-

parison with the degradation and oppression they underwent at the hands not of soldiers but of rascals and renegades and misguided negroes?

But why, at this late day, should we dwell upon such unpleasant topics? As I have said, the carpetbaggers and scalawags acted after their kind; and as for the negroes, their behavior was only natural and by no means characteristic of the race. On the whole the freedmen behaved well; on the whole they are a kindly, well-disposed race to-day, who have made remarkable progress, all things considered. That their fate is likely to be a happy one, I do not believe, for the agricultural South is rapidly becoming an industrial South, and I doubt if they can stand the competition with white labor. If they cannot, they will go to the wall, but when their supremacy is no longer feared, their elimination will be a comparatively painless one. The Southern white, as a rule, both understands and likes the negro. He was forced into persecuting him by the carpetbaggers and by the Congressional partisans, and he has continued the despicable practice because of the warp given to his character by the poverty, the loss of political prestige, and the other direful consequences of the war and the reconstruction period. With the exploitation of his great mineral and other resources and with the consequent increase of wealth, with his place in the nation's councils more fully restored, there will be little reason for the Southerner to fear the negro, and the latter will be better treated than he has been for a generation. Then one of the worst effects of reconstruction legislation will have been done away with.

But the future of the negro, although an interesting topic, lies somewhat apart from our main theme, even though a discussion of it does show us plainly that the doctrinaires of 1867 were wrong in thinking that they could determine the status of a race by mere legislation. We are more concerned with the share of responsibility borne by the Southern whites in this sad business of reconstruction. As has been already intimated, I regard the Southern whites as having been more sinned against than sinning; but I do not wish to minimize their faults and indiscretions. It was surely the height of indiscretion for the Southern legislatures to pass oppressive acts virtually closing to the freedman all the avenues of prog-

ress. Yet these acts were liable to be pronounced unconstitutional, and it must be conceded that between 1865 and 1867 the whites had had little time to recover from the shock of war and the consequent upheaval of society. They were imprudent, and their legislation seems absurd and horrible to us; but on the other hand the radicals in Congress were fatuous, and their legislation was abortive and tyrannical. Partisanship worked mischief on both sides, but we naturally hold those who had least to fear and suffer most accountable. As for the conduct of the Southerners after drastic reconstruction was begun, it seems to me to have been only what was to be expected, although fraught with direful consequences. As we have seen, they were taught bad lessons by the carpetbaggers and scalawags, and they surely had no cause to love the negro's injudicious friends in Congress. As Anglo-Saxons they were determined to escape from both military rule and negro domination as soon as possible; hence, wisely or not, they threw themselves into the arms of the Democratic party and began to intimidate and cheat the negro.

Then once more was proved the truth of the adage that they that touch pitch will be defiled. From mere intimidation the Kuklux and other organizations passed to violence, and in New Orleans in the early seventies to an actual massacre. The kindly relations of a century and more were rudely severed; the rising generation of negroes was suffered to grow up without training and to become a menace to life and honor and property. The result is seen in such brutal spectacles, shocking to God and man, as the unpardonably cruel lynching of Sam Hose in Georgia. I shudder at mentioning this horrible outrage; but I must refer to it, for it was a direct consequence of the reconstruction legislation of thirty-three years ago. And the results of the frauds practiced upon the negroes at the polls have been almost as disastrous. Some years ago, I carefully examined newspaper reports of local elections in South Carolina during the period from 1836 to 1848, and found mention of only one case of suspected stuffing of the ballot box. How many cases of such stuffing may one suppose a careful student of the period, say between 1878 and 1890, would discover? But can a people accustom themselves to cheating in elections without declining conspicuously

in political virtue? The South has declined immensely during the last thirty years; and yet, not having lost her full representation in Congress, she has more political power than is her due. Can that power be exercised properly? For an answer to this question, I may point to the attitude of the mass of the Southern people on the grave financial and economic problems that have recently confronted the country. But at the same time I must emphatically call attention to the fact that the South has for a generation been thinking of how to do away with the effects of partisan reconstruction legislation, and has had neither the time nor the inclination to inform herself about truly national issues. On the rotten foundation of ballot box stuffing her politicians have erected a machine which has woven a net over the whole section. Some day there will be a collapse; but the people will still be bound up in the net, and the more they struggle the more they will be involved in its coils. Then their only hope of rescue will lie in a strong clear-sighted statesman to cut the entangling meshes.

What are the main conclusions to be drawn from this brief review of the tragedy of reconstruction? They are: First, that as in all true tragedies, our sympathy should go out for the main sufferers. We should regret Johnson's erratic conduct; we should regret the lack of wisdom displayed by Congress; we should regret the rash excesses of the Southern people. Secondly, we should see in the events of this reconstruction period the most important political object lesson we have ever had as a people. At no other time in our history or perhaps in the history of the whole world apart from the period of the French Revolution, have ignorance and partisanship so joined hands for the oppression of a people. The result has been, as we have seen, thoroughly disastrous. Southern politics have been corrupted, the whites have been alienated from the negroes, lives and property have been destroyed, a section richly endowed by nature has lain comparatively idle almost till the present, and the ghastly and deplorable instrumentality of a foreign war was needed to bring completely together the disrupted Union of 1861. I may be told that between thirty and forty years is, after all, a short period in which to heal such grievous wounds; but when I consider the admirable temper displayed by the Northern people and the

moderation of such men as Lincoln and Grant, I cannot help believing that if partisanship and ignorance had not ruled in Congress between 1865 and 1870 the Union would have been fully restored before 1898, and that we should probably have had statesmen enough in the country to save us from the Spanish War itself. It was not necessary that legislators should run counter to the teachings of history; it was not necessary that a people should suffer morally and materially as the Southern people have done. The Civil War was bound, of course, to bring evils in its train—evils to both South and North—but it is as plain as anything in history that these evils were augmented unnecessarily by the actions of men who were chosen to govern the country wisely, and instead governed it foolishly.

THE AGE AND THE POET

From 'Verses.' Copyright, Alfred M. Slocumb Company, Philadelphia, and used here by permission of author and publisher.

No room for the poet, you say,
In the hurry and scurry
Of our crowded implacable modern day!
In the infinite world
Science reveals of suns
And systems thro' chaos unceasingly hurled,
The timorous spirit of man
Shrinkingly runs,
Without thought or plan,
For covert to slothful inaction
Or slovenly faiths, and abides
In querulous dissatisfaction,
Watching the tides
Of refluent being course by him,
With never a god to espy him.
Or else you opine
That he loses himself in the maze
Of material things that combine
To lengthen and crowd out his days—

In his telephones, steamships, balloons,
  His markets, factories, farms—
That his true soul swoons
  While his brain and arms
Labor unceasingly to attain
The something men call gain.

But is it so?
  Has the poet's real world been changed
  Through which he ranged,
Joyous and proud, in ages long ago—
  And even haunted but the other day
  When Tennyson and Browning, each his lay
Sang, and the world half paused to hear?

Ah! no, the rush, the tumult, and the fear
  Of this our modern age
Have only widened out the poet's sphere,
  Have given him a broader stage
On which to act his part.
  The spiritual world of godlike aspirations,
The kingdom of the sympathetic heart,
  The fair domain of high imaginations,
Lie open to the poet as of old.
  Wrong still is wrong, and right is right,
Tho' countless systems are thro' chaos rolled.
  And men compete and nations fight,
And ships fly fast and factories smoke,
  And flames electric leap and play,
And with the giant piston-stroke
  We throb our sickly lives away,
For right and wrong, and weal and woe,
  Are warp and woof of all true song,
And to declare that poetry must go,
  Is to do God a wrong.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

An Extract from the poem "Corydon."

Thyrsis was dead and thou hadst sung his dirge,
For this, then, didst thou put thy pipe away?
Because no more ye loving twain might urge
Along the haunted paths, where sank the day,
Companionable courses? On the spray
Did not the dew gleam after Thyrsis went?
Did not the Scholar-Gypsy in the gray
Of twilight speed him homeward? Then, what meant
The death of all thy songs before thy throat was spent?

Was it that Marguerite herself was dead,
That humble flower thou plucked'st to adorn
Thy austere verse where still to-day is shed
Her subtle fragrance? O to sorrow born,
O shepherd doomed to track the ways forlorn
That lead to the eternal house of pain,
Couldst thou not set to thy firm lips the horn
Of resolution whose full, godlike strain
Can rouse the drooping breast and cheer the flagging brain?

Thou couldst have taken up thy pipe once more
And played us sadder notes in thy despair;
Thou couldst have sung thy sorrows o'er and o'er,
And we had never grudged thy grief to share;
But as a bird, when tempests fill the air,
Forgets to sing, while battling with the wind,
And strives to reach her lone nest hanging bare,
So thou, when on thy head life's storms combined,
Didst leave to sing and sought'st in strife thy peace to find.

But thee, O Corydon, were it well to chide
Because thou didst forsake the Muse thy love,
Whom thou hadst wooed in youth full oft beside
The Isis or where Jarman shines above
Geneva's lake or where the springs of Dove

Still whisper of the violet and the maid?
Not like a faithless lover didst thou rove
Seeking new raptures—for on thee was laid
A task too hard to bear, yet not to be gainsaid.

Thou camest after that great shepherd race
That in the morning of our century sung,
The dreams of liberty had given place
To dark tyrannic visions. Men were stung
To madness by the loathsome slimy tongue
Of folly mounted to the seat of power—
Damon had drawn his sword and perished young;
Statecraft and priestcraft seemed to rule the hour,
And in the heavy air song withered like a flower.

Amid these perilous times all true men stood
(E'en gentle shepherds only used to sing)
Like gallant knights in an enchanted wood
Fighting with heathen foes. Within this ring
Thou too wast drawn though more inclined to fling
The sword aside upon thy pipe to play.
Alas! for thee no more fond dallying
With Marguerite in her native vales; the day
For love was past and thou didst gird thee for the fray.

O sorry fate for one whose soul was framed
To dwell upon the heights of thought serene;
The uncontentious Muse thy homage claimed
And opened wide for thee her fair demesne;
Thy youth had walked in pleasant meadows green;
That nurse of learning with the pastoral name
Made thee her foster child—but what could screen
The young Achilles when Ulysses came
And spread the polished arms and saw the smooth cheek flame?

HOMER

It is an age that knows thee not, I fear,
Child of the Dawn, which, kissing, smit thee blind,
Or else could any lover cease to find
Thy presence in thy works? Doth not the year,
Rolling, show Nature's face? Yea, full as clear
Thine rises still before the adoring mind,
O Bard serene with love of humankind
And favor of the gods. What! could the sheer,
Blank fall of Time engulph thee, eldest born
Of the Elect? Nay, sooner had wide Space
Swallowed the pristine stars that sang the birth
Of this new world, what time the first glad Morn
Showed o'er the eastern hills her gracious face
And made for men a habitable earth.

COLUMBUS

I have two pictures very dear to me;
In all my gallery there are none like these.
One is a boy, a fair-haired Genoese,
Gazing with wistful eye upon the sea
And wondering what the far-off ships may be,
With all the calm, self-poisèd grace one sees
In children face to face with mysteries.
The other hath as fair a scenery
Of distant palaces and shadowy ships,
And gentle waves, and hard, white curves of sand—
But see the central figure! Bent and bowed
And gray as winter doth an old man stand
And look toward the West—his withered lips
Quiver, methinks, but oh! that eye is proud!

EL DORADO

O golden myth, once potent, banished now
Unto the realm of faëry, where abide
The pure undying dreams that glorified
The world's impulsive youth, I wonder how
They sleep who sought thee with the hope-flushed brow
Or the sad, wasted cheek. I see them ride
Even now to find thee, warriors in their pride,
Gay youths, and pilgrims bound by lofty vow.

Ah! so they pass, the brave, sad bands of yore,
Across the page of history and of song;
Their El Dorado ever moves before,
But doubt and death come speeding on ere long.
Are we not of their train? Yea, but the store
Of faith that lures us also makes us strong.

VENICE

Venice, thou fairest spot that ever eye
Of man or god hath rested on—more fair
Than that sweet grove where Hermes ceased to fly
That he might better wonder and compare
Its loveliness with heaven's—wherefore now
When I recall thee are my thoughts not rife
With exquisite confusion? Art not thou
Made up of all the beauties that make life?
Yea, but recalling thee I am as one
That seeks the mother's features in the child
And turning unto Titian, thy great son,
I get thy charms unmixed and undefiled.

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT

[1822—1898]

A. BURNET RHETT

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT was born in Charleston, South Carolina, November 10, 1822. He was graduated from the College of Charleston in 1840, upon which occasion he delivered an address, entitled "The Theory of Government," that attracted considerable local attention. After graduation he studied law in the office of his uncle, Mr. Edward McCrady, and was admitted to the Bar in 1843. In addition to the practice of law he engaged in planting on one of the sea islands near Beaufort, South Carolina.

From the beginning of his career his mind turned naturally to international relation and question—to diplomacy. In 1849 he published 'A Few Thoughts on the Foreign Policy of the United States,' a pamphlet printed privately at Charleston. This little work, in spite of its rather quiet entrance into the world, received very favorable notice in America. To the political and sectional discussion which arose over the passage of the Omnibus Bill in 1850, Trescot contributed his 'Position and Course of the South,' an important document to the student of Southern political and economic theory. His 'Diplomacy of the Revolution' appeared in 1852.

In the same year Trescot was appointed Secretary to the United States Legation at London. There he availed himself of every opportunity to pursue the study of diplomacy. From London he wrote (1853) his "Letter to Andrew P. Butler on the Diplomatic System of the United States," which is still regarded as a valuable contribution to the history of American diplomacy. 'An American View of the Eastern Question' was published in 1854, and three years later, Trescot having in the meantime returned to his plantation home, Barnwell Island, South Carolina, appeared his most elaborate and in some respects most important work, 'The Diplomatic History of the Administration of Washington and Adams.'

Trescot's work had now established him as one of the most capable authorities on diplomacy in America. In 1860 he was appointed Assistant-secretary of State in the Buchanan administration. When the health of his chief, General Cass, broke down, Trescot became virtually Secretary of State. Of the stirring and heated

discussions during the latter part of Buchanan's administration, Trescot wrote* somewhat later a "clear and vigorous narrative."

The Assistant-secretary's brilliant prospects were now shattered by the secession of South Carolina and by the war that followed. Trescot offered his services to the Confederate Government, but for some unknown reason, President Davis refused him diplomatic employment abroad, although he was strongly recommended for a place with Mason and Slidell on the commission to England and France. But he represented the Confederate Government in negotiations with a British representative concerning the Declaration of Paris.

Returning to his farm near Pendleton, South Carolina, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1862, 1864, and 1866, and served at different times on the staff of General Ripley and on that of Governor Magrath. At the close of the war he was an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship. When the great lawyer, James L. Petigru, was chosen to codify the laws of the State, Trescot was made his assistant.

After the war Trescot was sent to Washington to represent the State in certain questions under the Reconstruction Acts. In June, 1877, he was appointed counsel for the United States on the fishery commission at Halifax, Nova Scotia. In 1880 he became one of the plenipotentiaries to China to revise the treaties, and in 1881 he was sent to conclude the negotiations with the Minister of Colombia, and the protocol in regard to the rights of the United States on the Isthmus of Panama. In the same year he was made special envoy to the belligerent powers of South America, Peru, Chile, and Bolivia, and the next year plenipotentiary with General Grant to negotiate a commercial treaty with Mexico. In 1889 he was one of the delegates of the United States to the International Conference held at Washington.

Meantime he had continued the practice of law at Washington, and had acted as the agent of South Carolina in the adjudication of questions arising under the Direct Tax Law. His last years were spent at his home near Pendleton, South Carolina, where he died, May 4, 1898.

After 1857 he confined his literary activity to the narrative mentioned above, to a memorial sketch of General Pettigrew, and to a certain number of orations. Though urged to continue his works on

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*Trescot's Narrative. In February, 1861, Trescot determined to write an account of the last days of the Buchanan administration, to record his impressions of the "events which have been the subject of so much controversy, and the truth about which is of essential importance to the future history of the country." This account, which is generally referred to as 'Trescot's Narrative,' is still in manuscript. It was used *and quoted passim* by S. W. Crawford in his work, 'The Genesis of the Civil War.' Crawford describes it as a "clear and vigorous narrative in tense and vigorous words."

diplomacy, he could not be persuaded; and in his failure to devote himself to literature he keenly disappointed the student of American letters as well as the student of American diplomacy.

Trescot's literary work may be divided into two broad divisions: his orations and addresses, and his historical work, bearing, with two exceptions—"The Position and Course of the South" and the memorial sketch of General Pettigrew—upon diplomacy and international questions. The total production is by no means copious—three rather small volumes, five or six pamphlets, a certain number of addresses and orations. Its quality ranks him with the most brilliant writers of prose South Carolina has produced.

Trescot's orations are logical, well developed, scholarly, restrained, the style elaborate and at times formal, the historic vein present in illustration and application. From this more quiet manner he rose at times with true eloquence, the language insensibly adapting itself to the emotion of the speaker. At the head of his speeches stands the beautiful eulogy upon General Stephen Elliott, delivered before the South Carolina Legislature in September, 1866. This splendid tribute, with its powerful, but not excessive command of the pathetic, couched in a vein at once proud and resigned, with its wonderfully graphic picture of the ante-bellum life of the coast planter, stands high in its department of oratory.

The pamphlet entitled "A Few Thoughts on the Foreign Policy of the United States" is a plea for the union in foreign policy of England and the United States. This early study shows acumen, logical power, and foresight in its anticipation of questions of paramount interest. These same qualities, with the added interest of more eloquent passages, are to be found in "An American View of the Eastern Question"—a keen probing of the European diplomatic cant phrase of the preservation of "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." This foresight of future problems and policies, though sometimes mixed with a good deal of contemporary view and opinion soon to be fiercely tested, and in some cases rudely shattered, in the crash of war, is marked in Trescot.

'The Position and Course of the South' presented the familiar views of the extreme Southern party of its day: That slavery was the best solution of the problem of labor and capital; that "Cotton is King;" that the North was growing more powerful and more antagonistic to Southern interest; that the South should secede and form its own government, a separation following logically from geographical, commercial, racial, and political necessity. These arguments are set forth with forceful clearness in a style direct and vigorous, at times eloquent, and—bearing in mind the date and subject—are strangely calm.

Before consideration of Trescot's main work, attention should be called to the Inscription for the Confederate Monument* at Columbia, South Carolina. In appropriateness of thought, in justness of sentiment, in beauty of phrase and harmony of word, it would be difficult to discover its superior.

In his favorite field Trescot's two chief works are his 'Diplomacy of the Revolution' and his 'Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams,' upon the latter of which has rested mainly his chief claim to reputation with, and in fact his chief means of introduction to, readers beyond local circles. With the general remark that the first is not so elaborate or so carefully done as the second, that it is not regarded by specialists as of equal authority with the larger and later volume, both may be considered together. Of the two volumes on American diplomacy preceding his, one, that of Jonathan Elliott, is merely a compilation, the other, that of Theodore Lyman, is "laborious and dull." To these Trescot's works present a very pleasing contrast. These volumes are marked by calmness of tone, impartiality of treatment, and philosophic handling. There is an air of scholarly refinement, a lack of hurry, a deliberation of judgment and expression which is consonant with the matter under discussion. His grasp of his subject is firm as a rule. Following the tangled skeins of the various diplomatic controversies with pleasing absence of dull technical detail, he excels in the power of making clear, precise, and forcible summary and conclusion.

Considered as a writer of brilliant prose, Trescot reaches his climax in the memoir of General J. Johnston Pettigrew. The effective pathos, the true sympathy of touch, the fidelity and vividness of description are worthy of high praise. The vital pen-picture of antebellum conditions in South Carolina, its truthfulness, delicacy, and beauty, shot through by the gleams of pathetic contrast; the broadening of the personal interest in the tribute to the Confederate soldier; the lesson derived from the life and premature death of the young general—such passages as these present Trescot's fine style at its acme. His style is notably clear, dignified, restrained. On special occasions it catches fire by its own motion and rises to eloquence, in eulogizing an Adams or a Pinckney, in summarizing the difficulties and struggles of the diplomats of the youthful republic, in cadenced tribute to the Confederate dead. Professor John Bassett Moore finds in Trescot's style "a breadth and deliberation now seldom encountered." Mr. Ludwig Lewissohn regards it as "thoroughly modern in the best sense, vital, restrained, harmonious."

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*See Vol. XIV

Trescot is important as a cultured scholar, as an effective orator, as an early and very able historian of American diplomacy.

A. Burnet Rhett

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THE DIPLOMATS OF THE REVOLUTION

From 'The Diplomacy of the Revolution.'

THAT a new nation should have been able at once to enter upon such a system is due of course much to circumstances: but it is also and eminently due to the honesty, energy, and ability of its rulers. It is a proud thing in a nation's history, to have done great things; but nobler still is it to do great things through great men. For then the highest ideas are embodied in the highest shapes: then principles which in general come home only to the student in his closet, to the philosopher in the enthusiasm of his speculations, become inspiring realities to the humblest citizen. They are identified with names familiar to the schoolboy, and enshrined in the homely affections of a national heart. Then the glory which hangs about the past shines with no vague lustre, but is concentrated upon brows towards which the eyes of each rising generation are first directed with reverential admiration. And in that proud circle of famous warriors and great civilians which illustrates the history of the United States, none should stand in brighter light than the diplomatists of the revolution. They were, more particularly than any others, the representatives of the nation in perilous times. Far from home, unsustained by sympathy, their labors hidden from the popular eye, surrounded by perplexities which none but themselves could fully know; simple men in the midst of courtly splendor, watched by ambassadors of old and haughty States, sometimes with jealousy sometimes with hate, treated now with patronizing pity, then with supercilious indifference, they held fast to their faith in their country. They sustained their country's fame; they vindicated their country's interest; and through failure and success they spoke the same language of calm resolution. And as time passed on, and kingdom after kingdom recognized them in the fulness of their ambassadorial character, they kept the even tenor of their way undaunted by fortune, as they had been undismayed by difficulty. They negotiated the great treaties which secured the independence of their country with consummate ability. They used every honorable advantage with adroitness, they compromised no

single interest through haste, they committed themselves to no exaggerated principles, and sacrificed nothing to temporary triumph. In the course of their long and arduous labors, there were occasional differences of opinion; and like all men, there were times when they failed in their purposes. But they worked together heartily for the common good, and even when circumstances too strong for their control opposed their wishes, they never despaired. The very variety of their characters adapted itself to their necessities: and if the deferential wisdom of Franklin smoothed the difficulties of the French treaty, the energetic activity of Adams conquered the obstacles to the alliance with Holland, and the conduct of the negotiations with England was guided by the inflexible firmness of Jay. Others there were whose fame is less, only because success did not crown their efforts. But through the whole period of this critical time—in all the communications between the government and its representatives, there is the same firm and temperate counsel. They knew that the Old World was watching their conduct to draw its inferences and govern its policy, and they spoke and acted without passion or petulance. Men of quiet dignity, tried faith, and large ability, their words savored of no insolent bravado, no licentious sentiment. They appealed to the great principles of international law for the warrant of their deeds and the guarantee of their claims. They felt that the right of independent national existence was a privilege not to be lightly claimed; and they entered into the old and venerable circle of nations in no vulgar spirit of defiant equality, but calmly, as conscious of right—resolutely, as conscious of strength—gravely, as conscious of duty.

THE CREED OF THE SOUTH—STATE LOYALTY

From 'Memorial of General J. Johnston Pettigrew.'

The royalist who, to borrow Macaulay's picturesque description, saw his eldest son fall at Naseby or Marston Moor, who stole by night to revisit his old Manor house which had been converted into barracks and desecrated by a Roundhead garrison, whose silver had been melted to raise a regiment among his tenants, and who, even after the war, was thankful

to recover his wasted property by paying a large fine to Mr. Speaker Lenthall, thought and spoke very much as a South Carolina planter would of Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, of General Saxton's administration of the Sea Islands, or General Sherman's march through the State. The women of that day mourned their dead, and shrunk with shuddering from those whose garments smelt of the blood of their kindred. Reverend priests, who had prayed fervently and prophesied boldly, put their hands upon their mouths and bowed in perplexed humility when they learned that the ways of God were indeed past finding out. Bad men rose and ruled; impatient spirits sought relief in exile, and desponding ones sat sad and silent in the midst of darkness which could be felt. But how does the history of that cruel strife read now? The blood that was poured out like water has sunk into the ground; the tears that were shed have dried up like dew; the personal hatreds and jealousies are at rest in ancient graves, and all that was brave and pure, and true in the words and deeds of either of the great factions lives and glows to-day in the history of England. Cromwell and Falkland, Hampden and Clarendon stand to-day in monumental marble, in the great Palace of Westminster, to teach coming generations what have been the courage, the patriotism, the wisdom of English men.

While, therefore, we who are the vanquished in this battle must of necessity leave to a calmer and wiser posterity to judge of the intrinsic worth of that struggle, as it bears upon the principles of constitutional liberty, and as it must affect the future history of the American people, there is one duty not only possible but imperative; a duty which we owe alike to the living and to the dead; and that is the preservation in perpetual and tender remembrance of the lives of those who, to use a phrase scarcely too sacred for so unselfish a sacrifice, died in the hope that we might live.

Especially is this our duty, because in the South a choice between the parties and principles at issue was scarcely possible. From causes which it is exceedingly interesting to trace, but which I cannot now develop, the feeling of State loyalty had acquired throughout the South an almost fanatic intensity—particularly in the old Colonial States did this devotion to the State assume that blended character of affection and

duty which gives in the old world such a chivalrous coloring to loyalty to the Crown. The existence of large hereditary estates, the transmission from generation to generation of social and political consideration, the institution of slavery, creating of the whole white race a privileged class, through whom the pride and power of its highest representatives were naturally diffused, all contributed to give a peculiarly personal and family feeling to the ordinary relation of citizen to the Commonwealth. Federal honors were undervalued and even Federal power was underrated, except as they were reflected back from the interests and prejudices of the State. When, therefore, by the formal and constitutional act of the States, secession from the Federal Government was declared in 1860 and 1861, it is almost impossible for any one, not familiar with the habits and thoughts of the South, to understand how completely the question of duty was settled for Southern men. Shrewd, practical men who had no faith in the result, old and eminent men who had grown gray in service under the national flag, had their doubts and misgivings; but there was no hesitation as to what they were to do. Especially to that great body of men just coming into manhood, who were preparing to take their places as the thinkers and actors of the next generation, was this call of the State an imperative summons. The fathers and mothers who had reared them, the society whose traditions gave both refinement and assurance to their young ambition, the colleges in which the creed of Mr. Calhoun was the text-book of their political studies, the friends with whom they planned their future, the very land they loved, dear to them as thoughtless boys, dearer to them as thoughtful men, were all impersonate living, speaking, commanding in the State of which they were children. Never in the history of the world has there been a nobler response to a more thoroughly recognized duty; nowhere anything more truly glorious than this outburst of the youth and manhood of the South. And now that the end has come, and we have seen it, it seems to me, that to a man of humanity, I care not in what section his sympathies may have been nurtured, there never has been a sadder or sublimer spectacle than these earnest and devoted men, their young and vigorous columns marching through Richmond to the Potomac, like the combatants

of ancient Rome, beneath the imperial throne in the amphitheatre, and exclaiming with uplifted arms, *"morituri te salutant."*

And thus it happened that the very flower of our youth were mowed down by the reaper, whose name is Death, in the rich harvest fields which human passion and civil strife had at last ripened under the peaceful skies and on the unstained soil of the new Republic. For there was not a community in the South from which the younger men of mark, the men whom their people expected to take the places and sustain the characters of the fathers, did not hasten to take up the heavy burden of their responsibility. And if in ordinary times it is one of the saddest of human experiences to see the sudden destruction of great gifts, the extinction of fair promises, the uncompleted and fragmentary achievement of useful and honorable lives, with what bitter regret must we not review that long list of the dead, whose virtues, whose genius and whose youth we sacrificed in vain. To the memory of these men I think we owe a peculiarly tender care. They went to death at our bidding, and the simple and heroic language of one, not the least among them, spoke the spirit of them all. "Tell the Governor," said he, as he was dying, "that if I am to die now, I give my life cheerfully for the independence of South Carolina."

> Their leaf has perished in the green,
> And while we breathe beneath the sun,
> The world, which credits what is done,
> Is cold to all that might have been.

Of the great men of this civil war history will take care. The issues were too high, the struggle too famous, the consequences too vast for them to be forgotten. But as for these of whom I speak, if the State is indeed the mother whom they fondly loved, she will never forget them. She will speak of them in a whisper, if it must be, but in tones of love that will live through all these dreary days. From among the children who survive to her, her heart will yearn forever towards the early lost. The noble enthusiam of their youth, the vigorous promise of their manhood, their imperfect and unrecorded achievement, the pity of their deaths will so con-

secrate their memories that, be the revolution of laws and institutions, be the changes of customs and fortunes what they may, the South will, living, cherish with a holier and stronger love, and dying, if die she must, will murmur with her last breath the names of "The Confederate Dead."

PETTIGREW'S CHARACTER—THE LESSON

From 'Memorial of General J. Johnston Pettigrew.'

Such was his life. And now that it is told, it is manifest that its results—its actual achievements, when summed up, as they can be in a few brief sentences—fail to explain the strength and breadth of the impression he made upon those among whom that life was passed. The influence was in himself, and the opportunity of public action which he enjoyed only widened the circle in which that influence was felt. He had that in his nature which made men love him. Although eager in the pursuits of objects which he desired, and which other men desired, too; bold and out-spoken in the vindication of his opinions, and placed by his early success where it was difficult not to excite jealous prejudices, yet it is worthy of note that amongst his contemporaries, those whose characters and abilities would have made them his natural and most formidable rivals, he found his truest and warmest friends.

He had that in his nature which made men respect him. His learning, his accomplishments, his talents, were all under the control of his moral sense. He was a man who desired to be, and not to seem. His ambition was large, but it was an ambition to do what was worthy to be done. "What he would highly, that he would holily"; and, although as strong men will desire, he desired the vantage-ground of place and power—the standpoint wherefrom to use the lever of his intellect, yet his life was instinct with the consciousness that a great end can never be compassed by low means, that nothing is worthy the ambition of a true man which requires the sacrifice of personal honor, of fidelity to his friends, or of loyalty to his convictions.

He was essentially an earnest man. From his early youth

whatever he did was done with an intense purpose. As his experience widened and his mind matured, the purpose was changed, but the intensity was constant. Those who knew him best will, I think, agree with me that this earnestness was every year concentrating upon a higher purpose and proposing to itself a loftier aim, that the restlessness of his early ambition was subsiding, the effort of his intellect growing steadier, and that it needed only this final consecration to an unselfish cause to perfect the nobleness of his character.

When I think of him, and men not unlike him, and think that even they could not save us; when I see that the cause which called out all their virtues and employed all their ability has been permitted to sink in utter ruin; when I find that the great principles of constitutional liberty, the pure and well-ordered society, the venerable institutions in which they lived and for which they died, have been allowed to perish out of the land, I feel as if, in that Southern Cause, there must have been some terrible mistake. But when I look back again upon such lives and deaths; when I see the virtue and the intellect and the courage which were piled high in exulting sacrifice for this very cause, I feel sure that, unless God has altered the principles and motives of human conduct, we were not wholly wrong. I feel sure that whatever may be the future, even if our children are wiser than we, and our children's children live under new laws and amid strange institutions, History will vindicate our purpose, while she explains our errors, and, from generation to generation, she will bring back our sons to the graves of these soldiers of the South, and tell them—aye, even in the fulness of a prosperity we shall not see—This is holy ground; it is good for you to be here!

JOHN ADAMS

From 'Diplomatic History.'

Mr. Adams concluded his mission early in 1788, and with it he closed his diplomatic life. As a diplomatist, he was second to none. He possessed neither the facility of Franklin, nor the singular impartiality of Jay; but he was wider and bolder in his views than either. His appreciation of political

events took in a broader scope, and was sustained by a profounder and ampler study of political history. His temper was not conciliating, for his intellect was too active and impetuous to wait upon other men's doubts. From the outset of the Revolution, he realized, more vividly than perhaps any other public man, the full force and value of that great event. If he erred, it was because he insisted too strenuously upon the immediate recognition by others of that consequence which he foresaw must attach to the political position of the United States. In his despatches, will be found more than one anticipation of political consequences which his country is only now developing in the fulness of its strength and prosperity; and the American historian would be unfit for his task who could censure, with unsympathizing criticism, the impatience of an enthusiasm so patriotic in its zeal, and so far-seeing in its hopes. The treaty with Holland, which was his own peculiar work, and of critical importance at the time of its signature, could have been negotiated only by one who knew how to inspire others with his own confidence in his country's future. His thorough knowledge of the rights and interests of the colonies gave his services incalculable importance in the peace negotiations with Great Britain; and his mission to England was all that under the circumstances it could be—a strong and dignified protest against the wilfulness of a short-sighted and selfish policy. Since the day on which, in St. James's Palace, he was presented to the King, a long line of worthy successors, in that same palace, surrounded by the same royal pomp and circumstance, have from time to time renewed and maintained the bonds of national intercourse, and each new minister has represented a vaster, richer, greater nation. But with all our increase, we have added to the national possession no nobler spirit, no truer patriot, no higher gentleman, than he who purchased his honors neither by popular lip service nor party jugglery, but who, literally, by journeyings often, in perils in the city, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, earned the proud privilege of being named, by a grateful senate, the first Minister of the United States to the court of England.

BENEFITS OF THE JAY TREATY

From 'Diplomatic History.'

As a mere trial of diplomatic skill, this treaty is a confessed failure; for, with a solitary exception, the tardy evacuation of the posts, its ratification abandoned every position which the government had assumed in the preliminary discussions, and its formal diplomatic instructions. The condition of the country was too weak to insist upon an equality of exchanges; and Mr. Jay had little else to do than to accept or reject what the British government chose to offer. Nor, in the details of the treaty, considered as a regulation of our interests and a settlement of our difficulties, is there any thing to excite our pride. The posts were delivered up only after an additional and unnecessary delay; the question of the negroes, which involved a principle of the deepest import to one half the country, was abandoned; impressment was not prevented; the injurious and presumptuous interpolation into the law of nations, contained in the British orders of 1793, was acquiesced in; and the only concession offered to the commerce of the country was so small, and its accompanying conditions were so distasteful and injurious, that, after mature deliberation, the United States refused to accept it.

But true as is all this, and paradoxical as it may seem, it is equally true that the ratification of the treaty of 1794 was an immense benefit to the country. The condition of things was such, that some arrangement of the open questions between Great Britain and the United States, or war, was the impending alternative. For the policy of which Mr. Jefferson was the representative, and which he had the opportunity of carrying out a few years after, was impracticable. That policy consisted in preserving neutrality between the contending parties, according to the strict letter of existing treaties; but to infuse a warmer and friendlier temper into the relations with France on the one hand, and at the same time to oppose the commercial illiberality of Great Britain by a system of reciprocal domestic restriction at home. A little examination will show, that this policy would have effectually injured our own commerce, excited strong sectional irritation, checked

very considerably the spirit of commercial and maritime enterprise, which, in spite of all difficulties, was rapidly developing itself, and failed entirely to remove any one of the causes of ill feeling between the two nations. Gen. Washington thought differently. The tone of France was becoming every day more insolent, and her demands more exacting, while the progress of the Revolution was diminishing constantly the real material interests which connected her with the United States. But it was impossible to reply to France with becoming temper, while the presence of British troops on the soil of the United States, and the unscrupulous disregard of neutral rights by England, kept alive and strengthened the bitter popular animosity, which the events of the revolutionary war had excited. Some arrangement with England was therefore indispensable; such an arrangement as he desired he could not obtain, and he therefore wisely determined to take what he could get. In the first place, the negotiation of any treaty was a point gained. For in this, as in every difficulty between England and the United States, grave as were the issues, they were complicated by a conviction on the mind of the American people, of a supercilious indifference on the part of England as to their feelings, accompanied by a shrewd and active desire to injure their interests. The fact that questions of prime importance to them had been wilfully left open by Great Britain, that remonstrance after remonstrance had been neglected, that discussion was provokingly delayed, and that the reciprocity of diplomatic representation had been slowly conceded and barely sustained, were sources of perpetual complaint. A treaty put an end to this vague but powerful dissatisfaction. The discussion of differences implied a certain respect and consideration for the parties with whom they were conducted; and although there might be strong, perhaps insuperable, difficulties, a frank commencement of explanation was a great step to satisfactory settlement. Then the evacuation of the posts removed one great offence; the assumption of the British debts by the United States, subject to the decision of a joint commission, however doubtful in principle, put an end to a clamor on the part of a large and influential class in England, which was always provoking angry retorts from the United States, and thus keep-

ing up the bad blood between the two countries; and the appointment of another commission to decide upon the alleged violation of neutral rights might fairly be represented as an approach towards justice. Unpopular, too, as the treaty might be, it had this great advantage. As long as the popular feeling was excited against Great Britain as the direct cause of all these evils, its expression tended to the encouragement of actual hostilities; and in connection with the sympathy for France, growing stronger every day, could not have been long repressed. But as soon as the treaty—an act of the United States government—was interposed between England and the popular feeling, the excitement, though concentrated in its current, was diverted in its channel; and the same popular indignation, which, directed against England, was almost too strong for control, when directed against the treaty, encountered an opposition equally national in its character and patriotic in its motive. And thus questions, which at one time threatened to involve the country in foreign war, passed passionately, but harmlessly, into the safer arena of domestic politics. For it must be recollected, that the basis upon which the justification of this treaty rests is, that it was the alternative of war—a war in which the United States could, according to the confession of a contemporary statesman, have barely maintained their existence and their honor; and that, by accepting this treaty, while they avoided war with England, they so strengthened their position that they were enabled to avoid a war with France, and so preserved the opportunity for that development which enabled them, in future years, to deal with both powers on the footing of the most perfect equality. The great merit therefore, of Gen. Washington's administration is, that it was wise enough to recognize, and firm enough to accept, a great national necessity. And this is no slight praise. It is an easy and pleasant thing for a statesman to become the instrument of national strength, the mouth-piece of national pride; but only to a few chief spirits of history is it given to create strength from their weakness, and to develop a noble pride from a wise humility. This high privilege was, however, granted to Washington and the great men who supported him in that momentous struggle. They were forced to stand with folded arms in the presence of wrongs which

they resented; to check national sympathies which they shared; to confess national weakness which they deplored. But they looked beyond the wounded pride of the present moment to the sober certainty of a future recompense. They had faith enough in their work to trust the future to posterity, and sufficiently and successfully has that posterity vindicated their policy.

This view of the treaty, while it authorizes the profoundest admiration for those who negotiated and maintained it, allows us at that same time to comprehend thoroughly, and appreciate fairly, the earnest patriotism of that great party which opposed it. It is easy to understand how repugnant to many sincere convictions, how odious to many honest prejudices, how injurious to many important interests, this treaty must have appeared; and we may well be grateful that the elements of political strife were so tempered that mutual concession and opposition worked together upon the popular mind, and the very progress of the adoption of an unsatisfactory and unpopular treaty tended to that unity and energy of national sentiment, which was sure, in time, to render all such treaties unnecessary.

BEVERLEY TUCKER

[1784—1851]

H. FINDLAY

NATHANIEL BEVERLEY TUCKER was born at Matoax, Virginia, September 6, 1784, and was the second son of St. George Tucker, the eminent jurist, and his wife, Frances Randolph, *née* Bland, mother of John Randolph of Roanoke. His elder brother, Henry St. George Tucker, following in the footsteps of his father, was for some years president of the Virginia Court of Appeals. Thus in his very cradle Beverley, for he was generally known by his second name, was surrounded by men high in the councils of State and Nation, and little wonder it is that he should have imbibed freely of the views and tendencies of his elders.

In the year 1789 Beverley's father became professor of law in the College of William and Mary. In this way the embryo author was placed at an early age in surroundings calculated to stimulate his literary and legal ambitions. At what date he entered William and Mary College is uncertain, but in 1801 he graduated, and it may safely be concluded from the honors that he later received from this institution, that his work there was eminently satisfactory to his professors.

Soon after his graduation he entered upon the study of law and was soon admitted to the Bar, whereupon he at once began to practise. In 1809 he was married to Miss Lucy Smith, daughter of General Thomas A. Smith of the United States Army, and, removing to Charlotte County, he resided there until his emigration in 1815 to Missouri. Here he lived fifteen years and practised his profession with great success, being soon elevated to the Circuit Bench, a position held by him while a resident of that State. But once a Virginian always a Virginian, at least so it was with Judge Tucker, for in 1830 we find him again in Virginia. Four years later he was elected professor of law in William and Mary College. This position he held for the remainder of his life,* and here at his *alma mater* was done all his literary work that has come down to us.

Not long after his inauguration as a professor of law, Tucker entered the field of literature and was soon recognized as being in

*His death occurred on the twenty-sixth of August at Winchester, Virginia, where he was spending his summer vacation.

the first rank of American writers. William Gilmore Simms, with whom he was on terms of the most intimate friendship, speaks of him thus: "In his style I regard him as one of the best prose writers in the United States, at once rich, flowing, and classical; ornate and copious, yet pure and chaste; full of energy, yet full of grace; intense, yet stately; passionate, yet never with a forfeiture of dignity." Other contemporary writers and critics in similar terms attest the high rank which Tucker as an author occupied in his own day.

Though it is not certain, there is every reason to believe that the following is the chronological order of Tucker's works. It is given on the authority of S. Austin Allibone. According to this his first work was 'George Balcombe, a Novel,' which was published anonymously in New York and soon became very popular. Simms speaks of it in terms of the highest praise, and Poe in his "Marginalia" (CCXXVI) says: " 'George Balcombe' we are induced to regard, upon the whole, as the best American novel"; and again (LXV): "Had the 'George Balcombe' of Professor Beverley Tucker been the work of anyone born north of the Mason and Dixon's line, it would have been long ago recognized as one of the very noblest fictions ever written by an American." Soon after this work Tucker published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* "A Valedictory Address," and in 1836 appeared "The Partisan Leader." This was followed by a number of political treatises: "Lecture on Government," *Southern Literary Messenger;* "Discourse on the Importance of the Study of Political Science as a Branch of Academic Education in the United States," etc. (1840); "Discourse on the Dangers that Threaten the Free Institutions of the United States" (1841); "A Series of Lectures intended to prepare the Student for the Study of the Constitution of the United States" (1845); "Principles of Pleading" (1846). Tucker also published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for 1844-45 "Gertrude, a Novel." He was a frequent contributor to the *Southern Quarterly Review,* and left among his unfinished manuscripts portions of a "Life of John Randolph," and of a dramatic piece. In all the above-mentioned works of a political nature Judge Tucker fearlessly and unreservedly opposed the Federal encroachments on the Constitution and upheld the rights of the States.

Of all Professor Tucker's works the most remarkable and certainly the most interesting to-day is the fragmentary novel, 'The Partisan Leader.' As this work treats of Virginia during the thirties it afforded the author an excellent vehicle for his political and social beliefs, and will therefore be considered here at some length.

It was printed in Washington in the year 1836 by the well-known James Caxton, its full title being 'The Partisan Leader: A Tale of the Future. By Edward William Sidney.' It was in two volumes

and bore the manifestly impossible date of 1856. The dedication, "To the People of Virginia," was written as if at that date, the events narrated in the novel had intervened. The author in forming the pseudo-historical setting for his novel takes his cue from the proclamation issued in 1832 by President Jackson against the South Carolina "nullifiers" with Calhoun as their leader. Hence he views the Democracy as the party favoring a centralized government and a high protective tariff and therefore at odds with the leaders of the South. Despite this initial blunder he predicted the election of Van Buren. The new President, by freely dispensing Federal patronage, personal favors, and the almighty dollar has succeeded in perpetuating himself in office, and in 1849 is in his third term, at which time the novel opens. Meanwhile he has been constantly encroaching on the federative system and ignoring the Constitution; the tariff has been steadily increased as has also the standing army. Goaded to desperation by a tariff which plunders them whenever they go into the market to buy, and likewise plundered by the foreign reciprocal tariff levied on their cotton, sugar and tobacco, the Southern States see no other remedy and secede from the Union in a body, forming a commercial treaty with Great Britain, which practically doubles the income received from their products. Virginia, however, is prevented from joining her sister States by the large number of Federal troops lodged within her borders. These "regulate" elections and prevent an honest expression of popular sentiment. To free his beloved State from this galling yoke, the Partisan Leader musters a number of patriots in the southwestern part of the State, and by means of a kind of mountain warfare has succeeded in gaining possession of Lynchburg, when he is betrayed by his brother, a Federal Army officer under his parole, and is taken to Washington. Here the story ends abruptly, but with the statement that the Leader's efforts are in the end successful and Virginia is freed from the Northern tyranny.

A careful perusal of the novel will convince the reader that it was designed not so much for a prophecy as for a warning, and as such it was calculated to have a most decided effect, for, though decidedly partisan, Tucker cannot be accused of indulging in economic sophistry. In fact he is decidedly at his best when discussing political and social conditions of the country during his time. His argument in favor of free trade is excellent and as pointed to-day as when it was written. From a literary standpoint the book is an excellent type of the American novel of the period. The author developed his plot just as the jurist handed down his decisions—calmly, without unseemly haste, and according to certain established and well-defined precedence. The plot is interesting and well conceived, but too conservatively dealt with ever to become absorbing. The characters are

rather statuesque, but on the whole not unnatural, and in their words and actions we feel that Judge Tucker has given us the true local color of a civilization which has since passed from the earth.

The character and object of this book are sufficiently indicated when it is said that the manuscript was read by Mr. Calhoun and, perhaps, by other prominent Southern leaders; but its influence was cut short by its suppression soon after its publication—for what reason it is hardly clear. Whether it was suppressed at the instance of Mr. Tucker's friends or at that of his enemies, it must be confessed that, appearing at the time it did, it was rather calculated to do harm than good, for, though expressing none but legitimate conjectures, it was intensely partisan—and thereby hangs the tale:

In 1861 'The Partisan Leader' was reprinted by Rudd and Carleton of New York and contained the following sensational title-page: "A Key to the Disunion Conspiracy. The Partisan Leader. By Beverley Tucker, of Virginia. Secretly printed in Washington (in the year 1836) by Duff Green, for circulation in the Southern States. But afterward suppressed." This sensational title-page doubtless added to the sale of the book, of which seven thousand copies were sold in less than two months. To this second edition was also added an "Explanatory Introduction," the object of which was to prove that since the early thirties there had been forming by "the dark plotters of South Carolina and Virginia" a conspiracy having for its object the disruption of the Union. This introduction is characterized more by a lurid imagination than by a strict adherence to fact, but the arguments advanced, it must be admitted, are quite ingenious, and they made a sufficient impression in the North to be quoted at a considerably later date by Edward Everett Hale. In what way it was logical to regard as a conspiracy a doctrinal movement, which Southern Congressmen had openly advocated in both branches of the National Assembly for fifteen or twenty years, it does not seem to have occurred to these worthies as necessary to explain.

N. Findlay.

TARIFF INEQUALITIES

From 'The Partisan Leader.'

"You must be sensible," said B——, "that the Southern States, including Virginia, are properly and almost exclusively agricultural. The quality of their soil and climate, and the peculiar character of their laboring population, concur to make agriculture the most profitable employment among them. Apart from the influence of artificial causes, it is not certain that any labor can be judiciously taken from the soil to be applied to any other object whatever. When Lord Chatham said that America ought not to manufacture a hob-nail for herself, he spoke as a true and judicious friend of the colonies. The labor necessary to make a hob-nail, if applied to the cultivation of the earth, might produce that for which the British manufacturer would gladly give two hob-nails. By coming between the manufacturer and the farmer, and interrupting this interchange by perverse legislation, the Government broke the tie which bound the colonies to the mother country.

"When that tie was severed and peace established, it was the interest of both parties that this interchange should be restored, and put upon such a footing as to enable each, reciprocally, to obtain for the products of his own labor as much as possible of the products of the labor of the other.

"Why was not this done? Because laws are not made for the benefit of the people, but for that of their rulers. The monopolizing spirit of the landed aristocracy in England led to the exclusion of our bread-stuffs, and the necessities of the British treasury tempted to the levying of enormous revenue from our other agricultural products. The interchange between the farmer and the manufacturer was thus interrupted. In part it was absolutely prevented; the profit being swallowed up by the impost, the inducement was taken away.

"What did the American Government under these circumstances? Did they say to Great Britain, 'Relax your corn laws; reduce your duties on tobacco; make no discrimination between our cotton and that from the West Indies; and we will refrain from laying a high duty on your manufactures. You will thus enrich your own people, and it is by no means sure that their in-

creased prosperity may not give you, through the excise and other channels of revenue, more than an equivalent for the taxes we propose for you to withdraw.'

"Did we say this? No. And why? Because in the Northern States, there was a manufacturing interest to be advanced by the very course of legislation most fatal to the South. With a dense population, occupying a small extent of barren country, with mountain streams tumbling into deep tide-water, and bringing commerce to the aid of manufactures, they wanted nothing but a monopoly of the Southern market to enable them to enrich themselves. The alternative was before us. To invite the great European manufacturer to reciprocate the benefits of free trade, whereby the South might enjoy all the advantages of its fertile soil and fine climate, or to transfer these advantages to the North, by meeting Great Britain on the ground of prohibition and exaction. The latter was preferred, because to the interest of that section, which, having the local majority, had the power.

"Under this system, Great Britain has never wanted a pretext for her corn-laws, and her high duties on all our products. Thus we sell all we make, subject to these deductions, which, in many instances, leave much less to us than what goes into the British treasury.

"Here, too, is the pretext to the Government of the United States for their exaction in return. The misfortune is, that the Southern planter had to bear both burthens. One half the price of his products is seized by the British Government, and half the value of what he gets for the other half is seized by the Government of the United States.

"This they called retaliation and indemnification. It was indemnifying an interest which had not been injured, by the farther injury of one which had been injured. It was impoverishing the South for the benefit of the North, to requite the South for having been already impoverished for the benefit of Great Britain. Still it was 'indemnifying *ourselves.*' Much virtue in that word, '*ourselves.*' It is the language used by the giant to the dwarf in the fable; the language of the brazen pot to the earthern pot; the language of all dangerous or interested friendship.

"I remember seeing an illustration of this sort of indemnity

in the case of a woman who was whipped by her husband. She went complaining to her father, who whipped her again, and sent her back. 'Tell your husband,' said he, 'that as often as he whips *my daughter,* I will whip *his wife.*'"

"But what remedy has been proposed for these things?" asked Douglas.

"A remedy has been proposed and applied," replied B——. "The remedy of legislation for the benefit, not of the rulers, but of the ruled."

"But in what sense will you say that our legislation has been for the benefit of the rulers alone? Are we all not our own rulers?"

"Yes," replied B——, "if you again have recourse to the use of that comprehensive word 'WE,' which identifies things most dissimilar, and binds up in the same bundle, things most discordant. If the South and North are one; if the Yankee and the Virginian are one; if light and darkness, heat and cold, life and death, can all be identified then WE are our own rulers. Just so, if the State will consent to be identified with the Church, then we pay tithes with one hand, and receive them with the other. While the Commons identify themselves with the Crown, 'WE' do but pay taxes to *ourselves.* And if Virginians can be fooled into identifying themselves with the Yankees—a fixed tax-paying minority, with a fixed tax-paying majority—it will still be the same thing; and they will continue to hold a distinguished place among the innumerable WE'S that have been gulled into their own ruin ever since the world began. It is owing to this sort of deception, playing off on the unthinking multitude, that in the two freest countries in the world, the most important interests are taxed for the benefit of lesser interests. In England, a country of manufacturers *they* have been taxed that manufacturers may thrive. Now I will requite Lord Chatham's well-intentioned declaration, by saying that England ought not to make a barrel of flour for herself. I say, too, that if her rulers, and the rulers of the people of America, were true to their trust, both sayings would be fulfilled. She would be the work-house, and here would be the granary of the world. What would become of the Yankees? As I don't call them, 'WE,' I leave *them* to find the answer to that question."

. . . "Look at your rivers and bay, and you will see that Virginia ought to be the most prosperous country in the world. Look at the ruins which strew your lower country, the remains of churches and the fragments of tombstones, and you will see that she once was so. Ask for the descendants of the men whose names are sculptured on those monuments, and their present condition will tell you that her prosperity has passed away. Then ask all history. Go to the finest countries in the world—to Asia Minor, to Greece, to Italy; ask what has laid them desolate, and you will receive but one answer, 'misgovernment.'"

"But may not the fault be in the people themselves?" asked Douglas.

"The fault of submitting to misgovernment, centainly. But no more than that. Let the *country* enjoy its natural advantages, and they who are too ignorant or too slothful to use them will soon give place to others of a different character. What has there been to prevent the Yankee from selling his barren hills at high prices and coming South, where he might buy the fertile shores of the Chesapeake for a song? No local attachment, certainly; for his home is everywhere. What is there now to prevent the planter of this neighborhood from exchanging his thirsty fields, for the rich and long coveted low grounds of James River, or Roanoke, in Virgina? Are these people wiser, better, more energetic and industrious than they were twelve months ago, that their lands have multiplied fivefold? Is it your uncle's fault, that, were he now at home the tame slave of power, he could hardly give away his fine estate? The difference is, that this country now enjoys its natural advantages, while Virginia remains under the crushing weight of a system devised for the benefit of her oppressors."

"I see the effect," said Douglas. "But tell me, I beseech you, the cause of this change in your condition here."

"The cause is free trade."

"And how has that been obtained?"

"I will answer that," said B——; "because my friend's modesty might restrain him from giving the true answer. It has been obtained by intelligence, manly frankness, and fair dealing. It has been obtained by offering to other nations terms most favorable to their peculiar and distinctive inter-

ests, in consideration of receiving the like advantage. Instead of nursing artificial interests to rival the iron and cotton fabrics, and the shipping of England, the wine of France, the silk and oil of Italy, and enviously snatching at whatever benefit nature may have vouchsafed to other parts of the world, this people only ask to exchange for these things their own peculiar productions. A trade perfectly free, totally discharged from all duties, would certainly be best for all. But revenue must be had, and the impost is the best source of revenue. No state can be expected to give that up. But it has been found practicable so to regulate that matter as to reduce the charges which have heretofore incumbered exchanges to a mere trifle."

"How has that been effected?" asked Douglas.

"If that question were to be answered in detail," said B——, "I should leave the answer to him by whom the details have been arranged. I will give you the outline in a few words. These States were first driven to think of separation by a tariff of protection. Their federal constitution guards against it by express prohibition, and by requiring that the impost, like the tax laws of Virginia, should be annual.

"They have felt the danger to liberty from excessive revenue. Their constitution requires that the estimates of the expense of the current year shall be made the measure of revenue to be raised for that year. The imports of the preceding year are taken as a basis of calculation, and credit being given for any surplus in the treasury, a tariff is laid which, on that basis, would produce the sum required."

"Then there never can be any surplus for an emergency," said Douglas.

"Always," replied B——; "in the right place, and the only safe place—the pockets of a prosperous people. There is no place in the treasury to keep money. The till of the treasury has a hole in the bottom, and the money always finds its way into the pockets of sharpers, parasites, man-worshippers, and pseudo-patriots. But let that pass. You see that a small revenue alone will probably be wanting, and being raised annually, the tariff can be annually adjusted.

"Now what says justice, as to the revenue to be raised by two nations on the trade between the two, seeing that it is equally levied on the citizens of both?"

"On that hypothesis each should receive an equal share of it," said Douglas.

"Precisely so," answered B——; "and let these terms be held out to all nations, and if one will not accept them another will. On this principle a system of commercial arrangements has been set on foot which, by restoring to these States the benefit of their natural advantages, is at once producing an effect which explains their former prosperity. It places in stronger relief the evils of the opposite system to Virginia, and really leaves her, while she retains her present connection with the North, without any resource. Tobacco she cannot sell at all. *Invita natura,* she will have to raise cotton to supply the beggared manufactories of the North, from which she will not receive in return the third part as much of the manufactured article as the Carolina planter will get for his. This is her fate. She sees it, and would throw off the yoke. But her Northern masters see it too. She is all that remains to them of their Southern dependencies, which, though not *their* colonies, they have so long governed *as* colonies. Take her away, and they are in the condition of the wolf when there are no sheep left. Wolf eat wolf, and Yankee cheat Yankee. This they will guard against by all means lawful and unlawful, for Virginia alone mitigates the ruin that their insatiate rapacity has brought upon them. They will hold on to her with the gripe of death; and she must and will struggle to free herself as from death."

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN RANDOLPH

From a Discourse delivered before Randolph-Macon College and printed as Lecture I in 'The Science of Governments.'

GENTLEMEN: The power of the people *is* from God; and that his blessing attends its discreet and righteous exercise, is proved by the prosperity and happiness, and the advance of science and art and intellectual improvement which ever attend it. But think, I pray you, whether this fact does not betoken an ultimate purpose, the final accomplishment of which may belong to a remote generation, and to which our short time on earth should be devoted in subordination to his will? If this purpose is the perfection of man in all that civilization can

achieve, and if political freedom is God's chosen means for accomplishing this, how heavy is the condemnation of those, who, being called to work together with him, to this great end, profane their high function, by using it to accomplish the petty purposes of the day, suggested by their own evil passions! What place should ambition have in the heart of him who is born to this illustrious destiny? Can worldly honor and distinction, and the breath of man, add anything to the glory of him who acts well his part in such a work as this? Is it the leader's truncheon, is it the ruler's sceptre, that distinguishes the name of Washington, and secures him the foremost place among those whose memory shall never die? Is it not rather, that God was in all his thoughts; that in all things he devoted himself to the high purposes of the master of the world, and acted as one called to do *his maker's* will, and not *his own?* He *did* his maker's will, and *here* we see the results. He effected his maker's purpose, and in the fruits of his labors we find an intimation what that purpose is. With what humble thankfulness and earnest zeal should we devote ourselves to the farther advancement of that gracious design, which, by the agency of free government, and the instrumentality of beings so insignificant as ourselves, has made this wilderness to blossom as the rose, and will never cease, till the whole earth is full of the knowledge of God, and of that freedom which they who serve in spirit, and in truth are destined to enjoy?

Gentlemen, if there be any truth in the ideas I have laid before you, I owe the knowledge of that truth to one of those illustrious men, whose names you have consecrated by adopting them as the designation of your institution. You have engraven the name of Randolph on the shrine here erected to literature, to science and to God. What offering so fit for that altar; what offering so proper for me to lay upon it, as this poor attempt to embody and preserve something of the teachings of that deep sagacity and profound wisdom which distinguished him, and which he labored to impart to me. Love to the brother—gratitude to the benefactor—even these sentiments should be subordinate to my veneration for the man, from whose eloquent lips I have learned more than from all my own experience and reflection, and from all the men with whom I have ever conversed, and from all the books I have

ever read. How so well can I manifest these sentiments, how so fitly express my gratitude for the honor done to his memory by you, as by availing myself of this occasion, to bring to your ears a faint echo of the words I have from him? Where so properly could I offer an exhortation to the study of political philosophy as a branch of academic education, as in a temple of science on which is inscribed the name of one whose life was devoted to that study? I speak after him, when I say, that to understand the constitution and laws of our country, in their letter and in their spirit; to explore the philosophy of our institutions, and to qualify ourselves to act well our several parts, as sovereign citizens of Virginia, is the great temporal duty which we owe to God and to man. To God; for in that we accomplish the earthly end of our being; to our fathers:—for it is the only fit expression of our gratitude for blessings transmitted to us: to our children:—because we should not impair the inheritance we have ourselves received. Thus, and thus only can we fulfil our duties as members of that great partnership, which not only unites together the present generation, but which connects the living with the dead, and with those who are yet to be born; and in which man is elevated to a sort of fellowship with the Creator himself.

I deeply feel how unequal I am to the task I have endeavored to perform; and I feel it the more sensibly, because, in the very act, I am reminded of him, who, above all men, was best fitted for it. His was the mind to understand; his was the faculty to expound; his was the eloquence to excite. His was the marvellous gift, to

> Put so much of his soul into his words,
> That others followed, wheresoe'er he called:
> And, by the inspiration of his voice,
> Cowards, made bold, performed the tasks of valour,
> And sloth leaped up, and from his sluggish limbs
> Shook off the leaden fetters.

He lived for Virginia. She was his country. She was his world. And though a step-son's portion was his lot; though his best endeavors to serve her were sometimes repaid with neglect and reproach; yet never did his faith waver: never did his zeal falter: never did his love cool: never did the feverish

impatience of his fiery spirit rebel against her. In his darkest hour, it was his pride to know, that he had never merited, however he incurred her displeasure, and to bear meekly all the scoffs with which she sometimes requited his endeavors to serve her. To rival the marvellous endowments with which Heaven distinguished him is not perhaps for any of us. But to emulate his example, in devoting ourselves to our country, according to the measure of our capacity, is what we all may do. To that effort I would incite the youth of Virginia; and, that they may make it profitably to her, and honorably to themselves, I would urge them to devote themselves, in early life, to those studies which alone can qualify them to act worthily their parts as SOVEREIGN CITIZENS OF THIS ILLUSTRIOUS COMMONWEALTH.

GEORGE TUCKER

[1775—1861]

ROBERT LEWIS HARRISON

GEORGE TUCKER was born on St. George's, the largest of the Bermuda Islands, August 20, 1775. He came of one of the oldest and most highly esteemed families resident upon those islands, some of the members living upon land which had been in the possession of their ancestors for two hundred years. His father, Daniel Tucker, was the mayor, and was a wholesale merchant of great probity and large public spirit. He was possessed of what was for those islands considerable wealth, which enabled him to give his children a liberal education. They had also the advantage of a mother who was of high character, genial nature, and fine cultivation.

George Tucker, the eldest son, was sent to a "dame's" school, and after acquiring the rudiments, was put under the tuition of a tutor educated at one of the English universities. From him the boy learned Greek, Latin, and mathematics. He acquired some facility in versification, which was then a necessary part of education in the classics, and so early did his tendency to become a literary worker assert itself that at the age of eleven, he ventured upon the composition of a Latin ode.

His love for literature in all its branches was a part of his nature. His reading covered a wide field, and with great industry he would write out his observations upon what he had read. This habit of writing down his views of men and things, from time to time, was continued to the end of his life.

George Tucker continued under a succession of tutors until he was seventeen years of age. By this time he had an excellent knowledge of Greek, Latin, mathematics, and *belles-lettres*. From the age of seventeen until twenty he read law in the office of one of the most distinguished lawyers in the Bermudas, Mr. Bascomb. The death of Mr. Bascomb terminated Tucker's reading as a student in a law office. Some of the family had emigrated to Virginia, and the intercourse between the Virginia Tuckers and the Bermuda Tuckers was constant. One of the family, Judge St. George Tucker, occupied the chair of law in the College of William and Mary, at that time probably the leading college in the United States, having been established next

after Harvard College. It was long debated whether young Tucker should prosecute his law studies at one of the Temples in London or under his kinsman in Virginia; but, with the approval of his father, he decided to go to the College of William and Mary.

George Tucker set out from Bermuda in a sailing-vessel hailing from Newbury Port, Rhode Island, commanded by Captain Knapp, England and France being then at war and it being considered safer to embark upon a neutral vessel. After a voyage of eighteen days the vessel dropped anchor in the Delaware, and he set his foot upon American soil in the city of Philadelphia, which was to be his home at the time of his death. He proceeded to his destination in Virginia, and entered himself as a student at the College of William and Mary. He graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1797, and pursued his studies in law under the advice of his relative, Judge St. George Tucker. In the year 1800 he became a citizen of Richmond, and began active practise of the law. While practising in Richmond he made his first literary venture. At various times the Virginians lived in a state of excitement from threatened insurrection of the slaves. Mr. Tucker published a letter on the subject, in which he proposed a plan for the colonization of the negroes in some part of the continent beyond the limits of the United States. This proposition was received with great favor, and the pamphlet was reprinted in Baltimore and obtained a large circulation. This little pamphlet gave him at once a literary reputation—as he modestly said, owing to the small number of writers at that time. During this period he had occasion to enter into a newspaper controversy with the celebrated William Wirt, author of 'The British Spy.' This controversy was highly creditable to his skill in dialectics. During his residence in Richmond he tried his hand once more at poetry, but, though his efforts in this line met with signal success, he never thereafter tried this species of composition. The occasion of his poetical effusion was the prevalence of gambling at cards among the best social circles of the city, one particular form being the game of Loo. These verses in the form of satire were so successful that card-playing ceased among refined people in Richmond.

In 1806 he removed to an estate which he had purchased in the County of Pittsylvania, Virginia, situate on the Dan River. Here he pursued the career of an active country lawyer, and was made Commonwealth's Attorney for the County of Pittsylvania. Becoming interested in economic questions, which were thenceforth to consume a considerable part of his time and attention, he wrote a series of letters upon the navigation of the Roanoke River. These were collected and published in 1811. Attention having been called to his public spirit, he was elected a member of the Virginia Legislature in

1815. In 1818 he moved to Lynchburg, then, as now, a thriving business town. Here he continued with considerable success the active practise of the law until in 1819 he was elected to the United States Congress by a handsome majority, with but little electioneering, and, as he humorously observed, "with no expense of treating and the like." While a resident of Lynchburg he lost his eldest daughter, of whose life he wrote a small volume which was circulated among his friends and relatives. This is a touching elegy, graceful in expression, and breathing the tenderest sentiments.

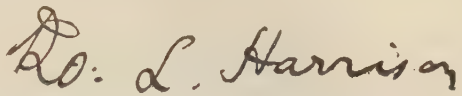
He was reëlected Member of Congress for two more terms, serving until 1825. In Washington he became acquainted with many of the leading men of the country, and was on intimate and familiar terms with Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and many other distinguished men of that great era, many of them survivors of the Revolution, and active participants in its struggles and the deliberations of its many conventions. While he was a Member of Congress, he published his 'Essays on Subjects of Taste, Morals, and National Policy' (1822). He tried his hand also at novel-writing, and in 1824 published a novel called 'The Valley of the Shenandoah,' in two volumes. This was republished in London in 1825, and was translated into German, and republished in Germany in 1826. His volume of essays was highly commended, calling forth the warm approval of President Madison. It also called him to the attention of Mr. Jefferson, who was at that time engaged in the selection of professors for the University of Virginia, which, so long the object of his devotion, was now to be opened for the reception of students. The professors in the various departments were selected in Europe, but George Tucker was chosen for the chair of moral philosophy. In 1827 Tucker published another novel, this time an effort of the imagination, a realm into which he seldom entered in his various publications. Its title was 'A Voyage to the Moon.' To the chair of moral philosophy at the University of Virginia was attached that of political economy. In 1837 Mr. Tucker published a volume entitled 'Principles of Rent, Wages, and Profits,' and later in the same year 'Public Discourses on the Literature of the United States.' This was followed shortly afterward by a work on the theory of money and banking. In 1837 he published also a 'Life of Thomas Jefferson' in two volumes. This work was brought out in London. In 1842 appeared 'An Essay on Cause and Effect,' followed by another kindred work: 'Essay on the Association of Ideas.' In 1843 he wrote 'A Public Discourse on the Dangers Threatening the United States,' and 'The Progress of the United States in Population and Wealth in Fifty Years, from 1790 to 1840.' This was followed by 'A Memoir on the Life and Character of Dr. John Patton Emmet.' In 1857 he published his most important

work, 'A History of the United States' in four volumes, and in the same year 'Banks or No Banks.' In 1859 he published 'Political Economy for the People,' following it in 1860 with another volume of collected essays called 'Essays Moral and Philosophical.'

It will thus be seen that Mr. Tucker led an active and laborious life in literature. It is estimated that his fugitive pieces published in various ways would amount to more than ten thousand pages. Although he had reached the advanced age of eighty-six, his mind was still active and alert, when he made a journey through the Southern States for the purpose of obtaining material in order to write an article on some economic question. He had reached Mobile, and had just left some friends whom he was visiting, when he was struck by a cotton bale with which a vessel was loading, and from this injury he subsequently died in April, 1861.

Mr. Tucker's attention was given principally to the study and elucidation of problems in history, economics, and general literature. He had a clear, analytical mind, associated with the most painstaking industry in the accumulation of facts and a deliberate judgment in the expression of opinion. Though differing with Mr. Jefferson in politics, and a great friend and admirer of Henry Clay, he yet exhibits in his 'Life of Jefferson' the most discriminating impartiality in his estimate of that statesman. His 'Life of Jefferson' evoked from the celebrated Lord Brougham the opinion that it was "a very valuable addition to the stock of our political and historical knowledge." The years of his professorial career at the University of Virginia, which terminated in 1845, when he resigned his chair to take up his residence in Philadelphia, gave him the opportunty for active literary work and at the same time were eminently useful in perfecting a calmness of judgment upon men and affairs which was abundantly exhibited in the 'Life of Jefferson' and in the later work, 'History of the United States.' His acuteness of observation and accurate reasoning is shown by the admirable forecast which he made of the probable increase of population in the United States. Only a few years ago attention was called to this by one of the prominent New York newspapers, with the statement that Professor Tucker's guesses were the most accurate which had ever been made on the subject. His reputation as a clear and discriminating historian may safely rest, however, upon his 'History of the United States,' which has been pronounced by eminent authorities as a most valuable addition to our fund of historical research. His style is founded upon that of Steele and Addison, and is clear, forcible, and accurate. The history ends at the presidency of Martin Van Buren, and in the concluding volume will be found a most in-

teresting epitome of the state of the Union at that time in regard to manners, morals, politics, religion, and education.



EFFECTS OF SLAVERY

From 'History of the United States,' 1856.

In all these communities domestic slavery existed to a greater or less extent. Very soon after Virginia was settled, a Dutch ship brought thither a number of negro slaves, which were readily purchased by the English planters, and their labor being very profitable in the cultivation of tobacco, they soon greatly multiplied, and were subsequently diffused throughout the other colonies. But as their labor was most profitable in those which grew tobacco, rice, or indigo, they were very unequally distributed; and perhaps of the five hundred thousand slaves then in the colonies, nineteen-twentieths were found south of Pennsylvania.

This single circumstance had such an influence, that it divided the thirteen colonies into two distinct communities, which widely differed in manners, habits of life, and general character; while the members of each division had also many features of close resemblance.

On those colonies in which the slaves were most numerous, the inhabitants, having more leisure, were more given to social pleasures and amusements—to the sports of the turf, the cock-pit, the chase and the gaming-table. They had a more delicate self-respect, which sometimes degenerated into haughtiness, and sometimes produced that union of courtesy, frankness, and ease which is rarely seen in Europe, except in the higher ranks of life. The social habits of the Southern planter often made him profuse, and plunged him in debt to the English or Scotch merchant who sold his exported products, and furnished him with his foreign supplies. He was often improvident, and sometimes not punctual in his pecuniary engage-

ments. With these moral defects incident to his condition as a slaveholder, he derived some virtues from the same source.

Besides his agreeable companionable qualities, he often acquired habits of forbearance and self-restraint which are essential to the formation of virtuous character. The evil effect of slavery on the temper and disposition of the master has been exhibited in glowing colors by Mr. Jefferson; but his view of it, however plausible, seems to be contradicted both by philosophy and experience.

As this proposition seems counter to the ordinary opinion on the subject, and its reasons are not obvious, some explanation seems to be required.

With the power which a master has over his slaves, and much of which extends to his children, he is placed in a situation in which he may either yield to his passions or resist them; and as he does one or the other, will he be strengthened (by the natural effect of exercise and habit) either in self-indulgence or self-denial. If he yield to his impulses, he is likely to become self-willed, rash, violent, and perhaps cruel. If he resists, he so far lays a solid foundation for virtue of every species, and especially improves in patience, mildness, and clemency. Some masters are thus made worse, and some better, by slavery. Does its good or its evil tendency predominate? It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to this question. But if we look to the character of those Southern men who have acted a conspicuous part on the political theatre, and regard them as fair specimens of the class of slaveholders, we shall have reason to infer that the relation between master and slave more often proves a school of virtue than of vice. General Washington, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, Judge Marshall, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Calhoun, were all remarkable for their mildness, moderation and forbearance. It is thought that General Harrison, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Polk, and General Taylor may be added to their number. If General Jackson, the only remaining Southern President, may seem to offer some contradiction to the rule, it must be remembered that, supposing him to have had an uncontrollable temper, he is not fairly an exception, inasmuch as his character was formed before he became a slaveholder.

A PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON

From 'Life of Thomas Jefferson.'

Of Mr. Jefferson's moral qualities, the most distinguished were suavity of temper, and a warmth of benevolence which, beginning in the domestic affections, exhibited itself in a fervent love of country, and a wide-spread philanthropy. Few men ever devoted so much of their time, and thoughts, and money to the concerns of others. A disposition thus generous and affectionate was sure to meet with its appropriate reward; and it would be difficult to name one who was more beloved as a parent, relative, friend, or master.

Whilst his character was so conspicuously adorned by these amiable qualities, it was also strengthened and supported by the severer virtues. He was just and honorable in his private dealings, of scrupulous veracity, and inflexibly firm, whenever he was called upon to perform a painful duty. However, impelled by his feelings to grant favours to an applicant, he could frankly and firmly say no, whenever principle clearly required it. He was often charged with being deficient in personal courage, on no other ground than that he left Richmond during Arnold's incursion, and Monticello during Tarleton's. Yet, unprovided, as he was, with all means of defence, the charge is preposterous. It is testified by persons yet living, that on these occasions, he showed cool self-possession, and thus gave all the proof of courage that circumstances permitted. The ordinary occasions of danger he met with the firmness of a constant mind; and he once afforded a proof which men in general consider as yet more satisfactory. Among his political assailants in Albemarle, was one whom he thought to have so far transcended the just limits of party warfare, that he had determined to challenge him, and would have done so, if the friend he consulted had seconded his purpose. But more conclusive evidence of his fortitude may be found in the general tenor of his conduct through life—in his being among the foremost to resist the authority of Great Britain, when resistance might incur the penalties of treason; in the manner in which he met his accusers in the legislature; in his unyielding adherence to the principles of his party, and

his open avowal of them, notwithstanding a course of malicious defamation that has rarely found a parallel; in his retaining Freneau, whose services he thought important to the cause of republicanism, although he had reason to know that his dismissal was wished by General Washington; in his unflinching opposition to the leading measures of Washington's administration; in his perseverance in the embargo policy, after its repeal was urged by friends as well as adversaries; in his carrying out his principles into practice as to removals from office, and not passing beyond them. All these acts, and many more, afford better evidence of the firm texture of his mind, and are proofs of a courage of a higher order than it can often fall to the lot of the mere soldier to exhibit. He has also been accused of an undue thirst of popularity. It is true, that beyond most men, he prized it for its own sake, yet he never rendered homage to it at the expense of truth or justice, or national policy. No candidate for public favour ever so braved popular feeling as did Mr. Jefferson, in his opinion on domestic slavery, or when he invited Paine to America. But his moral character, as a whole, may be inferred from the unquestioned fact that every one with whom he had ever been in the habits of domestic or familiar intercourse, whether as a friend, physician, fellow-labourer, or secretary, and who best knew him, felt for him the liveliest attachment, and the highest esteem and confidence.

He was by temperament habitually cheerful and sanguine. He felt misfortune acutely, but his mind, by its native elasticity, soon regained its spring; and though experience had its usual effect in moderating the ardour and extent of his hopes, he was still fascinated by her more temperate illusions. It was this feature of his character which, more than all his success in life, made him, on the whole, one of the happiest of men.

Though never captious or petulant, he was sufficiently prone to resentment for intended injury; but even then he was neither violent nor implacable. His ill will was more frequently and more earnestly excited in behalf of his country or his party than of himself; and this was no less the case after he was withdrawn from the theatre of public affairs, than when he was the leader of that party and a candidate for the presidency. He always numbered some of the federalists

among his personal friends, and he continued his kind feelings towards Mr. Adams as long as the other would permit. He never failed to do justice to the purity and integrity of General Washington, in the most angry period of party excitement, when some, who afterwards became his eulogists, openly reviled him. Nor was he slow to acknowledge the virtues and talents of Alexander Hamilton. He had a bust of that eminent man in the entrance hall of his house, opposite to his own by Ceracchi, and when any reference to it was made by his guests, he has remarked that they were "opposed in death as in life," in a tone and manner that showed that no vestige of ill feeling was left on his mind.

If we estimate his intellect by its great results rather than by its particular efforts, we must place it in the highest rank. He was able to keep together, to animate, and guide the republican party, from the time that he became secretary of state in 1790 to 1809, when he retired to private life; during the whole of which period he had undisputed precedence in the love, esteem, and deference of that party, and in the hatred of their opponents. In effecting a revolution of parties, he had to contend against no ordinary men; and if he was aided by fortuitous circumstances, especially by the French revolution; it was only a master spirit that could have so profited by them.

Of the peculiar character of his mind it may be said that it was, perhaps, yet more distinguished for justness than quickness; for comprehension than invention; and though not wanting in originality, still more remarkable for boldness. Over that field of political speculation to which his mind was habitually turned, he seems to have been the most far-sighted of his countrymen in his estimate of the practicability of popular government; and the civilized world is every day approximating to opinions which he had deliberately formed fifty years ago. He was thus subjected to the reproach of being visionary from many of his countrymen, because he had the sagacity to see farther than their obtuser vision could reach; and while Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Adams, Mr. Jay, and the politicians of that school drew their fundamental principles of government from examples afforded by the history of Great Britain and other European nations, he saw that these prin-

ciples must change, because time was washing away the foundations on which they rested. They looked to the accidents of history, and assumed that the future would be like the past; he to the principles of human action, modified as they are by the progressive changes of civil society. But he looked to the changing character of the soil itself. He saw, too, more distinctly than any of his contemporaries, the effects of the rapidly increasing population of these states. He anticipated the melancholy destiny of the Indian race, and cherished the only system which could have averted it, consistently with the safety and honour of the whites. His views of the future difficulties arising from domestic slavery, are yet in a state of probation, and are to be verified or contradicted by time. But on all these great questions there are more and more converts to his opinions, among intelligent minds; and maxims which were once adopted by his adherents with the blind deference formerly paid to the *dicta* of Pythagoras, are now embraced by speculative minds as the discoveries of political sagacity, or the logical deductions of political wisdom.

His religious creed, as disclosed in his correspondence, cannot perhaps be classed with that of any particular sect, but was nearer the Socinian than any other. In the last years of his life, when questioned by any of his friends on this subject, he used to say he was "an Unitarian."

Mr. Jefferson's acquirements were extensive, and generally accurate. There was no branch of human knowledge in which he had not made more or less proficiency. Mathematics, astronomy, physics—in all its departments, law—municipal and national—language, philosophy, history, all the liberal, and most of the mechanical arts. His knowledge of architecture extended to its minutest details. In such a multiplicity of subjects, his acquaintance with some was of course slight, especially with chemistry and metaphysics. But his knowledge of mankind—of the diversities of human character, and the motives of human action—was consummate. He made a just estimate of every man, whether a friend or foe, whom he judged worthy of serious attention. He was indeed often deceived in his stewards and overseers; but that was partly because, beyond the reach of his supervision, they yielded to the temptations of negligence, and waste, or fraud; and partly

because he was all his life too much engrossed by the public affairs to give due attention to his own. When acting for the public, no one ever made choice of fitter agents.

As an author, he has left no memorial that is worthy of his genius; for the public papers drawn by him are admired rather for the patriotic spirit which dictated them than for the intellectual power they exhibit. They presented no occasion for novelty of thought, or argument, or diction. His purpose was only to make a judicious and felicitous use of that which every body knew and would assent to; and this object he has eminently fulfilled. His "Notes on Virginia," though stamped with his characteristic independence of mind, are rather remarkable for the extent of his statistical knowledge, in a country and at a period when knowledge of that kind was so difficult of attainment; and his "Manual" of parliamentary practice required nothing more than care and discrimination. His diplomatic correspondence throughout, shows that he possessed logical powers of the highest order; and his letters, especially those of his latter years, are written with great elegance and felicity. They have all the ease of Addison, with far greater precision. His style is always natural, flowing, and perspicuous; rarely imaginative, and never declamatory. It was occasionally marked by neologisms, where he thought there were no apt words already in use. It was neither diffuse nor concise, but more inclined to the former.

His tastes were those which commonly distinguish a lively sensibility. He delighted in music, painting, and sculpture, and was an enthusiast in architecture. Though temperate in the pleasures of the table, he had a high relish for them, and his discriminating palate soon learnt to appreciate the merits of French cookery. It was this supposed disloyalty of taste that Patrick Henry meant to reprove, when he said, "he had no notion of a man's abjuring his native victuals." In early life he was fond of dress, but in his latter years his appearance was rather plain than showy. He was always scrupulously attentive to cleanliness. His favorite exercise was riding, and his only game, chess. He had once been a good performer on the violin.

In person he was above six feet high, thin, and erect. His complexion was light, his eyes blue, his nose long, pointed, and

slightly turned up. His hair, of which he had lost none, had been red, became gray, faintly tinged with its original hue. For some years before his death his hearing was somewhat impaired, but he retained his sight, as well as his teeth, to the last.

His manners were frank, mild, and courteous; occasionally, when he was particularly desirous of pleasing, graceful, and irresistibly engaging. His conversation was always cheerful, sometimes light and facetious, but seldom either impassioned or witty. From the profound respect with which he was usually listened to, he was occasionally abrupt and positive; but in this speaking, as it were, *ex cathedra,* he was never betrayed into haughtiness or ill-humour.

As a practical statesman he was prompt, prudent, and judicious: in general, cautious and politic, but occasionally bold, where boldness was wise. In his first contest with the royalist party in the revolutionary times; in that which related to the church establishment, and other great innovations in the civil polity of Virginia, he was adventurous, firm and uncompromising. But whether exhibiting courage or caution, his unfailing complacency of temper stood him in good stead, both with friend and adversary. No one better understood the management of a popular assembly than he did that of the House of Representatives, and he has been known, when he had a favourite measure to carry, to convey his opinion with so much address to those members who were likely to prove troublesome, that they have regarded it as a suggestion of their own. On one occasion, a member who had been thus unconsciously tutored, remarked, after having left the president, that he believed "he could make Mr. Jefferson adopt any opinion he pleased." He was diligent, punctual, and exact in all matters of business; never evading, neglecting, nor delaying his public duties, great or small; and he was so methodical, that at all times in his life, he could in a few minutes lay his hand on any paper he possessed. Knowing how general and sensitive was personal vanity, he was careful never to offend it. At his public dinners, if he had forgotten the name of any member present, he would, on a signal to his secretary, withdraw to an adjoining apartment for the purpose of ascertaining it. He succeeded in preserving more harmony in his cabinet than any other president has done before or since. The

merits of his administration have been already fully mentioned. Its cardinal principles were economy, peace, simplicity, and a strict limitation to all the powers of the government, and no one could have carried them into effect with more fidelity, or greater success.

But it is on his merits as a lawgiver and political philosopher, that his claims to greatness chiefly rest: it is for these that he is to be praised or condemned by posterity; for beyond all his contemporaries has he impressed his opinions of government on the minds of the great mass of his countrymen. He thought he saw the sources of misgovernment in the conflict of interests and of passions between the rulers and the people; and that the only effectual way of avoiding this conflict was, by placing the government in the hands of a majority of the nation. All his political schemes and institutions were framed with a view to this object. Such were his opposition to the funding system, to banks, to court ceremonies, to the Cincinnati, to the independence of the judiciary, to the county courts of Virginia. His zeal in behalf of a general system of popular instruction; of his ward system; of the extension of the right of suffrage, all aimed at the same object of placing the power of the state in the hands of the greater number. It was these objects of his untiring zeal which won for him the title he most prized, "THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE." How future ages will regard this character it is perhaps not given to the present generation to anticipate; but from pregnant signs of the times, his friends have reason to believe that posterity is quite as likely to exceed as to fall short of their own veneration for the political character of THOMAS JEFFERSON.

SALUTARY INFLUENCES OF PARTIES

From 'History of the United States.'

If the rise of new parties, and an increasing bitterness between them, was some drawback, and indeed not a small one from the aggregate sum of national prosperity, it must be recollected that this evil is inseparable from the good of civil freedom, and that these party bickerings are not an uncompensated evil. They beget vigilance in one party, and circumspection in the other, by which much mischief is prevented, and occasionally their active rivalry produces a degree of positive good that would not otherwise exist.

The character of these parties, as we have seen, has its foundation in the principles of our common nature. They arise from the greater fear that some men have of the abuse of power when it is exercised by one or a few, and others have when it is exercised by multitudes. In the phases which these parties have exhibited in the United States, while contemporaries find in one of them little to blame, and in the other little to commend, those who come after them, if they have the faculty of discrimination with candor, will occasionally meet with somewhat to commend and somewhat to censure in both. They will find suspicions to have been often unfounded, motives misrepresented, evil tendencies grossly exaggerated; and measures once supposed to threaten the welfare, or even safety of the community, to prove harmless and insignificant. What vestige now remains of the evils confidently predicted from either French or English influence? What of the corrupting tendencies of the Bank, or of the disloyalty to the Union of the Western States, formerly such fruitful themes of danger with political croakers?

Of those parties which prevailed during the administration of General Washington, it is probable that each contributed its part towards the public welfare. But for the republican jealousy of one party, the other might have attempted, and even have effected some changes in the government not in harmony with the genius and temper of the American people; and but for the Federalists, the General government might not have had that degree of power which subsequent experience

has shown to be necessary. It might not have quelled, or attempted to quell the Pennsylvania insurrection, and the example of successful or unpunished resistance to the laws might have been followed by other States, and have led to more serious consequences.

If one party had possessed a greater preponderance, we might have been involved in the calamities of war, on the side of France; or, if the other had prevailed, we might have taken up arms against her. In either case, the wealth and prosperity of the country had probably been postponed ten or twenty years, to say nothing of the injury which might have resulted to its political institutions. Nay, in the short-sightedness of human wisdom, if Hamilton's party had entirely prevailed, their means of strengthening the government might have eventually led to that wild spirit of democracy which they dreaded; and, on the other hand, if Jefferson's policy had met with no counteraction, the undue power of the States and of popular resistance to salutary laws might by a natural reaction, have led to a more energetic government, whose burdens and restraints men would have chosen to bear for the sake of the partial protection it afforded; and as the oak attains its most vigorous growth under alternate storms and sunshine, so to the clashing tendencies of those opposite parties, the United States owe the highest civil freedom which is compatible with the salutary restraints of law and order.

HISTORY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

From 'History of the United States.'

Adverting to the wish formerly expressed by him, respecting the recent changes in the Governments of Spain and Portugal, he disclaims any disposition on the part of the United States to take part in European contests; and at the same time adds, "We owe it to candor to declare, that we should consider any attempt, on their part, to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have de-

clared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny by Europeans in any other light than the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." We are still disposed to continue our neutrality between these new Governments and Spain, provided no change shall occur which "shall make a correspondent change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security."

Referring to the interposition of foreign Powers in the concerns of Spain, he remarks, "While our settled policy is not to interfere in the internal concerns of other nations; but in regard to those continents, circumstances are essentially different, and it is impossible for the allied Powers of Europe to extend their political system to either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interpositions, in any form, with indifference."

He notices, in conclusion, with patriotic pride, the rapid and unexampled progress which the United States have made since the close of the Revolution, in population, in settlements of the wilderness, in wealth, strength, and respectability—all of which is due to the excellence of our political institutions.

That part of the preceding message which undertook to declare that European Powers were to establish no new colony on the American continent, nor to attempt to introduce their political system—that is, monarchical government—in the Western world, but at the risk of encountering our hostility, created no little sensation among the members of Congress.

In the first place, it caused surprise by its novelty and boldness—the subject never having before created any discussion, or elicited any public declaration of sentiment; and it not being within the legitimate powers of the Executive of the United States to speak in behalf of the nation of a policy which might lead to war, which Congress alone has the power of declaring. The declaration too, was not consistent with

the habitual prudence and caution which had ever characterised Mr. Monroe's foreign policy. But while it was well known that this declaration of the sentiments of the people was altogether gratuitous, and taken upon trust, they seemed so natural in themselves, and were so gratifying to the pride of the nation, and so well accorded with the rights of self-preservation, that no one thought of questioning the authority by which they were made; and the assumption was overlooked, or, if perceived, was forgiven.

This declaration excited no little interest, both in Europe and in America. There it was regarded as a serious warning—here, as a solemn assertion of right which the nation was disposed to ratify, though they had not given it their previous sanction. But its history has been since more fully developed, and but a share of the honor of it must be given to Mr. Monroe.

It was known by the British Cabinet that, among other schemes of the allied Powers, at their Congress at Laybach—for the purpose of putting down the republican spirit which had so spread in America, and might reach Europe—was to aid Spain to recover the dominion of her revolted colonies. This measure would be deprecated in England, partly from the sympathy which a large portion of the nation have always testified in favor of civil liberty, and partly because the independence of the Spanish provinces would open an extensive and lucrative commerce to their merchants, from which they had been excluded by the monopoly that Spain secured for herself. Mr. Canning, who then was Minister for Foreign Affairs, suggested to Mr. Rush, the American Minister, that if the United States would take strong ground against the interference of the allied Powers in the affairs of the new Spanish-American Governments, Great Britain would support her. Those intimations having been conveyed to Mr. Monroe, by the Minister, in a private correspondence, because it was important, on several accounts, that the suggestion of Mr. Canning, should not be known, it was supposed, even by some of the members of his Cabinet, to have originated with himself. When, however, the President's message arrived, it was found to have gone a long step further than Mr. Canning had expected or wished; and it was said that Mr. Monroe's

declaration against the future extension of colonies in America was as unwelcome as unexpected to the British Cabinet. This addition, according to the testimony of Mr. Calhoun, was made by Mr. Adams himself, who prepared the President's message. If so, neither of these bold declarations originated with Mr. Monroe, and he is entitled only to the praise of adopting and sustaining them with that good sense and firmness which characterized all his public measures.

THE PRINCIPLE OF REPULSION

From 'A Voyage To The Moon.'

. . . "It was at this seat of science that I learnt, from one of our sages, the physical truth which I am now about to communicate, and which he discovered, partly by his researches into the writings of ancient Pundits, and partly by his own extraordinary sagacity. There is a principle of repulsion as well as gravitation in the earth. It causes fire to rise upwards. It is exhibited in electricity. It occasions waterspouts, volcanoes, and earthquakes. After much labour and research, this principle has been found embodied in a metallic substance, which is met with in the mountain in which we are, united with a very heavy earth; and this circumstance had great influence in inducing me to settle myself here.

"This metal, when separated and purified, has as great a tendency to fly off from the earth, as a piece of gold or lead has to approach it. After making a number of curious experiments with it, we bethought ourselves of putting it to some use, and soon contrived, with the aid of it, to make cars and ascend into the air. We were very secret in these operations; for our unhappy country having then recently fallen under the subjection of the British nation, we apprehended that if we divulged our arcanum, they would not only fly away with all our treasures, whether found in palace or pagoda, but also carry off the inhabitants, to make them slaves in their colonies, as their government had not then abolished the African slave trade.

"After various trials and many successive improvements, in which our desire increased with our success, we determined

to penetrate the aerial void as far as we could, providing for that purpose an apparatus, with which you will become better acquainted hereafter. In the course of our experiments, we discovered that this same metal, which was repelled from the earth, was in the same degree attracted towards the moon; for in one of our excursions, still aiming to ascend higher than we had ever done before, we were actually carried to that satellite; and if we had not there fallen into a lake, and our machine had not been water-tight, we must have been dashed to pieces or drowned. You will find in this book," he added, presenting me with a small volume, bound in green parchment, and fastened with silver clasps, "a minute detail of the apparatus to be provided, and the directions to be pursued in making this wonderful voyage. I have written it since I satisfied my mind that my fears of British rapacity were unfounded, and that I should do more harm than good by publishing the secret. But still I am not sure," he added, with one of his faint but significant smiles, "that I am not actuated by a wish to immortalize my name; for where is the mortal who would be indifferent to this object, if he thought he could attain it? Read the book at your leisure, and study it."

* * * * * *

The machine in which we proposed to embark, was a copper vessel, that would have been an exact cube of six feet, if the corners and edges had not been rounded off. It had an opening large enough to receive our bodies, which was closed by double sliding pannels, with quilted cloth between them. When these were properly adjusted, the machine was perfectly air-tight, and strong enough, by means of iron bars running alternately inside and out, to resist the pressure of the atmosphere, when the machine should be exhausted of its air, as we took the precaution to prove by the aid of an air-pump. On the top of the copper chest and on the outside, we had as much of the lunar metal (which I shall henceforth call *lunarium*) as we found, by calculation and experiment, would overcome the weight of the machine, as well as its contents, and take us to the moon on the third day. As the air which the machine contained, would not be sufficient for our respiration more than about six hours; and the chief part of the space we were to pass through was a mere void, we provided our-

selves with a sufficient supply, by condensing it in a small globular vessel, made partly of iron and partly of lunarium, to take off its weight. On my return, I gave Mr. Jacob Perkins, who is now in England, a hint of this plan of condensation, and it has there obtained him great celebrity. This fact I should not have thought it worth while to mention, had he not taken the sole merit of the invention to himself; at least I cannot hear that in his numerous public notices he has ever mentioned my name.

But to return. A small circular window, made of a single piece of thick clear glass, was neatly fitted on each of the six sides. Several pieces of lead were securely fastened to screws which passed through the bottom of the machine as well as a thick plank. The screws were so contrived, that by turning them in one direction, the pieces of lead attached to them were immediately disengaged from the hooks with which they were connected. The pieces of lunarium were fastened in like manner to screws, which passed through the top of the machine; so that by turning them in one direction, those metallic pieces would fly into the air with the velocity of a rocket. The Brahmin took with him a thermometer, two telescopes, one of which projected through the top of the machine, and the other through the bottom; a phosphoric lamp, pen, ink, and paper, and some light refreshments sufficient to supply us for some days.

The moon was then in her third quarter, and near the zenith: it was, of course, a little after midnight, and when the coppersmith and his family were in their soundest sleep, that we entered the machine. In about an hour more we had the doors secured, and everything arranged in its place, when, cutting the cords which fastened us to the ground, by means of small steel blades which worked in the ends of other screws, we rose from the earth with a whizzing sound, and a sensation at first of very rapid ascent; but after a short time, we were scarcely sensible of any motion in the machine, except when we changed our places.

The ardent curiosity I had felt to behold the wonderful things which the Brahmin related, and the hope of returning soon to my children and native country, had made me most impatient for the moment of departure; during which time

the hazards and difficulties of the voyage were entirely overlooked; but now that the moment of execution had arrived, and I found myself shut up in this small chest, and about to enter on a voyage so new, so strange, and beset with such a variety of dangers, I will not deny that my courage failed me, and I would gladly have compromised to return to Mozaun, and remain there quietly all the rest of my days. But shame restrained me, and I dissembled my emotions.

At our first shock on leaving the earth, my fears were at their height; but after about two hours, I had tolerably well regained my composure, to which the returning light of day greatly contributed. By this time we had a full view of the rising sun, pouring a flood of light over one half of the circular landscape below us, and leaving the rest in shade. While those natural objects, the rivers and mountains, land and sea, were fast receding from our view, our horizon kept gradually extending as we mounted: but ere 10 o'clock this effect ceased, and the broad disc of the earth began sensibly to diminish.

INHABITANTS OF THE MOON

From 'A Voyage to the Moon.'

The inhabitants of the moon can always determine both their latitude and longitude, by observing the quarter of the heavens in which the earth is seen: and, as the sun invariably appears of the same altitude at their noon, the inhabitants are denominated and classed according to the length of their shadows; and the terms *long shadow,* or *short shadow,* are common forms of national reproach among them, according to the relative position of the parties. I found the climate of those whose shadows are about the length of their own figure, the most agreeably to my own feelings, and most like that of my own country.

Such are the most striking natural appearances on one side of this satellite. On the other there is some difference. The sun pursues the same path in the corresponding latitudes of both hemispheres; but being without any moon, they have a dull and dreary night, though the light from the stars is much greater than with us. The science of astronomy is much

cultivated by the inhabitants of the dark hemisphere, and is indebted to them for its most important discoveries, and its present high state of improvement.

If there is much rivalship among the natives of the same hemisphere, who differ in the length of their shadows, they all unite in hatred and contempt for the inhabitants of the opposite side. Those who have the benefit of a moon, that is, who are turned towards the earth, are lively, indolent, and changeable as the face of the luminary on which they pride themselves; while those on the other side are more grave, sedate, and industrious. The first are called the Hilliboos, and the last the Moriboos—or bright nights, and dark nights. And this mutual animosity is the more remarkable, as they often appeared to me to be the same race, and to differ much less from one another than the natives of different climates. It is true, that enlightened and well educated men do not seem to feel this prejudice, or at least they do not show it; but those who travel from one hemisphere to the other, are sure to encounter the prejudices of the vulgar, and are often treated with great contempt and indignity. They are pointed at by the children, who, according as they chance to have been bred on one side or the other, say, "There goes a man who never saw Gloontin," as they call the earth; or, "There goes a Booblimak," which means a night stroller.

All bodies are much lighter on the moon than on the earth; by reason of which circumstance, as has been mentioned, the inhabitants are more active, and experience much less fatigue in ascending their precipitous mountains. I was astonished at first at this seeming increase in my muscular powers; when, on passing along a street in Alamatua, soon after my arrival, and meeting a dog, which I thought to be mad, I proposed to run out of his way, and in leaping over a gutter, I fairly bounded across the street. I measured the distance the next day, and found it to be twenty-seven feet five inches; and afterwards frequently saw the school-boys, when engaged in athletic exercises, making running leaps of between thirty and forty feet backwards and forwards. Another consequence of the diminished gravity here is, that both men and animals carry much greater burdens than on the earth.

The carriages are drawn altogether by dogs, which are the largest animals they have, except the zebra, and a small buffalo. This diminution of gravity is, however, of some disadvantage to them. Many of their tools are not as efficient as ours, especially their axes, hoes, and hammers. On the other hand, when a person falls to the ground, it is nearly the same thing as if an inhabitant of the earth were to fall on a feather bed. Yet I saw as many instances of fractured limbs, hernia, and other accidents there, as I ever saw on the earth; for when they fall from great heights, or miscarry in the feats of activity which they ambitiously attempt, it inflicts the same injury upon them, as a fall nearer the ground does upon us.

JOHN TYLER

[1790—1862]

J. LESSLIE HALL

JOHN TYLER, Governor, United States Senator, tenth President of the United States, was born at Greenway, Charles City County, Virginia, March 29, 1790, and died in Richmond, Virginia, February 18, 1862. He was the second son of Judge John Tyler and Mary Armistead.

In early boyhood, young Tyler attended a boys' school kept by a Scotchman named McMurdo, who was a great martinet. At the age of eleven he led a revolt against the tyranny of McMurdo. When the schoolmaster lodged a formal complaint with the judge, that old Roman patriot drew himself up with dignity and said, *"Sic semper tyrannis."*

At seventeen, he was graduated from the College of William and Mary. His graduating address—on female education—was pronounced one of the best literary exercises ever known in the college. While at college, he showed special interest in ancient history.

In 1809 he was admitted to the Bar. In 1811 he was elected to the Legislature and soon became prominent in its discussions. He was a vigorous supporter of Madison's administration and of the rights of America as against the encroachments of England.

In 1811, the question of renewing the charter of the first Bank of the United States came up in Congress. The bank was very unpopular in Virginia, and the State Legislature denounced the proposed charter as a gross violation of States' rights. The resolution censuring the two Senators from Virginia, passed by an overwhelming vote, was drawn by Mr. Tyler.

March 29, 1813, Mr. Tyler married Letitia Christian, daughter of Robert Christian, of Charles City County, Virginia. By this marriage he had seven children. Mrs. Letitia Tyler died in Washington, September 9, 1842, during her husband's Presidential term.

In 1816 Mr. Tyler was elected to the House of Representatives. He soon became conspicuous as a "strict constructionist." He was always opposed to a national bank with state branches unless such branches should be established with the free will and consent of the

respective states. He always opposed the so-called "American system." In 1820, when Missouri was admitted to the Union, he took strong ground against restricting the march of slavery. While in favor of abolishing slavery if possible, he believed that every American citizen should have the right to take his slaves with him into any state or territory. He believed that scattering the slaves over a larger area would be best for both races and would not delay the ultimate abolition of the system.

Mr. Tyler was also unalterably opposed to the protective tariff. He believed that it impoverished the agricultural states to enrich the manufacturers. But when South Carolina threatened to nullify, in 1832, Mr. Tyler, then Senator from Virginia, was opposed to nullification; he was no less opposed to Jackson's "Force Bill" for the coercion of South Carolina. He was the only Senator that stayed in his seat and voted against that violent measure. Mr. Tyler always held that Congress had no right to coerce a state, as the state was itself a "sovereign" and was the highest judge of its own relations to the Federal Government, a doctrine long held by many eminent publicists and taught at the West Point Military Academy while Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee were cadets in that academy.

About 1833, by a fusion between the National Republicans of the North and the anti-Jackson Democrats, the Whig party came into existence. With this fusion party Mr. Tyler allied himself; but it was not the same party that had hitherto stood for bank, tariff, and internal improvements. It was a heterogeneous, nondescript party, brought together by a dislike to Jackson and his methods. For the three political ideas named above Mr. Tyler never stood sponsor. When the Whigs put him on their ticket in 1840, there was no platform, no explicit statement of principles. Hence President Tyler's famous vetoes were not, as alleged by political enemies, violations of his plighted word. His opinions as to a national bank, the tariff, and "internal improvements" were known to all concerned. His vetoes were thoroughly consistent with his whole political career from his maiden speech in the Virginia Legislature down to his vote for secession in the Virginia convention of 1861.

After a very exciting campaign, Harrison and Tyler were elected President and Vice-president. One month after the inauguration, President Harrison died. Some minds were agitated by the question as to the succession to the Presidential office, but that question gave no uneasiness to Vice-president Tyler. He cut the Gordian knot with the sword of logic and common sense. Leaving his home in Williamsburg the morning after the news of President Harrison's death reached him, he proceeded to Washington and took the oath of office. "What is a vice-president," he argued, "unless he is the

man that succeeds the President if he dies in office?" The precedent established by Tyler has ever since been followed.

With the death of Harrison there was "war to the hilt." The old Whig leaders, led by Clay, were determined to have a bank. To this, as already shown, Mr. Tyler had always been opposed. "Tyler dares not resist," said Clay; "I'll drive him before me." To such men as Mr. Tyler this language was intolerable. The President warned Clay, in the spring of 1841, that the proposed bank bill would not meet the approval of the Executive. Still Clay and his colleagues insisted. In spite of the President's warning, in his message of 1841, Congress also persisted. The "fiscal bank" bill was passed and was vetoed. Then followed the "fiscal corporation" bill, which likewise fell under the veto. Meanwhile, the Whig leaders abused, maligned, and tried to bully the President. Five members of the Cabinet resigned, and did so in a manner and at a time most likely to embarrass and cripple the Executive. The Whigs all over the country abused Mr. Tyler vociferously, although, as already said, they knew his opinions when they put him on their ticket.

Another famous veto of President Tyler's is in the matter of the eastern River-and-Harbor Bill of 1844. This infuriated many. He was abused for signing the Mississippi Bill, which he did on the very just ground that the Mississippi was a great common highway for the commerce of the whole country, and not a local stream running through a narrow territory.

A great event of this administration was the Ashburton Treaty. This settled our northeast boundary for 2,000 miles and warded off the long-impending war with England. In most histories, the whole credit for this treaty is given to Daniel Webster. Of course this great man should not be robbed of any of his well-earned laurels; but the President is entitled to a share of the honor. Webster himself said: "It [the treaty] proceeded from step to step under the President's own immediate eye and correction." Moreover, it may be added that at one stage in the proceedings, Lord Ashburton was about to give up and return to England; but President Tyler, by his courtesy and suavity, conciliated him and induced him to go on with the negotiations.

The Oregon question, also, was close to President Tyler's heart. For many years the northwestern boundary had been a bone of contention between the United States and England. Both Monroe and John Quincy Adams had made unsuccessful overtures to England. "It was President Tyler's policy," says his son ('Letters and Times'), "to make the Oregon question auxiliary to the Texas and California questions, and, in the meantime, under the improved treaty of joint occupancy, to push settlers on to the distant land." Owing to various

causes, however, the whole matter was still unsettled when President Tyler went out of office.

Mr. Tyler was very anxious to see Texas admitted to the Union. In 1836 Texas had won its independence from Mexico. Its Governor and the majority of its inhabitants were citizens of the United States. The people of Texas wished to come into the Union; the majority of our people were desirous to have them. President Tyler was anxious that the matter should be settled during his Administration. The treaty of annexation was, however, rejected by the Senate in the spring of 1844. The President did not despair, did not give up the struggle. In the winter of 1844-'45, a joint resolution of annexation was passed by both houses of Congress. On March 3, 1845, the last day of his administration, President Tyler despatched a special messenger to Texas, bearing the news of its admission to the Union. In the Texas matter he was carrying out the expressed wishes of a majority of the voters of the country, for they had elected Polk and Dallas on the battle-cry of "Polk and Texas."

In the midst of this political turmoil and contention, Mr. Tyler was not without many social and domestic blessings. On June 26, 1844, he married Julia Gardiner, the accomplished daughter of David Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, New York. They had seven children. His first marriage had allied him with some of the old families of Virginia; his second with some of the leading families of New York. Several children of this marriage survive and are living in Virginia.

After his term of office expired, President Tyler retired to his estate on the James River, in Charles City County, Virginia. There he lived the life of a country gentleman and planter, mingling with his fellow-citizens with the simplicity of a Cincinnatus. Some of the old Whigs were prejudiced against him for his vetoes, and some of the Democrats never had forgiven him for allying himself with the anti-Jackson Whigs. His kind and conciliating manners, however, and the transparent purity of his character—qualities always appreciated in Virginia—won many over. In his later years he was frequently honored by his fellow-citizens. When they needed an orator to touch and move them, they turned to the sage of "Sherwood Forest." When the great monument to Clay was unveiled in Richmond, President Tyler was invited to deliver an oration; and, with a magnanimity that did honor both to him and to the occasion, he pronounced a beautiful eulogy over the man who had put many a thorn in his pillow. When the Peace Convention met February 4, 1861, Mr. Tyler was made chairman, and did his utmost to pour oil on the troubled waters. When hope of peace was well-nigh gone and Virginia called her convention, Mr. Tyler was sent to represent his county. In May, 1861, he was elected a member of the Provisional

Congress of the Confederate States; in the autumn following he was elected to the permanent Congress of the Southern Confederacy. Before he could take his seat he died at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond. He was buried in Hollywood, the beautiful cemetery in Richmond, in which rest the ashes of Pickett, J. E. B. Stuart, and many thousands of the Southern private soldiers.

With this sketch of President Tyler's life and political career, we now pass on to speak of him on the literary side. Though not a scholar, Mr. Tyler was essentially a man of culture. His published speeches and addresses often show an ease and a finish rarely seen in those of the publicist and politician. Indeed, his style was far above the average.

Mr. Tyler's addresses bristle with allusions to ancient history. He refers to Curtius, Scaevola, Brutus, Epaminondas, and other heroes of antiquity as naturally as we do to Washington, Lee, and Jackson. The standard poets of England also were his familiar companions. Phrases from Gray, Milton, Shakespeare and other poets are very numerous. The English Bible, also, furnished him not a few of his aptest phrases. "It is good for us to be here"; "the ground on which we stand is hallowed"; "the suns shine and the rains descend"—these are but a few of the Biblical phrases that he uses. Like most of the public men of the ante-bellum South, he draws freely upon the Bible for illustration and for ornament.

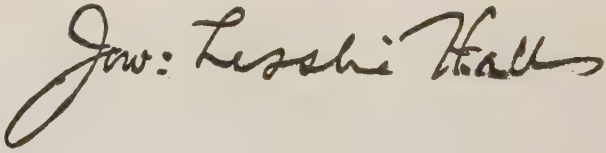
Though incidentally a man of letters, Mr. Tyler was of course essentially a publicist. Furthermore, he was a political propagandist Whenever and wherever he spoke, except where good taste prevented, he was a defender of the South and of her views of the Constitution. Even in his literary addresses, he took pains to tell the audience that the Union was composed of "confederate states" and that each state had certain "reserved rights" which no generation should ever forfeit.

Mr. Tyler was an eloquent writer. His oral style, too, was eloquent and impressive. Of his address on "The Dead of the Cabinet," a Southern littérateur has asked, "Could Bossuet have done it better?"

In this connection we will quote a writer of the year 1824: "He is a most eloquent speaker. His allusions are sublime, and when he speaks all the powers of his mind seem absorbed in his subject. There is no coldness, no art, no speaking for the sake of speaking, in his observations; but his whole intellect appears wrapped in and riveted to the question before the House. He is vehement, impetuous, and ardent in his manner; he evidently feels intensely, and causes every heart to feel. It is impossible to divert him from his remarks by the casual introduction of any extraneous thought. While he

commands his own soul and exercises over it a fervent and energetic control, he commands the souls of all who are susceptible to the effects of oratory. He ranges every spot of classic and fairy ground to cull illustrations for his arguments; and he hurries along, and hurries his hearers along, with a mixture of powerful reasoning, classic allusions, and elegant figures; intermingling with the flow of debate flowers and verses plucked from the loveliest fields of Parnassus."

We admit, however, that some of Mr. Tyler's addresses are lacking in finish and in precision. He was neither scholar nor rhetorician. Yet no one can read his best addresses without feeling refreshed, stimulated, and inspired. As said by the writer quoted in the foregoing paragraph, he takes the reader on many a delightful excursion, now through ancient Rome and Greece, with Livy, Plutarch, and Goldsmith leading him; now to Mount Olympus and the gardens of the Hesperides; anon to Stratford-on-Avon to muse with "gentle Shakespeare"; now to visit the blind poet of Puritanism as he tells of the war in heaven and the fall of the angels. In such high company did Tyler walk when he threw off the cares of state and held converse with the poets.



YORKTOWN ORATION

Extracts from an Address Delivered at Yorktown, October 19, 1837.

And why stand we here, my countrymen, on this almost deserted spot, this day? Have we come but to pass an idle hour, in gazing on these mounds of earth—this village in decay—that noble river, and yon more distant sea? There are other lands more fair—other mounds more lofty—other ruins more splendid—other streams more heavily burthened with rich cargoes and valuable freights—other prospects which, to the mere lover of the picturesque, are equally captivating. No! we are here for a far nobler purpose. Each object which this scene presents to the sight is consecrated in the memory as a proud memento of a glorious past: they speak to us of other

times and of other men. They tell us a tale of heroic fortitude, of patriotic devotion, and of majestic triumph. Behind those intrenchments, the last ever destined for their protection in the American States, was once sheltered a formidable and heretofore invincible army of Great Britain, under the command of one of her most distinguished generals. *Here,* on this plain, lay encamped the chivalry of these then infant states—and *there,* those gallant Frenchmen who had come over ocean to the rescue. On the bosom of yon river, where now are only to be seen the sails of some peaceful shallop, floated the British fleet—while still farther in the distance, rode threateningly the blockading squadron of La Belle France. *That* redoubt was stormed by Lafayette—a name rendered ever memorable in the annals of mankind—at the head of his proud soldiers of his native land. While at *that,* the traces of which are now scarcely discernible, was poured out, as freely as if it had been water, the blood of the generous and the brave. Nor were the defenders of these entrenchments wanting in gallant bearing. The great mass were but the hired mercenaries of a crowned king, and warred on the side of unrighteous power; but there were among that embattled host many a noble gentleman, as brave as ever was belted knight, who sought to win a fair name in history, and to live in future song. *Here* ran the first, and *there* the second parallel, and *there* were erected formidable batteries which, belching forth destruction from the mouths of an hundred cannon, caused the cheek of the bravest and the stoutest to turn pale. Silence at length succeeds the thunders of artillery. A white flag is seen waving from those ramparts. It is the signal of a battle fought and a battle lost. It pleads for mercy on the part of the besieged, and its plea is admitted. The terms of capitulation are speedily signed, and an army which had been so long the terror and scourge of the South, acknowledges itself conquered—and with that the sun of British power went down, never more to rise in this hemisphere. The war-worn soldier now rejoices that his dangers and sufferings are at last to have an end. Fear for his beloved country no longer agitates the mind of the patriot; and a full tide of joy rushes over an emancipated land. Now breaks forth the long, loud shout of triumph—and now ascends to heaven, borne on anthems of praise and thanksgiving, the incense of

the redeemed and disenthralled. Now are proudly displayed those torn and tattered flags which for seven long years had withstood the battle and the breeze. Our own Virginia flag was there, my countrymen, with its *sic semper Tyrannis* and its broken crown and dagger. Upon it might also be read, the emblazoned characters, that motto* which it had borne from the first, and which I trust will serve to encourage her sons, when engaged in a righteous cause, through all time to come, to "persevere" to the last—which bespeaks a purpose stern and resolute, unbending and eternal—the sure augury of ultimate success.

In close union with our own, with their proud mottoes and bright emblazonry, waved the flags of our sister states, and the *fleur de lis* of France; and from these battlements, trailing in the dust, slowly and reluctantly came the proud cross of St. George, which had so long cast its darkening shadows over our hopes.

To dwell upon these soul-stirring incidents, even at a day so remote as the present, fills us with enthusiastic emotions; but what painter shall be bold and daring enough to attempt to throw upon canvas the feelings of those who were actors in that scene? A single moment gave to them more of real being than is ordinarily conferred upon a life of threescore years and ten. For seven long years they had passed through peril and danger; during all which time, they may be said to have slept constantly upon their arms. The midnight drum had often started them from their flinty couch, and the signal gun had given notice that the foeman was near. Smoking cottages, and villages in ruin, a devastated country, and a naked people, had at other times enabled them to track his progress; and now that freedom was in their power, and the sure prospect of peace was at hand. Their country was their only idol, and that country through their exertions was now free.

**Perseverando.*

UPSHUR AND GILMER

From 'The Dead of the Cabinet."

WHEN the morning of the ill-fated 28th of February dawned upon the world, the theretofore tempest-tossed administration found itself comparatively tranquil and at ease, reposing on the honor, the wisdom, personal friendship, and patriotism of its counsellors and advisers. That morning was also full of promise of a day of gladness and triumph—gladness and triumph at the successful accomplishment of an experiment which had been conducted under the superintendence and direction of one of the most gallant and talented officers of the navy. The experimental ship, the *Princeton,* floated majestically on the bosom of the Potomac, and her projector and commander, distinguished not more for his valor than for his unbounded hospitality, had sent out cards of invitation for a fête on board, comprising a multitude. Never did the eye gaze on a brighter or more animated scene than that which the beautiful river exhibited during the forenoon of that fatal day. There floated the ship whereon had been concentrated so many hopes and anticipated joys. Decked out in trim array, there waved from every rope and yard some emblematic flag in token of our amity with the whole world, while proudly above them all floated at the mast-head our own beautiful banner. Numberless barges shot out from every cove and point, loaded with their living freight, and flew on the wings of hope and joy towards the gallant ship. The decks were soon crowded with a host of happy visitors. There was but one person in that crowd who did not partake of the hilarity which so universally prevailed, and that exception was found in the person of the interesting and admired lady of the Secretary of the Navy. From the moment that her foot touched the deck of the ship a foreboding of evil took possession of her mind. The slightest separation from her husband caused her inexpressible agony. Vain were the efforts which were made to expel from her mind the horrid spectre of the future of that woeful day. The pall and the shroud floated before her vision, and she was miserable. Like Cassandra, she prophesied of evil, and her prophecies were treated

as the effects of womanly timidity and nervous excitement. Tell us, you who profess to look into the future, you who claim to have the power to read the mysteries which envelop cause and effect before they give sign of birth what connexion exists between the troubled mind thus filled with feverish apprehension, and the dread reality which afterwards occurs? With this exception, never was there assembled a more joyous crowd. A cloudless sky added to the brilliancy of the scene. The anchor is weighed, and the ship moves with majestic grace over the dimpled waters. At length her large experimental guns are fired, and the immense range of the ponderous balls seem to realize all that the valorous Stockton had foretold of their power. The ship is returning to her anchorage, and the feast is nearly ended. Abel P. Upshur has added to its zest by the charms of his conversation and the brilliant flashes of his wit. Thomas W. Gilmer, intent on the intimate knowledge of her material and structure, has visited every part of the ship, and mastered the entire fabric. The song still prevails and patriotic sentiments abound.

The gallant commander and Upshur and Gilmer are no longer at the table or in the cabin. They have ascended to the deck, accompanied by a few friends. The Secretary of the Navy desires once more to witness the effect of a discharge from one of the guns, and the captain proceeds to comply with his wishes. The crowd below is in utter ignorance of what is passing above. A loud report is at length heard, and does not, at the moment arrest the song and merry jest. A mysterious whisper at last reaches the crowd; anxiety, to be soon succeeded by dismay, prevails. The upper deck is reached, and there lies, sealed in death and already wrapped in the folds of that flag which was never looked upon by them while in life without imparting to their patriotic hearts a quickened pulsation, the two eminent Secretaries and three other distinguished citizens, one of whom, also a son of this Commonwealth, Commodore Kennon, had so often courted danger on the ocean, and had won the commodore's flag by gallant service, and at the time presided over an important bureau. While Virginia mourns over the remains of her noble sons, Maryland bends in solemn woe over her gifted Maxey, and New York laments the death of her talented and accomplished Gardiner.

Joy is turned into mourning. The morning, so bright and cloudless, is succeeded by an evening of deep gloom and sorrow. The muffled drum, the solemn toll of the bell, the loud and dismal peal of the minute gun announce to the country the sad tidings of death and woe. There are two vacant seats at the Cabinet board the following morning—Upshur and Gilmer have fallen, "like two stars struck from their spheres."

A TRIBUTE TO H. S. LEGARÉ

From "The Dead of the Cabinet." An Address delivered at Petersburg, April 24, 1856.

. . . I REMEMBER the first time I ever saw him. It was in the infancy of steam-power, and a slight frost sufficed to prevent the running of the steamer that plied between Washington and Potomac Creek. The stage-coach was at the time the only means of conveyance over the almost impassable roads between Washington and Fredericksburg. I was returning to my home in Virginia, in the winter of 1819-'20, during a brief respite from service as a member of the House of Representatives. Chance seated me by the side of a young man who, I soon learned, had but a few days before returned to the United States from his European travels. We were strangers to each other—but who waits for an introduction in a stage-coach? Its chief recommendation consists in the absence of all form and ceremony. Each passenger feels himself bound, in some sort, to contribute to relieve the fatigue of the journey. The conversation thus becomes general, and before the journey is ended, good-fellowship is established among the passengers. So it was upon the occasion I have mentioned. The slow progress of the coach gave full leisure for conversation, and the passengers were indebted to the youthful stranger for much to interest them. He was full of his travels, France, Italy, England and Scotland were spoken of with graphic power. The sun of the great Napoleon had set, and the glory which had flashed from minaret and tower had sunk into the twilight of the ancient regime. The enthusiasm of the young traveller found its only excitement in the marvels of the times of the consulate and the empire. We visited, with him as our

cicerone, those battlefields where crowns were the stakes, and whereon kingdoms were lost and won; luxuriated in the beauty and fragrance of the Imperial gardens; visited the great works which, if all else was wanting, would serve as enduring monuments to the memory of the Emperor; conversed with the great marshals, and shed tears at the bloody death of "the bravest of the brave"—a death which has left upon the garments of those who ordered it a stain so deep that all the waters in the world cannot wash it out; but the blood then shed shall, in the language of Lady Macbeth, "rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green, one red." We crossed the Simplon and descended into Italy. Rome, as in the time of Augustus, rose up before us in all its majestic proportions, its seven hills clothed with the glories of the old republic; and then, stumbling over the ruins of the mighty past, we entered with profound awe and reverence the holy edifice of St. Peter, the creation of the genius of Michael Angelo. Thus was represented the imperial city, at one time glorying in her conquests and almost universal power, and holding in her lap the dowry of nations; at another weeping like Niobe, over the children of her earthly glory, the offspring of her feverish ambition, begotten of policy and won by the sword; and then, again, rising from her ruins with the mitre on her brow and the crozier in her hand, exercising a power far greater than that ever exercised by her consuls and emperors in the olden time. Then passed before us Venice, rising from the ocean "a sea Cybele"—the gems which glistened on her brow and the silks which adorned her person brought from the far distant lands of the orient—her annual espousal of the Adriatic—the magnificence of her Doges—her gondoliers, and the songs of Tasso—the Rialto, with its "prison and its palace on each hand"—all rose up before us at the plastic touch of the young Legaré. We fought the battle of Hastings over again—saw the Saxon banner go down before the Norman—witnessed the signing of the great charter at Runnimede, rejoiced in the accession of William of Orange to the throne, and in the steady advances of public freedom over privilege and arbitrary power—and, crossing the channel, wandered over England's classic grounds. We then entered Scotland, the home of his maternal ancestors. A new enthusiasm was

awakened. Sir Walter Scott had peopled every hill and glen with the old memories. The stout Sir Allan Swinton had played his part in the battle of Hallidon hill.

> There needed not to blazon forth the Swinton,
> His ancient burgonet, the sable boar
> Chained to the gnarled oak, nor his proud step,
> Nor giant stature, nor ponderous mace,
> Which only he in Scotland's realm could wield;
> His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
> As doth his name the champion.

No wonder that, in touching the old soil which had been so proudly trodden by his stalwart race, the young traveller should have been awakened to a new enthusiasm. The mighty men of the claymore and the spear, armed as they were in life, reappeared from the spirit land. The Wallace and the Bruce, and the Campbell and the Douglas, re-enacted their parts, and "James Fitz-James, the Commons' King," held royal court at Stirling; and there, too, was Ellen Douglas and the devoted Graeme. The unfortunate Mary, and the last of her race who aspired to the throne, figured on the canvas, until hill-top responded to hill-top in the national air of the day—

> Wha'll be king but Charlie?

which continued to awaken the slumbering echoes long after the fatal and bloody day of Culloden.

SPEECH IN THE STATE CONVENTION

I AM about to make, Mr. President, a very bold and daring adventure. The condition of my health might very well justify me to this convention in withholding from it any remarks upon the interesting subjects which were discussed yesterday. But, sir, I am acting under an impulse of duty—an impulse which I always obey, and which I shall attempt to carry out on the present occasion.

Mr. President, an aged man who had retired from the pursuits of busy life, surrounded by those comforts which should most properly surround one whose life had been spent in the

public service—with prattlers at his knee and a light illuminating his household for ever beaming around him—was startled from his quietude and repose by a voice which came from the legislative halls of his native State, admonishing him of danger to the country, and making a requisition for all of energy that still remained with him, either physical or mental, in the effort to rescue that country from the imminent peril that threatened it. It was the voice of Virginia, appealing, sir, to a son, who, from the early morning of manhood, she had nurtured and petted, even as a fond mother does her first born infant. At the age of twenty-one, having scarcely put on the *toga virilis,* he entered the public service of the State, cheered on his way by the approving smiles of those who had elected him a member of the Legislature; and his presence there was greeted by his brother members with an almost affectionate cordiality. The pathway of his life was lighted up by gracious smiles which he was continually receiving. Without anything of the spirit of boastfulness, which would ill-become me, I might say that that aged man had sounded, in the language of Cardinal Wolsey, "all the shoals and depths of honor." The highest public stations which the State of Virginia held in her gift she had conferred upon him.

When I left the government, sixteen years ago, sir, it had not entered into my contemplation that I should ever afterwards appear in a public assembly. I left that government prosperous and happy. The voice which startled me in my retirement told me of feud, and discontent, and discord; of a tearing in twain of that beautiful flag which had floated so triumphantly over us in the days that had gone by, which I had never looked upon but my heart had throbbed with an emotion it is impossible for me to give utterance to. The Father of his Country had left behind an admonition to his children to avoid sectional feuds, but those feuds had arisen and had progressed until they had culminated into disunion. I had seen their beginning, sir, thirty years before, when the dark cloud which now overspreads the hemisphere just rose above the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand. It was the cloud of Abolitionism. Washington, looking to the probable contingency that has now arisen, warned us against sectionalism and sectional parties. With the tongue and the pen of

an inspired prophet, he foretold what has befallen us. From the school-room where the youthful mind was impressed with doctrines in one section inimical to those of another; from the pulpit where traduction and abuse have been levelled at the very memories of the great dead who assisted to build up what was but yesterday a glorious government, desecrating the very altar itself, and pronouncing against us anathema and violent vituperation, bidding us "go forth from the communion table; you are miserable slaveholders, and we cannot partake with you in the feast of peace and religion." Such the anathema. And when all is made ready—the masses excited and stirred up with an undefinable love of human liberty—the politician, regardless of his country, and intent only upon his own elevation, steps forth upon the stage to control those masses and lead them to the disastrous point of sectionalism and separation.

Where is that Union now which we once so much loved? Where its beautiful flag, which waved over a land of wealth, of grandeur, and of beauty? Wrong, abuse, contumely, unconstitutional acts, looking to a higher law than the Constitution, thus setting men free from their obligations to society, have cut the ship of state loose from her moorings; and here she is, drifting without helm or compass amid rocks and whirlpools, her fragments floating in every direction—one part has gone South, while other parts, moored for this moment, will probably at the next, break loose from their insecure anchorage. I grieve over this state of things by day and by night. When I think of the manner in which all this has been brought about by a race of hungry, artful Catilines, who have misled the Northern mind solely for their own aggrandizement, my blood becomes so heated in my veins as to scald and burn them in its rapid flow.

I was told that in this hour of the country's danger my services were needed, and under the resolutions of the Legislature of Virginia, which I will very briefly advert to as containing my letter of instructions, I resolved, at peril to myself and at every possible personal inconvenience, to venture upon the task which my native State had imposed upon me. I have not felt myself at liberty to wander or depart from those instructions. One of them I will read:—

"Whereas, it is the deliberate opinion of the General Assembly of Virginia that unless the unhappy controversy which now divides the States of this confederacy shall be satisfactorily adjusted, a permanent dissolution of the Union is inevitable, and the General Assembly, representing the wishes of the people of the Commonwealth, is desirous of employing every reasonable means to avert so dire a calamity, and determined to make a final effort to restore the Union and the Constitution in the spirit in which they were established by the fathers of the Republic."

An effort was to be made to restore the Union: not to enter into a sort of bargain, embracing only the Border States; not merely to enter into a covenant with those who have brought about this state of things through misleading the public mind of the North; nor yet to consult the interests of Virginia exclusively in any arrangement which might be made to restore the Constitution and the Union of the States but to bring back, if possible, the cotton States, thereby to restore the Union to what it was; to have the glorious old flag floating over one and all; to make the name of an American citizen, which had won respect in every part of the world, again a word of passport and of honor, as it had been before.

What could have carried me to Washington but the debt of gratitude which I felt I owed my State and my fellow-countrymen, and the deep solicitude which I experienced in this hour of the nation's peril?

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

[1830-1894]

WILLIAM H. S. BURGWYN

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE, the second son of a family of four sons and four daughters, was born May 13, 1830. His father was David Vance, who lived and died in Buncombe County, and his mother, Margaret Baird Vance, died in 1878, not three miles from the place of her birth. She was a remarkable woman, exceedingly fond of reading, and able at the age of seventy-five to read her New Testament in fine print. Among her schoolmates were Governor Swain, President of the University of North Carolina, and Governor Perry of South Carolina, and among her distinguished friends was the famous statesman, John C. Calhoun.

At six years of age Zebulon was sent to an "old-field school," and later became a clerk at Hot Springs, North Carolina. About this time he fell from an apple tree and broke his hip. His recovery was attended by a shortening of this limb and a consequent ambling in his gait ever afterward. When about twelve he entered Washington College, Tennessee, but was recalled to his home by his father's death. From then until he was of age he received no formal education except in the uncertain private schools of the neighborhood.

Availing himself of the loan fund, he entered the University of North Carolina in 1851, studying under his kinsman, President Swain, constitutional law, political economy, and intellectual philosophy; under Professor Elisha Mitchell, chemistry, geology, and mineralogy; and under William H. Battle and Judge Phillips he studied law. He joined the Dialectic Society and was elected one of the editors of the University *Magazine*. With students and professors alike he became a great favorite. In 1852 he began the practice of law in Asheville, North Carolina, and soon thereafter was elected County Solicitor. His general popularity, as well as his natural bent, took him into politics and led to his election as a member of the State Legislature. In 1858 he was a candidate for Congress against W. W. Avery, and to the surprise of everyone was elected by a decisive majority. Two years later he defeated Colonel David Coleman, noted for his brilliance and power in debate. In Congress Vance was faithful in the performance of all duties but slow to enter the arena of

debate, though his several speeches established his ability as a debater. In 1860 he made his canvass for reëlection as a Henry Clay Whig, opposed to secession, and a strong Union man. "For myself," said he in a Boston address in 1886, "I was canvassing for the Union with all my strength—I was addressing a large and excited crowd, large numbers of whom were armed, and I literally had my arm extended upward pleading for peace and the Union of our fathers when the telegraphic news was announced of the firing on Fort Sumter and President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. When my hand came down from that impassioned gesticulation it fell slowly and sadly by the side of a secessionist. With altered voice and manner I called upon the assembled multitude to volunteer not to fight against, but for South Carolina. I said if war must come, I preferred to be with my own people and to shed Northern rather than Southern blood. If we had to slay, I had rather slay strangers than my own kindred and neighbors."

In such a mood he volunteered; and in May, 1861, he was elected Captain of the Rough and Ready Guards, and in the following August, Colonel of the 25th Regular Infantry—a command famous in military annals as having sustained at Gettysburg the greatest loss in killed and wounded in any one battle of any command, either in the Union or Confederate armies. This mortality reached seven hundred and twenty out of eight hundred rank and file taken into battle. Even after his nomination for Governor he remained with his regiment in spite of the entreaties of his friends, and took part in the seven days of fighting around Richmond. In the fierce and deadly assault on Malvern Hill (July 1, 1862), his regiment suffered heavily in killed and wounded. During a lull in this intense battle, while his men were nervously awaiting the order to charge, a rabbit appeared in front of the line, but soon scampered off to a place of safety. Vance called out so that his men could hear, "Go it, Molly Cotton-Tail! If I had no more reputation to lose than you I would run too." This sally relieved the tension under which his men were suffering.

Elected Governor in August, 1862, Vance at once retired from the Army to devote himself to relieving the necessities of those in the field and to increasing the comforts of those compelled to remain at home. He purchased a "long-legged" steamer called the *Advance,* which made eleven round trips between Wilmington and Bermuda, carrying out cotton and bringing back supplies. It was the common saying in the Army that the North Carolina soldiers were better provided with shoes, blankets, etc., than any other troops. It was Governor Vance's boast that "amid all the roar of cannon the laws

were heard." In 1864 he was reëlected over Holden, an original secessionist who had become a Union man. The soldier vote of North Carolina was unanimous for Vance.

Perhaps Vance's most brilliant exhibition of his unusual powers as a popular orator was before the soldiers of General Lee's army in 1863-'64. Of his success the great cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stuart, who followed Vance from division to division and from corps to corps, said: "If oratory is to be measured by its effects, Vance was the greatest orator that ever lived." General Lee is reported to have said that Governor Vance's visit and speeches to his army were worth fifty thousand recruits. The soldiers were wrought up to the highest pitch of patriotic fervor and nerved to make that unprecedented campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg. Governor Vance, rejecting the friendly advice to remain in Raleigh, left the capital on April 12, 1865, in company with Captain W. A. Graham, and on May second he surrendered to General Schofield at Greensboro. On parole he joined his family at Statesville but was arrested by the Federal authorities on May thirteenth, and taken to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington, District of Columbia. His cellmate was John Letcher, the distinguished war Governor of Virginia. As Governor Vance had refused steadfastly to take advantage of his many opportunities to make money, his family would have been absolutely destitute during his imprisonment but for the help of friends.

On July 5, 1865, he was released on parole and began at once the practice of law in Charlotte, North Carolina. Though his practice grew and afforded him fair remuneration he spent his spare time in the preparation and delivery of lectures. Of these the most famous and most widely used "The Scattered Nation," was received with great approbation by both Jew and Gentile, South and North. Among his other lectures may be mentioned: "The Era of Discovery;" "The Race of Settlers;" "Character of Colonists;" "Physical Aspects of the State;" "Education;" "The University of North Carolina;" while not less noteworthy are his sketches of D. L. Swain and Elisha Mitchell, his descriptions of Catawba Valley, mountain scenery, and Roan Mountain. In the sketch of Mitchell, he depicts most graphically the search made for the body of the eminent scientist, who came to such an untimely and dramatic end.

But Vance's greatest power was as an advocate on the hustings, and especially before a Mecklenburg County jury. After a brilliant campaign Vance was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1870, but was refused his seat because his political disabilities had not then been removed. He was again a candidate in 1872, but was defeated by a combination of Republicans and disaffected Demo-

crats. In 1876 he was nominated for Governor, and after a campaign-arousing enthusiasm to the highest pitch—he was swept into office. He served, however, but half of his term, as he was elected to the United States Senate in 1879. During his short term as Governor he sustained his greatest domestic afflictions. His aged and greatly beloved mother died on October 4, 1878, and in less than a month (November 3) his devoted and affectionate wife reached the end of her long and painful illness, borne with exemplary faith and patience sustained by the hope of the Gospel and sanctified by the spirit of grace. No woman in the State was more widely known or more highly honored.

The two years of Governor Vance's third term were marked by his earnest advocacy of every measure in favor of public education, and for the care and comfort of the insane and the blind.

From the day he was first sworn in as United States Senator, in 1879, Vance served his State and Nation in that august body until stricken down by disease a short time before his death in 1894. Vance's career in the Senate delighted, as well as surprised, his friends. It was predicted that his reputation would not be enhanced by his Senatorial life. This prediction was not verified. He became at once a profound student of the great questions of the day. Although a tireless worker in committee, he found time to prepare and deliver speeches that were admitted on all sides to take rank with the ablest, most logical and statesmanlike ever delivered in that Chamber. In 1890, from his arduous and unremitting labors in the committee-room and in the Senate Chamber, Senator Vance suffered a stroke of paralysis, which affected the muscles of the face and one eye. To save the other eye, the affected eye was removed in 1891; and in the hope that a change of scene would bring him health and vigor he went abroad, visiting Great Britian, France, Germany, Italy, and Egypt. On his return he resumed his duties in the Senate, and in September, 1893, he delivered in the Senate his last and greatest speech. He was completely exhausted by the delivery of this speech and immediately left the Senate for his home. The great doors closed behind him forever. His health continuing to decline, he went in January, 1894, to Florida. Not deriving the hoped-for benefit from this trip, he returned to his residence in Washington, District of Columbia, during the latter part of March. On Friday, April thirteenth he spent an unusually comfortable night, but about ten o'clock the next morning he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, and at ten o'clock that night he passed peacefully away. At the hour of his death the house was full of his friends, including his colleague in the Senate and most of the North Carolina delegation in the House of Representatives.

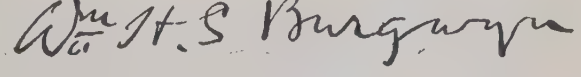
An official funeral was given him with all the customary honors. The religious exercises were conducted by Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, Virginia, who delivered an eloquent and touching discoure. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Milburn, the celebrated blind chaplain. The body was taken by special train to Raleigh, and there lay in state for some hours. Then it was taken for final interment to Asheville, where his first wife was buried in 1878.

Governor Vance was singularly blessed in his domestic relations. His father and mother were persons of the highest probity and honor. The wife of his early manhood was a woman of high intellectual endowments, of uncommon moral force, and of exemplary piety. She exercised a great influence for good over her devoted husband. It was due to this influence that soon after her death he became a communicant of the Presbyterian Church. He expressed deep regret that he had not done so during her lifetime. Their union was blessed with four sons. His second wife, whom he married in 1880, was Mrs. Florence Steele Martin, of Kentucky, a lady of brilliant intellect, of rare grace and refinement, who adorned his life and shed luster and joy in his home.

Vance was a man of incorruptible integrity, both public and private, who could truthfully exclaim in an impassioned appeal: "Before high heaven these hands are clean; no charge can be that one dishonest dollar has ever soiled these palms."

In 1875, when the University of North Carolina was reopened, he declined to have his name suggested for the presidency, but he accepted the honorary degree of LL.D., both from his *alma mater* and from Davidson College. In 1881 the Legislature organized a new county and named it in his honor. In 1898 a Legislature, not of his political faith, ordered his portrait hung in the State Capitol; and in 1900 another Legislature by unanimous vote provided for a bronze statue of him in the Capitol square. The Legislature of 1907 decided that the statue of Vance should be placed in Statuary Hall in the National Capitol.

Governor Vance's personality was very engaging. He was about five feet eleven inches high; his large and well-shaped head was covered with thick hair growing far down on his forehead and temples. His arms were large; his hands uncommonly white and shapely. His voice was soft and flexible, and when elevated exceedingly penetrating and thrilling.



THE SCATTERED NATION

From Dowd's 'Life of Zebulon B. Vance.' Observer Printing and Publishing House, Charlotte, North Carolina, 1897.

Says Professor Maury: "There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts are of an indigo blue; they are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of a vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."

This curious phenomenon in the physical world has its counterpart in the moral. There is a lonely river in the midst of the ocean of mankind. The mightiest floods of human temptation have never caused it to overflow and the fiercest fires of human cruelty, though seven times heated in the furnace of religious bigotry, have never caused it to dry up, although its waves for two thousand years have rolled crimson with the blood of its martyrs. Its fountain is in the grey dawn of the world's history, and its mouth is somewhere in the shadows of eternity. It too refuses to mingle with the surrounding waves, and the line which divides its restless billows from the common waters of humanity is also plainly visible to the eye. It is the Jewish race.

The Jew is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of this world—past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men, there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and horror, so abounding in extraordinary providences, so overflowing with scenic romance. There is no man who approaches him in the extent

and character of the influence which he has exercised over the human family. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him have we derived the form and pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in heaven. If, as DeQuincey says, the Roman Emperors, as the great accountants for the happiness of more men and men more cultivated than ever before were entrusted to the motions of a single will, had a special, singular, and mysterious relation to the secret councils of heaven—thrice truly may it be said of the Jew. Palestine, his home, was the central chamber of God's administration. He was at once the grand usher to these glorious courts, the repository of the councils of the Almighty, and the envoy of the divine mandates to the consciences of men. He was the priest and faith-giver to mankind, and as such, in spite of the jibe and jeer, he must ever be considered as occupying a peculiar and sacred relation to all other peoples of this world. Even now, though the Jews have long since ceased to exist as a consolidated nation, inhabiting a common country, and for eighteen hundred years have been scattered far and near over the wide earth, their strange customs, their distinct features, their personal peculiarities, and their *scattered unity* make them still a wonder and an astonishment.

Though dead as a nation—as we speak of nations—they yet live. Their ideas fill the world and move the wheels of its progress, even as the sun, when he sinks behind the western hills, yet fills the heavens with the remnants of his glory. As the destruction of matter in one form is made necessary to its resurrection in another, so it would seem that the perishing of the Jewish nationality was in order to the universal acceptance and the everlasting establishment of Jewish ideas. Never before was there an instance of such a general rejection of the person and character, and acceptance of the doctrines and dogmas of a people.

We admire with unlimited admiration the Greek and Roman, but reject with contempt his crude and beastly divinities. We affect to despise the Jew, but accept and adore the pure conception of a God which he taught us, and whose real existence the history of the Jew more than all else establishes.

When the Court Chaplain of Frederick the Great was asked by that bluff monarch for a brief and concise summary of the argument in support of the truths of Scripture, he instantly replied, with a force to which nothing could be added, "The Jews, Your Majesty, the Jews."

I propose briefly to glance at their history, origin and civilization, peculiarities, present condition, and probable destiny. * * *

Whilst no people can claim such an unmixed purity of blood, certainly none can establish such antiquity of origin, such unbroken generations of descent. That splendid passage of Macaulay so often quoted, in reference to the Roman Pontiffs, loses its force in sight of Hebrew history. "No other institution," says he, "is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, until it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Catholic Church was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple at Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." This is justly esteemed one of the most eloquent passages in our literature, but I submit it is not history.

The Jewish people, church, and institutions are still left standing, though the stones of the temple remain no longer one upon the other, though its sacrificial fires are forever extinguished, and though the tribes, whose glory it was, wander with weary feet throughout the earth. And what

is the line of Roman Pontiffs compared to that splendid dynasty of the successors of Aaron and Levi? "The twilight of fable," in which the line of the Pontiffs began, was but the noonday brightness of the Jewish priesthood. Their institution carries the mind back to the age when the prophet, in rapt mood, stood over Babylon and uttered God's wrath against that grand and wondrous mistress of the Euphratean plains; when the Memphian chivalry still gave precedence to the chariots and horsemen who each morning poured forth from the brazen gates of the abode of Ammon; when Tyre and Sidon were yet building their palaces by the sea, and Carthage, their greatest daughter, was yet unborn. That dynasty of prophetic priests existed even before Clio's pen had learned to record the deeds of men, and when that splendid entombed civilization once lighted the shores of the Erythræan Sea, the banks of the Euphrates, and the plains of Shinar with a glory inconceivable, of which there is nought now to tell except the dumb eloquence of ruined temples and buried cities.

Then, too, it must be remembered that these Pontiffs were but Gentiles in the garb of Jews, imitating their whole routine. All Christian churches are but off-shoots from or grafts upon the old Jewish stock. Strike all of Judaism from the Christian church and there remains nothing but an unmeaning superstition.

The Christian is simply the successor of the Jew—the glory of the one is likewise the glory of the other. The Saviour of the world was, after the flesh, a Jew—born of a Jewish maiden; so likewise were all of the apostles and first propagators of Christianity. The Christian religion is equally Jewish with that of Moses and the prophets.

I am not unaware of the fact that other people besides the Semites had a conception of the true God long before He was revealed to Abraham. The Hebrew Scriptures themselves testify this, and so likewise do the books of the very oldest of written records. The fathers of the great Aryan race, the shepherds of Iran, had so vivid a conception of the unity of God as to give rise to the opinion that they too had once had a direct revelation. It is more likely, however, that traditions of this God had descended among them from the

Deluge which ultimately became adulterated by polytheistic imaginings. It seems natural that these people of highly sensitive intellects, dwelling beneath the serene skies that impend over the plains and mountains of southwestern Asia, thickly studded with the calm and glorious stars, should mistake these most majestic emblems of the Creator for the Creator himself. Hence, no doubt, arose the worship of light and fire by the Iranians, and Sabeanism or star worship by the Chaldeans. But the better opinion of learned orientalists is that while the outward or exoteric doctrine taught the worship of the symbols, the esoteric or secret doctrines of Zoroaster, of his predecessors and disciples, taught in fact the worship of the *Principle, the First Cause, the Great Unknown, the Universal Intelligence, Magdam or God.* There can be no doubt that Abraham brought this monotheistic conception with him from Chaldea; but notwithstanding this dim traditional light, which was abroad outside of the race of Shem, perhaps over the entire breadth of that splendid prehistoric civilization of the Arabian Cushite, yet, for the more perfect light, which revealed to us God and His attributes, we are unquestionably indebted to the Jew.

We owe to him, if not the conception, at least the preservation of pure monotheism. For whether this knowledge was original with these eastern people or traditional merely, it was speedily lost by all of them except the Jews. Whilst an unintelligent use of symbolism enveloped the central figure with a cloud of idolatry and led the Magi to the worship of Light and Fire, the Sabean to the adoration of the heavenly host, the Egyptian to bowing down before Isis and Osiris, the Carthaginian to the propitiation of Baal and Astarte by human sacrifice, and the subtle Greek to the deification of the varied laws of Nature, the bearded Prophets of Israel were ever thundering forth, "Know O, Israel, that the Lord thy God is one God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Even his half-brother Ishmael, after an idolatrous sleep of centuries, awoke with a sharp and bloody protest against polytheism and established the unity of God as the cornerstone of his faith. In this respect the influence which the Jew has exercised over the destinies of mankind places him before all the men of this world. For in this idea of God, all

of the faith and creeds of the dominant peoples of the earth centre. It divides like a great mountain range the civilizations of the ancient and modern worlds. Many enlightened men of antiquity acknowledged the beauty of this conception, though they did not embrace it. Socrates did homage to it, and Josephus declares that he derived his sublime ideal from the Jewish Scriptures. The accomplished Tacitus seemed to grasp it, as the following passage will show. In speaking of the Jews and in contrasting them with the Egyptians, he says: "With regard to the Deity, their creed is different. The Egyptians worship various animals and also certain symbolical representations which are the work of man. The Jews acknowledge one God only, and Him they see in the mind's eye, and Him they adore in contemplation, condemning as impious idolaters all who with perishable materials wrought into the human form attempt to give a representation of the Deity. The God of the Jews is the great governing mind that directs and guides the whole frame of nature—eternal, infinite, and neither capable of change nor subject to decay."

This matchless and eloquent definition of the Deity has never been improved upon, but it seems that it made slight impression upon the philosophical historian's mind. And yet what a contrast it is with his own coarse, material gods! Indeed the rejection or ignorance of this pure conception by the acute and refined intellects of the ancients strikes us with wonder, and illustrates the truth that no man by searching can find out God. I am not aware that the Arabian idea of Deity received many modifications from the conceptions of adjoining and contemporary nations—by cross-fertilization of ideas, as the process has been called. From the Egyptians and Assyrians were received many of these modifications, but the chief impression was from the Greeks. The general effect was to broaden and enlarge the original idea, whose tendency was to regard the Supreme Being as a *tribal* Deity, into the grander, universal God, or Father of all. If time permitted it would be a most interesting study to trace the action and reaction of Semitic and Hellenistic thought; how Hellenistic philosophy produced Pharisaism or the progressive party of the Hebrew Theists; how Pharisaism in turn produced

Stoicism, which again prepared the way for Christianity itself.

The whole polity of the Jews was originally favorable to agriculture; and though they adhered to it closely for many centuries, yet the peculiar facilities of their country ultimately forced them largely into commerce. The great caravan routes from the rich countries of the East, Mesopotamia, Shinar, Babylonia, Medea, Assyria, and Persia, to the ports of the Mediterranean, lay through Palestine, while Spain, Italy, Gaul, Asia Minor, northern Africa, Egypt, and all the riches that then clustered around the shores of the Great Sea and upon the islands in its bosom, had easy access to its harbors. In fact the wealth of the New World, its civilization, refinement, and art, lay in concentric circles around Jerusalem as a focal point. The Jewish people grew rich in spite of themselves and gradually forsook their agricultural simplicity.

Many curious facts concerning them are worthy to be noted. In various cities of the Eastern World they have been for ages, and in some are yet, huddled into crowded and filthy streets or quarters, in a manner violative of all the rules of health; yet it is a notorious fact that they have even suffered less from pestilential diseases than their Christian neighbors. So often have the black wings of epidemic plagues passed over them, and smitten all around them, that ignorance and malignity frequently accused them of poisoning the wells and fountains and of exercising sorcery.

They have also in a very noticeable degree been exempt from consumption and all diseases of the respiratory functions, which in them are said by physicians to be wonderfully adapted to enduring the vicissitudes of all temperatures and climates. The average duration of Gentile life is computed at twenty-six years—it certainly does not reach thirty; that of the Jew, according to a most interesting table of statistics which I have seen, is fully thirty-seven years. The number of infants born to the married couple exceeds that of the Gentile races, and the number dying in infancy is much smaller. In height they are nearly three inches lower than the average of other races; the width of their bodies with outstretched arms is one inch shorter than the height, whilst in other races it is eight inches longer on the average. But on the other hand, the

length of the trunk is much greater with the Jew in proportion to height than with other races. In the Negro the trunk constitutes thirty-two per cent. of the height of the whole body, in the European thirty-four per cent., in the Jew thirty-six per cent. What these physical peculiarities have had to do with their wonderful preservation and steady increase, I leave for the philosophers to explain.

Their social life is, if possible, still more remarkable. There is neither prostitution nor pauperism, and but little abject poverty among them. They have some paupers, it is true, but they trouble neither you nor me. Crime in the malignant, wilful sense of that word is exceedingly rare. I have never known but one Jew convicted of any offence beyond the grade of a misdemeanor, though I am free to say I have known many a one who would have been improved by a little hanging. They contribute liberally to all Gentile charities in the communities where they live; they ask nothing from the Gentiles for their own. If a Jew is broken down in business, the others set him up again or give him employment, and his children have bread. If one is in trouble the others stand by him with counsel and material aid, remembering the command, "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brethren, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth." Their average education is far ahead of the races by whom they are surrounded. I have never seen an adult Jew who could not read, write, and compute figures—*especially the figures.* Of the four great human industries which conduce to the public wealth, agriculture, manufacturing, mining, and commerce, as a general rule they engage only in one. They are neither farmers, miners, smiths, carpenters, mechanics, nor artizans of any kind. They are merchants only, but as such, own few or no ships, and they are rarely carriers of any kind. They wander over the whole earth, but they are never pioneers, and they found no colonies, because, as I suppose, being devoted to one business only, they lack the self-sustaining elements of those who would build new States; and whilst they engage individually in politics where they are not disfranchised, and contend for offices and honors like other people, they yet seek nowhere *political power* or *national aggregation.* Dealers in every kind of merchandise, with rare

exceptions they manufacture none. They dwell exclusively in towns, cities, and villages, but as a general rule do not own the property they live upon. They marry within themselves entirely, and yet in defiance of well known natural laws, with regard to breeding "in and in," their race does not degenerate. With them family government is perhaps more supreme than with any other people. Divorce, domestic discord, and disobedience to parents are almost unknown among them.

The process by which they have become the leading merchants, bankers, and financiers of the world is explained by their history. In many places their children were not permitted to enter the schools, or even to be enrolled in the guilds of labor. Trade was therefore the only avenue left open to them. In most countries they dared not or could not own the soil. Why a nation of original agriculturists ceased to cultivate the soil altogether is therefore only seemingly inexplicable. All nations must have a certain proportion of their population engaged in tilling the soil; as the Jews have no common country they reside in all; and in all countries they have the shrewdness to see that whilst it is more honorable to plow, yet all men live more comfortably than the plowman. In addition to which, as before intimated, agriculture so fixed them to the soil that it would have been impossible to evade persecution and spoliation. They were constantly on the move, and their wealth must, therefore, be portable and easily secreted—hence their early celebrity as lapidaries, dealers in diamonds and precious stones—and hence, too, their introduction of *bills of exchange*. The utility of these great aids to commerce had long been known to the world—perhaps by both Greek and Roman—but could never be made available by them, because confidence in the integrity of each other did not exist between the drawer and the drawee. But this integrity, which the lordly merchants of the Christian and Pagan world could not inspire, was found to exist in the persecuted and despised Jew. So much for the lessons of adversity. These arts diligently applied, at first from necessity, afterward from choice, in the course of centuries made the Jews skillful above all men in the ways of merchandise and money changing, and finally developed in them those peculiar faculties and aptitudes for a calling which are brought out as well in man by

the special education of successive generations, as in the lower animals. The Jew merchant had this advantage, too, that whereas his Gentile competitor belonged to a *consolidated nation,* confined to certain geographical limits, speaking a certain tongue, the aid, sympathy, and influence which he derived from social and political ties were also confined to the limits of his nation. But the Jew merchant belonged to a *scattered nation,* spread out over the whole earth, speaking many tongues, and welded together, not by social ties alone, but by the fierce fires of suffering and persecution; and the aid, sympathy, influence, and information which he derived therefrom came out of the uttermost parts of the earth.

When after many centuries the flames of persecution had abated so that the Jews were permitted more than bare life, their industry, energy, and talent soon placed them among the important motive powers of the world. They entered the fields of commerce in its grandest and most colossal operations. They became the friends and counselors of kings, the prime ministers of empires, the treasurers of republics, the movers of armies, the arbiters of public credit, the patrons of art, and the critics of literature. We do not forget the time in the near past when the peace of Europe, of three worlds, hung upon the Jewish Prime Minister of England. No people are so ready to accommodate themselves to circumstances. It was but recently that we heard of an English Jew taking an absolute lease on the Ancient Persian Empire. The single family of Rothschild, the progeny of a poor German Jew, who three generations ago sold curious old copper coins under the sign of a *red shield,* are now the possessors of greater wealth and power than was Solomon, when he could send 1,300,000 fighting men into the field!

Twenty years ago, when this family was in the height of its power, perhaps no sovereign in Europe could have waged a successful war against its united will. Two centuries since, the ancestors of these Jewish money-kings were skulking in the caverns of the earth or hiding in the squalid outskirts of persecuted cities. Nor let it be supposed that it is in this field alone we see the great effects of Jewish intellect and energy. The genius which showed itself capable of controlling the financial affairs of the world, necessarily carried with it other

great powers and capabilities. The Jews in fact, under most adverse circumstances, made their mark—a high and noble mark—in every other department of human affairs. Christian clergymen have sat at the feet of their Rabbis to be taught the mystic learning of the East; Senates have been enrapt by the eloquence of Jewish orators; courts have been convinced by the acumen and learning of Jewish lawyers; vast throngs excited to the wildest enthusiasm by Jewish histrionic and æsthetic art; Jewish science has helped to number the stars in their courses, to loose the bands of Orion, and to guide Arcturus with his suns.

Jewish literature has delighted and instructed all classes of mankind, and the world has listened with rapture and with tears to Jewish melody and song. For never since its spirit was evoked under the shadow of the vines on the hills of Palestine to soothe the melancholy of her King, has Judah's harp, whether in freedom or captivity, in sorrow or joy, ceased to wake the witchery of its tuneful strings. . . .

The physical persecution of the Jews has measurably ceased among all nations of the highest civilization. There is no longer any proscription left upon their political rights in any land where the English tongue is spoken. I am proud of the fact. But there remains among us an unreasonable prejudice of which I am heartily ashamed. Our toleration will not be complete until we put it away also, as well as the old implements of physical torture.

This age and these United States in particular, so boastful of toleration, present some curious evidences of the fact that the old spirit is not dead; evidences tending much to show that the prejudices of two thousand years ago are still with us. In Germany, a land more than all others indebted to the genius and loyal energy of the Jews, a vast uprising against them was lately excited, for the sole reason, so far as one can judge, that they occupy too many places of learning and honor, and are becoming too rich!

In this, our own free and tolerant land, where wars have been waged and constitutions violated for the benefit of the African negro, the descendants of barbarian tribes who for four thousand years have contributed nothing to, though in close contact with, the civilization of mankind, save as the

Helots contributed an example to the Spartan youth, and where laws and partisan courts alike have been used to force him into an equality with those whom he could not equal, we have seen Jews, educated and respectable men, descendants of those from whom we derive our civilization, kinsmen after the flesh of Him whom we esteem as the Son of God and Saviour of men, ignominiously ejected from hotels and watering places as unworthy the association of men who had grown rich by the sale of a new brand of soap or an improved patent rat-trap. . . .

Whilst it is a matter of just pride to us that there is neither physical persecution nor legal proscription left upon the civil rights of the Jews in any land where the English tongue is spoken or the English law obtains, yet I consider it a grave reproach not only to us but to all Christendom that such injustice is permitted anywhere. The recent barbarities inflicted upon them in Russia revive the recollection of the darkest cruelties of the middle ages. That is one crying outrage, one damned spot that blackens the fair light of the nineteenth century, without the semblance of excuse or the shadow of justification. That glare of burning homes, those shrieks of outraged women, those wailings of orphaned children go up to God, not only as witnesses against the wretched savages who perpetrate them, but as accusations also of those who permit them. How sad it is again to hear that old cry of Jewish sorrow, which we had hoped to hear no more forever! How shameful it is to know that within the shadow of so-called Christian Churches, there are yet dark places filled with the habitations of cruelty. No considerations of diplomacy or international courtesy should for one moment stand in the way of their stern and instant suppression. The Jews are our spiritual fathers, the authors of our morals, the founders of our civilization with all the power and dominion arising therefrom, and the great peoples professing Christianity and imbued with any of its noble spirit should see to it that justice and protection are afforded them. By simply speaking with one voice it could be done, for no power on earth could resist that voice. Every consideration of humanity and international policy demands it. Their unspeakable misfortunes, their inherited woes, their very helplessness appeal to our Christian

chivalry, trumpet-tongued in behalf of those wretched victims of a prejudice for which tolerant Christianity is not altogether irresponsible.

There are objections to the Jew as a citizen, many objections, some true and some false, some serious and some trivial. It is said that industrially he produces nothing, invents nothing, adds nothing to the public wealth; that he will not own real estate, nor take upon himself those permanent ties which beget patriotism and become the hostages of good citizenship; that he merely *sojourns* in the land and does not *dwell in* it, but is ever in light marching order and is ready to flit when the word comes to go. These are true objections in the main, and serious ones, but I submit the fault is not his even here.

> Quoth old Mazeppa, ill-betide
> The school wherein I learned to ride.

These habits he learned by persecution. He dwelt everywhere in fear and trembling, and had no assurance of his life. He was ever ready to leave because at any moment he might be compelled to choose between leaving and death. He built no house, because at any moment he and his little ones might be thrust out of it to perish. He cherished no love for the land because it cherished none for him, but was cruel and hard and bitter to him. And yet history shows that in every land where he has been protected he has been a faithful and zealous patriot. Also since his rights have been secured he has begun to show the same permanent attachments to the soil as other people, and is rapidly building houses and in some places cultivating farms. These objections he is rapidly removing since we have removed their cause.

So, too, the impression is sought to be made that he is dishonest in his dealings with the Gentiles, insincere in his professions, servile to his superiors and tyrannical to his inferiors, oriental in his habit and manner. That the Jew—meaning the *class*—is dishonest, I believe to be an atrocious calumny; and, considering that we derive all of our notions of rectitude from the Jew, who first taught the world that command, "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not bear false witness," we pay ourselves a shabby compliment in thus befouling our teachers. Undoubtedly there are Jewish scoundrels in

great abundance; undoubtedly also there are Gentile scoundrels in greater abundance. Southern reconstruction put that fact beyond a peradventure. But our own scoundrels are *orthodox,* Jewish scoundrels are *unbelievers—that* is the difference. If a man robs me I should thank him that he denies my creed too; he compliments both me and it by the denial.

The popular habit is to regard an injury done to one by a man of different creed as a double wrong; to me it seems that the wrong is the greater coming from my own. To hold also, as some do, that the sins of all people are due to their creeds, would leave the sins of the sinners of my creed quite unaccounted for. With some the faith of a scoundrel is all important; it is not so with me.

All manner of crimes, including perjury, cheating, and over-reaching in trade, are unhesitatingly attributed to the Jews, generally by their rivals in trade. Yet somehow they are rarely proven to the satisfaction of even Gentile judges and juries. The gallows clutch but few, nor are they found in the jails and penitentiaries—a species of real estate which I honor them for not investing in. I admit that there was and is perhaps now a remnant of the feeling that it was legal to spoil the Egyptians. Their constant life of persecution would naturally inspire this feeling; their *present* life of toleration and their business estimate of the value of character will as naturally remove it. Again and again, day by day, we evince our Gentile superiority in the tricks of trade and sharp practice. It is asserted by our proverbial exclamation in regard to a particular piece of villainy, "That beats the Jews!" And I call your attention to the further fact that, sharp as they undoubtedly are, they have found it impossible to make a living in New England. Outside of Boston, not fifty perhaps can be found in all that land of unsuspecting integrity and modest righteousness. They have managed to endure with long-suffering patience the knout of the Czar and the bow-string of the Turk, but they have fled for life from the presence of the wooden nutmegs and the left-handed gimlets of Jonathan. Is there any man who hears me to-night who, if a Yankee and a Jew were to "lock horns" in a regular encounter of commercial wits, would not give large odds on the Yankee? My own opinion is that the genuine "guessing" Yankee, with a

jack-knife and a pine shingle, could in two hours' time whittle the smartest Jew in New York out of his homestead in the Abrahamic covenant. . . .

I have stood on the summit of the very monarch of our great Southern Alleghanies and seen the night flee away before the chariot wheels of the God of day. The stars receded before the pillars of lambent fire that pierced the zenith, a thousand ragged mountain peaks began to peer up from the abysmal darkness, each looking through the vapory seas that filled the gorges like an island whose "jutting and confounded base was swilled by the wild and wasteful ocean." As the curtain was lifted more and more and the eastern brightness grew in radiance and in glory, animate nature prepared to receive her Lord; the tiny snow-bird from its nest in the turf began chirping to its young; the silver pheasant sounded its morning drum-beat for its mate in the boughs of the fragrant fir; the dun deer rising slowly from his mossy couch and stretching himself in graceful curves, began to crop the tender herbage; whilst the lordly eagle rising straight upward from his home on the crag, with pinions wide spread, bared his golden breast to the yellow beams and screamed his welcome to the sun in his coming! Soon the vapors of the night are lifted up on shafts of fire, rolling and seething in billows of refulgent flame, until, when far overhead they are caught upon the wings of the morning breeze and swept away, perfect day was established and there was peace. So may it be with this long-suffering and immortal people. So may the real spirit of Christ yet be so triumphantly infused amongst those who profess to obey his teachings, that with one voice and one hand they will stay the persecutions and hush the sorrows of these their wondrous kinsmen, put them forward into the places of honor and the homes of love where all the lands in which they dwell shall be to them as was Jerusalem to their fathers. So may the morning come, not to them alone, but to all the children of men who, through much tribulation and with heroic manhood, have waited for its dawning with a faith whose constant cry through all the dreary watches of the night has been, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST

[1830—1904]

JOHN F. PHILIPS

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST was born December 20, 1830, in Frankfort, Kentucky. He died in his summer cottage at Sweet Springs, Missouri, August 9, 1904. Center College, Kentucky, was his *alma mater,* and Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky, was his law school.

At first his facile pen was employed as a newspaper writer. His predilection, however, soon turned him to the law office and court room. In 1853 he settled at Georgetown, Pettis County, Missouri, an inland village. He was of small stature, careless of dress, easy of manner, not free from an air of *abandon.* He came unheralded and unrecommended. The wealth of intellectual endowment that lay back of his wondrous blue eyes, and the magic power that lay concealed in his tenor voice, were entirely unknown to that community. The first occasion that disclosed the possession was the defence of a negro slave put to preliminary trial for the alleged murder of a white woman, accompanied with the crime of arson. Such a charge, in such a locality, tense with feeling respecting the institution of slavery, aroused fierce excitement. The evidence was circumstantial. As Vest descanted upon the dangers of taking human life, based solely upon possible false premise, in a voice that charmed like a siren, and with a manner of putting things both inimitable and persuasive, the old Justice became spellbound and showed signs of yielding. Whereat the leader of an already organized *posse* suddenly threw a rope over the neck of the helpless prisoner, dragged him from the court-room, hanged and then burned him. While Vest's first client was thus lost, with words that burned as the fagots he denounced the mob for an act of lawlessness more dangerous to society than the victim of their wrath. This display of moral courage and his thrilling eloquence won even the admiration of the leader of the mob, who ever afterward was Mr. Vest's great admirer and stanch friend. Within two years his fame as a lawyer and advocate spread to adjacent counties, and he received such inducements as led him to remove to Boonville, Missouri, where was then the most brilliant and formidable Bar in Central Missouri. In a very short time he stood in its front rank, from which position he never receded.

In 1860 he was Presidential elector in Central Missouri on the Douglass ticket. With such fervent eloquence did he espouse the cause against Breckinridge, drawing such vivid pictures of the irrevocable misfortunes that would follow a dissolution of the Union that he aroused such sentiment in some of his listeners as to attach them inseparably to the Union. He was elected to the State Legislature that year; and soon turned loose against the successful party all the wildfire of his invective. This feeling on his part was greatly aggravated when the delegated convention, called by that Legislature to consider the relations of the State to the Federal Union, refused to pass an ordinance of secession. On abandoning the State Capitol the Governor called the Legislature together in extra session in a distant county, a majority of whom, under Vest's impassioned appeals, was persuaded to go through the form of passing an act of secession. This seeming contradiction in attitudes should not be set down to instability in purpose or character, but rather to the susceptibility of an impressionable age, the tremendous influence of environment, and the compelling force of rapidly developing new conditions, from his viewpoint.

When it was arranged to send representatives from Missouri to the Confederate Congress, Mr. Vest assembled around him the soldiers of General Joe Shelby's brigade, down in Arkansas, and with that same power of oratory persuaded them to elect him to Congress. When the war ended he was a member of the Confederate Senate. Of his career there, the writer has little information, as during that period the lines of communication between us were not in working order.

After the close of the war he resumed the practice of law at Sedalia, Missouri, in association with the writer, which relation continued until the one went to the House of Representatives and the other to the Senate of the United States.

As a lawyer, in effectiveness before jury and court, Mr. Vest had no superior in the State. He possessed preëminently the genius of appreciation of the salient points of the case. His discernment, discrimination, and nicety of distinction in the discussion of law and fact were most confounding to the adversary, and kept court and jury on edge and under his sway.

The great jurist, John F. Dillon, who then presided as Judge in the Eighth Circuit Court of the United States, after listening to Mr. Vest, in the case of White *vs.* Insurance Company, in his effort to rescue from defeat a cause against the overwhelming weight of evidence, as he descended from the bench at recess said: "I have never heard so great a jury speech in my wide experience. It almost overpowered my own judgment, and seemed to overwhelm the jury."

In its last analysis my judgment of the marvelous power of this man before jurors and judges, in the forum, before legislative bodies, and on the hustings, was not so much in the musical tones of his voice, the elegance of his rhetoric, or plausible declamation, as in the original, unique way of putting the salient points of the case or subject, and going directly to its marrow. He was not didactic nor given to theorizing; but was lucid, pungent, and forceful. He never lost a case on a theory when it could be won on the facts. There was an indefinable something about the way he went to the core of his subject, and to the heart and head of his hearers that made him quite irresistible. Commonplace things dressed in his language took on the appearance of novelty, and trite ideas took the glow of very invention when touched by his tongue.

His mastery of correct expression, concise and exact, without effeminate ornateness or floridity, was decidedly distinctive. I heard him say that he never had studied an English grammar. He had only used the common-school Latin grammar. Yet his speech was void of solecisms. He was a contradiction of Dr. Johnson's pronouncement that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, should give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Mr. Vest affected no model and imitated no pattern. He was original and his productions were a creation. He was stretched to no teacher's standard, nor constrained by any scholasticism. His ready command of the right word to express the exact thought was most felicitous. He never hesitated in speech, repeated a thought, or unduly prolonged an argument. His motto seemed to be "strike but few blows, but strike them to the heart." Rarely did he claim more than an hour before jury or bench. His speeches and his arguments seldom needed revision, or correction in phraseology. The Senate stenographer, who most frequently reported his speeches, said that no Senator revised his utterances so little as did Senator Vest; as a rule, they appeared in the *Congressional Record* just as they were spoken. In composition his style was terse, sententious, and epigrammatic.

The most striking illustration of his rare mental quality was given in the last creations of his mind. His mentality was the last force to surrender in the battle of life. Months before the end came, his body was but a skeleton, the strength of his limbs not sufficient to support his then weight of not over ninety pounds. As he lay in his bed almost sightless, his voice so feeble as to be scarcely audible, he thought out those remarkable contributions, published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post,* giving his recollection and impressions of some deceased Senators, with whom he had served in both the Confederate and United States Senates. Without the aid of memo-

randa or reference books, the matter, just as it came from his lips, was caught by the stenographer sitting at his bedside, and as transcribed they were published. They are classics; and will stand as perpetual witnesses to his genius. They are charming in sentiment, rare in perpetuation of delightful reminiscences, and most admirable for their gracious spirit in concealing every blemish by setting forth in golden colors the virtues which illumined the career and ennobled the character of his subjects.

Retentiveness of memory was one of his rare gifts. In his reading he garnered the richest treasures of ancient and modern history and literature, and delved in the science and philosophy of governments. He studied analytically every article and phrase of the Federal Constitution. He was familiar with the construction of the early justices. This great wealth of learning ever remained imbedded in his mind, as orderly and distinct as the strata of the earth, ready for use whenever occasion called for it. Facts, ideas, and apt illustrations seemed to come to him on the instant as if prearranged and embellished for the special occasion. This faculty was materially aided by his habit. Whenever he read a book or pamphlet treating of subjects worth while, on first opportunity with an appreciative friend, he would discuss the leading thought of the production and the manner of its treatment by the author. By this review and interlocution both the matter and the expression were more vividly impressed on his memory.

It is a gross misconception to say that he talked himself into the Senate of the United States. He was not a mere glittering orator, signifying "bigness with vacuity." He was a student, a learned lawyer, a deep thinker, well equipped for statecraft and statesmanship. He saw at a glance what the sluggish mind toils over. He discerned almost intuitively what the average intellect discovers as with a microscope. His faculty of rapid assimilation and facility of speech constituted his genius. The castle of his fame indeed stood toward the sky, but it rested on granite deep and enduring.

Close observers of his senatorial career know that the trivialities of debate little attracted him; but, when major questions of national importance summoned to their consideration the intellectual giants of the Senate, Vest was among them, and always regarded as one to be reckoned with. His versatility and comprehension of practical legislation were well illustrated during the consideration of the Wilson Tariff Bill, during which his leadership in conducting that important debate was recognized by his party. His display of technical information respecting every schedule of the prolix bill little surprised his close associates, while his dexterous fence and foil in the debate were at times discomfiting to the opposing party. The over-draught

upon his not robust physical constitution, incident to the intense work and constant vigil of that debate, was the beginning of the decline of his health.

As a popular speaker on the hustings he had no superior in the State. In 1874 when he first came out from under the cloud of disability after the war, the Honorable Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, sat upon the platform and listened to one of Vest's characteristic speeches to a vast multitude. At first Hendricks looked at him with amazement, then was convulsed with laughter, and finally sat transfixed under the spell of his brilliant and stirring oratory. As we walked from the court house he said to me: "I never heard Vest before. He is the most wonderful, captivating political speaker I ever heard. He is a magician."

In repartee, sarcasm, invective, wit and ridicule, Vest was "the sword of the tongue" that could have joined in the thrust and fence with the best masters of either art. In a running debate no man drew fire from his steel and got away unscarred. The only encounter I ever knew him to shrink from was with a combatant whom he characterized as "a verbal horror and a rhetorical nuisance."

With age there came to him a graver dignity and a profounder sense of responsibility. While he was a strong partisan, his allegiance to party never outweighed his conception of his obligation to public duty. His moral courage at times was sublime. On more than one occasion the State Legislature undertook to direct him by resolution as to how he should vote upon some particular question. Without the vaunt of presumption or the meretricious display of virtue, yet, with an emphasis not to be misunderstood, he replied that under his oath of office his obligation to support the Constitution as he understood it forbade compliance. He differed from the habit of the average senator. He did not believe so much in the policy of following the notions of his constituents as in lifting them up to the higher plane of his thought and action.

He venerated the Federal Constitution as the completed work of consummate statesmanship. He deplored and protested against the tendency of the day to tamper with its form, marring its harmony and weakening its stanchions.

It is regrettable that outside of the Congressional records there is so little preserved for examples of his oratory. He rarely committed to writing anything to be spoken on the hustings. He preferred the people of the rural districts, and loved to talk to them face to face. He shunned the city, and never went outside of his state as a campaigner. He never courted the "reporter." I have seen the newspaper man go upon the platform to report his speech, but as soon as Vest got into the torrent of his argument, coruscating with

thought, wit, and humor, punctuated with apt anecdotes told in inimitable fashion, the reporter's pencil ceased to follow as he sat entranced. So the matchless utterances of this speaker in court and on the hustings live much in tradition.

Evidencing that his head and heart were in the same hemisphere are his memorial addresses in the *Congressional Record.* Like precious gems, they sparkle most amid darkness; like a flower garden, a-bloom in a desert place, they bear witness that the genius of creation of the beautiful and the lover of his fellow man had once been there.

He was a many-sided man. The statesman on the Senate floor was the magnet of the cloak-room. He could rivet the attention of the Supreme Justices with his forceful argument and fascinate them with his manner of presenting the thought, and then at Nisi draw tears from the jury in the box and applause from the spectators, with a pathos and eloquence never to be forgotten by those who heard him, as he pleaded for exemplary damages for the value of his client's favorite dog. He was the best wine of the feast where gathered men of "high erected thought." He was the choice companion of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation and the Lieutenant-general of its armies when "on pleasure bent." Yet this cultured, intellectual man was ever a welcome guest—"hail fellow well met"—in the rude cabin of the most obscure constituent.

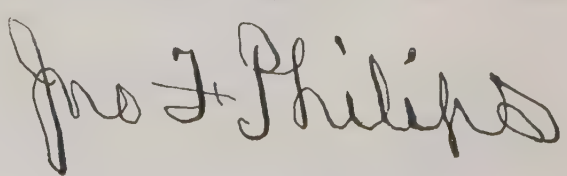
He passed from public life all too soon. But, though the gem be gone, its luster remains, and casts an immortal halo of memories over his tomb.

His inherited theology was that of the old school Presbyterian Church. In his later life he hung in mid air between faith and his reasoning. His tender regard for the deep religious sentiments of his wife held him from any public recantation. I recall that once after listening for an hour to that Demosthenes of Methodism, Bishop Marvin, in an exposition of the Doctrine of the Atonement, Mr. Vest said to me: "My rationalism is all undermined. It is dangerous ground."

To the

> "Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
> In action faithful and in honor clear,"

his old law-partner and friend offers this imperfect but sincere tribute.



ON INGALLS

From the *Saturday Evening Post*, 1903.

Of all the public men with whom I have served, John James Ingalls of Kansas was the most original and eccentric. He was a living enigma, and I could never fully understand his motives and the many-sided phases of his character. He had a strong, daring intellect, which defied all limitations, and was an eloquent, attractive speaker, with a wealth of imagination and diction which was inexhaustible. He was at times cynical and morose, but was a great word painter and could express the most elevated thoughts in language so beautiful as to fascinate his hearers. Above all, he was an iconoclast, and nothing delighted him so much as to startle and even shock the staid and dignified Senate by the utterance of opinion utterly at variance with the settled belief of many centuries.

The first debate in which I took part after entering the United States Senate was with Ingalls. In an eloquent and vigorous speech, which he delivered at the called session of 1879, Senator Ingalls bitterly assailed the Southern whites for having caused the negro exodus from the Southern States to Kansas in the preceding year by their outrages upon the negroes who had been emancipated during the war. In concluding his address he paid a glowing tribute to the people of Kansas who had received with open arms the negroes flying from the South to an asylum in his own state, and declared that his constituents were glad to have them as citizens and neighbors.

I was at that time a resident of Kansas City, Mo., and lived in sight of Wyandotte, Kas., where the first consignment of negroes from the South had been landed under the promise that they should be taken to an elysium where they would have happy homes and both political and social equality. I felt it my duty to answer the assertions of Senator Ingalls in regard to the exodus, and stated in the Senate that I had visited Wyandotte for the purpose of ascertaining the real facts and had found about two hundred of the poor deluded negroes living in holes dug in the bank of the Missouri river—one-third of their number having died from exposure and result-

ing disease, the citizens of Wyandotte refusing them shelter, food or necessary clothing. I read to the Senate a circular given to me by one of the negroes, who claimed to be a citizen of Topeka, Kas., in which the negroes were advised to leave their Southern homes and come to Kansas, where they could live in comfort and escape the oppression of their former masters. The negro who gave me this circular said he had received it at his home in Mississippi and that many thousand copies of the circular had been distributed among the negroes throughout the South. Senator Ingalls interrupted me to declare that this circular was a forgery. I replied that the paper had been given me in Wyandotte by a negro who had come with the exodus and that he could have had no motive in stating a falsehood as to when and where he obtained it. I also read to the Senate an address to the people of the United States by the mayor and principal citizens of Wyandotte, a majority of whom I knew to be Republicans, protesting against the coming to Kansas of Southern negroes, and stating that the citizens of Wyandotte and of the entire state would resist the influx of these unfortunate creatures in the future. Senator Ingalls interrupted me again to say that the signers of this address were Democrats, and, after denying his statement from personal knowledge, I asked him the direct question, whether the mayor of Wyandotte, whose name appeared as the first in the list of signers, was not, and had not always been, a staunch Republican. This question he declined to answer, and his refusal to do so satisfied me that he believed any means justifiable to success in a political warfare. It was impossible that Senator Ingalls, who lived at Atchison, a short distance from Wyandotte, did not know that my statement in regard to the exodus was true, as the matter had caused great excitement in all parts of his state and had been commented upon in the newspapers for many weeks.

Senator Ingalls was a master of satire and invective, being unable to resist the temptation to attack any of his colleagues, even those of his own party, whose record or character presented a vulnerable point for assault. On one occasion, when President pro tem. of the Senate, he called another senator to the chair, and, going down on the floor, made a vicious personal attack upon Senator Brown of Georgia, one of the

most amiable and courteous members of the Senate. The venerable Georgian was sitting quietly looking over a committee report when a cyclone of satire and vituperation burst upon him without the slightest notice of its coming. The look of astonishment on the amiable countenance of the victim as verbs, nouns, pronouns, adjectives and epithets filled the air, caused a ripple of amusement through the Senate, but the climax was reached when Ingalls alluded to a habit Senator Brown had, when speaking, of gently rubbing one hand over the other, by quoting Hood's lines:

> And then in the fullness of joy and hope,
> Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap,
> In imperceptible water.

At this critical moment Senator Brown looked down at the offending members as if inquiring why they had brought on the volcanic eruption which was blazing about him.

About two weeks after this incident I was walking down from the capitol with Senator Ingalls, and asked him why he had made so wanton an attack upon Senator Brown without any cause or provocation. He replied that he did not like Brown and always associated him with the character of Uriah Heep in Dickens's "David Copperfield." He said that he had no ill-feeling toward the Confederates who fought for the Southern cause and did not shirk the result, but that Brown had done all he could as governor of Georgia during the war to cripple the Confederate authorities at Richmond and had refused to allow the Georgia militia to leave the state, although the Confederate armies were depleted and there were not enough men on the lines before Richmond to defend from a general assault; that Governor Brown, after the war, had joined the Republican party and voted for Grant in the national Republican convention and at the polls. "Now," said Ingalls, "he is a red hot Democrat because the Democrats are in power all over the South."

There was about this time a rumor in Washington that the Kansas legislature intended to pass a resolution offering to place the statue of old John Brown in Statuary hall, and I said to Ingalls, "A good deal of your statement about Senator Brown is true, but he is not half so bad a man as old John

Brown, whose statue I understand is about to be offered by the Kansas Legislature to the collection of statues of distinguished men now in the capitol."

"Of that," said Senator Ingalls, "I know nothing, but presume the statue will be accepted by Congress."

"Not if I can help it," I said, "and I believe if you will read the life of old John Brown, which you can find in the Congressional library, written and published by a gentleman named Brown, now living in Freeport, Ill., who owned and edited the first free soil newspaper printed in Kansas, the *Herald of Freedom,* which was destroyed by a mob of pro-slavery Democrats during the troubles after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act and the repeal of the Missouri compromise, you will think my opposition is justifiable."

The movement to place Brown's statue in Statuary hall was for some reason dropped, and I have always suspected that the conversation between Ingalls and myself had something to do with that result.

A story was published soon after Senator Ingalls delivered his eulogy upon James N. Burnes in the Senate that a portion of his address had been plagiarized from the great sermon of Massillon on immortality. This report was untrue, as I have compared the speech of Ingalls with the sermon, and, though there is some similarity in thought and language, there is no evidence that Ingalls was guilty of plagiarism. Indeed it would be impossible for me to believe that any man with the marvelous talent of Ingalls, both as to thought and diction, could be guilty of copying from even so great an orator as Massillon.

I do not believe that Ingalls was malicious or bad-hearted. He was an expert in denunciation and could not resist the temptation of exhibiting his wonderful capability in that regard to the world. He loved poetry, music, painting, sculpture and the beautiful in nature. His prose poem on blue grass, published in a Kansas magazine before he came to the United States Senate, is a marvel in literature, and I am glad to know that a sentence from that essay is to be inscribed on the granite boulder which marks his grave. The sentence is one in which he eulogizes the blue grass sward, beneath which he sleeps, as a "carpet for the infant and a blanket for the dead."

THE ONENESS OF OUR PEOPLE

Speech delivered at Warrensburg, Mo., October 21, 1878, on an epidemic of cholera in the Southern States.

THE whole South is in mourning to-day; the whole North is in the deepest sympathy for those afflicted people. Death is in the palace as well as in the hovel. The old slave and the old master alike are called by the sad messenger to go hand in hand to that bourne from which no traveler has ever returned. Evidences of tears and death are seen from every door, from every window, Rachel, weeping for her children, as they are not.

It would be a crime for me to utter words of political criticism against the North at this time, when it is sending messages of love and cargoes of supplies to those devoted people. O, God, have not the terrors and horrors of war been heavy enough, recent enough, upon the heads of those brave people, from whose eyes the tears have scarcely been wiped away, over whose portals the darkened wing of death still hovers? How long, O how long, must it be before sunshine and flowers shall again gladden their hearts! In the midst of it all, when the wail of the mourner is heard on every wind, there is, my countrymen, this consolation, war is forgotten, the rush of traffic is forgotten, the money changers have ceased in their calling for the time being, and but one voice is heard from Maine to California—*what can we do for those afflicted people?* God be praised for such a generous people, for such a sympathetic government.

Thank God that the war is not only over but that the wounds left by it are at last healed and obliterated by the great scourge and by the administrators of such reliefs. Providence has put on the South an affliction that has made the heart of the people, of the whole nation, beat with one pulsation, and caused the North to send, with liberal hand, not only its wealth, but with more liberal heart, its best blood to assist and succor the stricken people. O, the broken homes and broken hearts, God only knows how many there are in our beautiful South, and God only knows how many more there will be before the Angel of Death is called to stay his merciless

hand. In the midst of it all, under the overhanging clouds, a noble hand was stretched forth from a distant section, filled with the plenteousness of that beneficent country. In the midst of it all, the government sent one of its noblest young officers to command the steamer as it plowed through the very waves of death in its descent of the Mississippi river. In the noble sacrifice of Lieutenant Benner of the Federal army, who voluntarily took his life in his hand, and set out on the path of duty, to command the relief boat John Chambers, there was the type of a true, noble manhood, that abolished all sectional lines and made the whole country feel that we are indeed one blood, one kith and one people.

The glorious young hero was seized by this insatiable disease, at his place of duty, when distributing the bounty of the North at Vicksburg, to those helpless people. He lived but a few hours after he was smitten with the disease. He was buried under the Stars and Stripes in his Federal uniform, in the beautiful cemetery at Vicksburg. His remains were given a sweet resting place beneath those cypress and oaks, and the verdant ivy. When the citizens of Vicksburg, old and young, the brave Confederate leader and the no less brave Confederate soldier, despite their own great griefs, gathered around his grave, with bowed heads, tearful eyes and sore hearts, they heaped high love's perishable monument of clusters and wreaths of Southern roses, weaving at the same time with those blooming garlands, a bond of union, more solid, more enduring than the tramp of armed hosts or the shaft of monumental marble. The horrors and bitterness of war were forgotten, over the grave of this young hero, and that grave consecrated by love and duty will do more to heal the wounds between the North and South than all the speeches, sermons and songs that can be uttered from pulpit or hustings. Such people as ours, of one common stock, cannot long be divided, cannot long be separated by unpleasant memories. The South will love the grave of young Benner, and will bedeck it lovingly, affectionately and sacredly, year after year, as long as it remains the resting place of the glorious young man, with its choicest flowers and most fervent prayers. The place for man to die is to die for man. This is a time when all can feel that as a people, they are one in sympathy, one in heart

and can thank God they live in one country and under one flag.

Should war ever come again, against our loved flag, from a foreign foe, the brave men of the South will forget Appomattox and defeat by rallying under the standard of our united country with all the love and chivalry that made historic the armies of Lee, Jackson and Johnson."

God bless the people of the North, God bless the people of the West, God bless the people of the East, and God bless the whole South, bowed as it is in the very depths of sorrow and tears. The recollections of the kindness of the people of the North will ever be treasured as a sacred heirloom by the people of the South. Love of kind conquers more than the sword.

"'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

A TRIBUTE TO HILL

A memorial address delivered in the United States Senate, January 25, 1883.

Mr. President, in November, 1861, I first met Mr. Hill in the provisional congress of the Confederate States.

The Confederacy was just entering upon its brief and stormy existence. Its capital had recently been removed from Montgomery to Richmond, and Jefferson Davis, by a majority of only one vote in the provisional congress, had been elected president over Robert Toombs.

Surrounded by unexampled difficulties, moral and physical, isolated and alone, with the prejudices of the entire civilized world against them, and confronted in battle with overwhelming odds, the Confederate Congress was called upon to meet, not only the ordinary questions and emergencies attending the formation of a new government, but to grapple also with the exigencies and demands of a great war, a war not for conquest or policy, but for existence.

Mr. Hill had earnestly opposed secession up to the last moment, but finding that the people of Georgia were de-

termined to separate from the Union, he surrendered his personal opinion, and pledged himself fully and unreservedly to the cause of the Confederacy.

Opposed to secession, with habits of thought and education utterly averse to revolution, the strange vicissitudes of this stormy period soon found him the leader of the administration party in the Confederate Congress.

Within the limits of an address like this, it would neither be possible nor proper for me to attempt an analysis of the causes which placed Mr. Hill in this position; but chief among them was the fact that, having once pledged himself to the Confederacy, he could see no hope of success except in supporting the president chosen by the people; and having so declared himself, his great ability naturally made him the exponent and defender of the policy of the administration.

Although surrounded by difficulties and dangers almost without parallel, and confronted by a common peril, it was very soon evident that personal rivalry, the attrition of diverse opinion, and the fierce passions of a revolutionary era had built up most determined opposition to Mr. Davis among the leaders of the South.

That the president of the Confederate States was loyal to the people he led, in every fiber of his nature, cannot be doubted, save by the blindest prejudice; and this being granted, whether he was mistaken in the conduct of the war or in the policy of his administration should be a sealed book to all those who sympathized and suffered with him. It is enough to say now that there never was any public man assailed by opponents so formidable as those who attacked the president of the Confederate States.

Toombs, the Mirabeau of the revolution; Yancey, whose lips were touched with fire, now the honey of persuasion, and then the venom of invective; Wigfall, brilliant, aggressive, and relentless—this was the great triumvirate which assailed Mr. Davis's administration. No power of description can do justice to the ability, eloquence or bitterness of the debates in which Mr. Hill, single-handed but undaunted, met his great opponents. As the war progressed and the fortunes of the Confederacy became each year more desperate, the bitterness and violence of this parliamentary conflict increased, until

scenes of actual personal collision occurred on the floor of the Confederate Senate.

The participants have passed beyond this world's judgment, and the issues which stirred those fierce passions are dead with the government they affected, but the few who heard these debates can never forget the matchless eloquence and logic that mingled with the roar of hostile guns around the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy.

Reluctant to embrace the Confederate cause, Mr. Hill was the last to leave it, and I well remember that on my way from Richmond, after preparations had been made to abandon the capital, and it was well known that the cause was lost, I met him in Columbus, Georgia, engaged in the task of rallying the people of his State in what was then a hopeless struggle. When I told him of recent events, of which he had not heard, he said, "All, then, is over, and it only remains for me to share the fate of the people of Georgia."

How well he redeemed this pledge the hearts of his people will answer. Thrown into prison, stripped of all except life, his courage never failed, and in the darkest hour, when the wolves were tearing the victims of the war as the coyote the wounded deer, his eloquent voice was never for one instant silent until Georgia, torn and bleeding, but yet splendid and beautiful, once more stood erect in the sisterhood of sovereign states. Nor did he ever under any temptation so far forget his manhood and honor as to

> Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning.

Accepting fully and without reservation all the legitimate consequences of defeat, and resolutely turning to the future with its duties and obligations, he still retained his self-respect, and never did he

> Bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
> With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,
> Say this—
> Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurn'd me such a day; another time
> You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
> I'll lend you thus much monies.

I knew Mr. Hill well, and under circumstances which enabled me to judge accurately his attributes and qualities. Like all men of great intellect, he was often accused of inconsistency because he absolutely refused to be governed by the routine thought of others, and had always the courage to change an opinion if he believed it erroneous. His courage, indeed, both of conviction and expression, was not excelled by that of any man, and his fortitude under the greatest misfortunes extorted the admiration even of his enemies.

In an age when calumny and slander are the ordinary weapons of political warfare, and personal scandal the most delicate morsel for the public appetite, Mr. Hill was not exempt from the attacks of the foul and loathsome creatures who crawl about the footsteps of every public man, but he bore himself always with a dignity which commanded the respect of all.

And what can be said of the heroism, the uncomplaining and unfaltering courage with which he met the irony of fate that brought him the torture of a lingering death in the destruction of that tongue and voice which had so often awakened with their eloquence the echoes of this Hall!

In all public and private history there is no sadder page than this, and from it we turn away in silent awe and reverence.

In his political opinions Mr. Hill was governed by the teaching of Madison, and no one who heard his speech in the Senate on May 10, 1879, the greatest speech, in my judgment, delivered here within the last quarter of a century, will ever forget his tribute to the statesman who can be justly termed the father of the Constitution. "Sir," said Mr. Hill, "I want to say here now—and I feel it a privilege that I can say it—I believe all the angry discussion, all the troubles that have come upon this country, have sprung from the failure of the people to comprehend the one great fact that the Government under which we live has no model; it is partly National and partly Federal; an idea which was to the Greeks a stumbling block, and to the Romans foolishness, and to the Republican party an insurmountable paradox, but to the patriots of this country it is the power of liberty unto the salvation of the people. And if the people of this country would realize that fact, all these crazy wranglings as to whether we live under a

Federal or a National Government would cease; they would understand that we live under both; that it is a composite Government; that it was intended by the framers that the Union shall be faithful in defense of the states; that the states shall be harmonious in support of the Union, and that the Union and the States shall be faithful and harmonious in the support and the maintenance of the rights and the liberty of the people."

Mr. Hill was not only an orator, but a lawyer in the front of his profession. His mind was broad, yet analytical; and he was averse to all radical and revolutionary methods. In my conception of his intellect and eloquence, I always associate him with Virgniaud, the leader of the French Girondists. While neither will stand in history with the greatest party leaders, yet as orators and parliamentary debaters they are entitled to places in the first rank.

Ended are his conflicts, his triumphs and defeats. The strong, aggressive intellect is at rest. The clarion voice which could "wield at will the fierce democracy" is hushed forever.

Out upon the shoreless ocean his bark has drifted; but it has not carried away all of the life that has ended. Never to mortal hands was given a legacy more precious than that left to the people of Georgia in the memory of her great son who gave his life to her service and his latest prayer to her honor and welfare.

Orator, statesman, patriot, farewell! Let Georgia guard well thy grave; for in her soil rest not the ashes of one whose life has done more to illustrate her manhood, whose genius has added such glory to her name.

EULOGY OF THE DOG

Excerpt from a noted speech in a jury trial.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: The best human friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never proves ungrateful and treacherous, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry wind blows and the snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes and when death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside may the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS

[1816—1894]

JOHN HASLUP ADAMS

IN discussing the literary work of Severn Teackle Wallis it is proper to say at the outset that there is nothing in his writings, creditable or more than creditable as they are, to indicate fully the measure of the man. For Wallis chose—deliberately chose, one fancies who ponders his teachings—to widen the scope of his activities at the expense of absolute preëminence in any single line of endeavor. It resulted from this that nothing that he did is at all comparable with what he was. Yet so great were his talents that, despite his versatility, despite the fact that he labored in many fields, he achieved abundant success in all of them. In the shadowed days of the Civil War he was one of the most brilliant champions of the South in the State of Maryland. For a long period he was the undoubted leader of the Maryland Bar. He was for a score of years the supreme commander of a loyal band that fought the fight of good government and high political ideas in his community. When he died there were few to deny him the proud title of his State's foremost citizen. And his literary production, though too slight to raise him to a place with the immortals, is within its limits of so excellent a quality as to be spoken of in terms of high praise.

Mr. Wallis was born in Baltimore in 1816, and died there seventy-eight years later. His ancestors, paternal and maternal, were of prominent Maryland and Virginia families, his father being a man of culture and refinement, who fostered the natural inclinations of his son toward literature. The latter's education was obtained chiefly at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, from which he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the age of sixteen, and where two years later he obtained the degree of Master of Arts. He studied law in the office of William Wirt, Attorney-general of the United States under three administrations, and later, upon the death of Mr. Wirt, in the office of John Glenn, a distinguished Baltimore lawyer and judge. He was admitted to the Bar in September, 1837, at the age of twenty-one. At St. Mary's, Mr. Wallis formed an enduring friendship, which was to have a marked effect upon his life, with Don Jose Antonio Pizarro, Spanish Vice-consul at Baltimore, and

a professor at the College. Through him the young student obtained not only a perfect command of the Spanish language but also such knowledge as resulted in his election, in 1844, to a corresponding membership in the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. It was the interests awakened through his contact with Señor Pizarro, doubtless, that led his footsteps to Spain when, in 1844, he took a trip abroad for his health. From this trip resulted 'Glimpses of Spain,' an entertaining book of travel published in 1849. Following this publication came his appointment, in the last-named year, as a special commissioner of the United States to Spain to examine into the title to certain public lands in Florida. Through this official recommendation to the Spanish authorities, Mr. Wallis obtained an acquaintance with the politicians and statesmen, the governmental measures and policies, that resulted in a second and more serious work entitled 'Spain: Her Institutions, Politics and Public Men.' This was published in 1853.

The outbreak of the Civil War placed Mr. Wallis, like many other citizens of the border state of Maryland, in a position of peculiar difficulty and danger. Southern in his sympathies, he was yet ardently devoted to the Federal Union as contemplated by its founders, and with others of like mind he struggled to prevent the irrepressible conflict, even after hope was gone. He was a member of the special session of the Legislature of Maryland called by the Governor to meet in the city of Fredericktown, April 26, 1861, and was made chairman of the House Committee on Federal Relations. The reports of that committee were largely written by Mr. Wallis. In them he upheld the right of secession and protested against the coercion of the Confederate States by the Federal Government. Nevertheless, he opposed the calling of a Constitutional Convention to consider the question of secession, being impelled to that course, probably, by the occupation of Maryland soil by Northern troops at the time. Theoretically, then, at least, he was in no attitude of hostility toward the Federal Government. In spite of that fact, however, on the night of September twelfth he was arrested, and after short confinements elsewhere was taken to Fort Warren in Boston harbor and detained there until November of the following year. No official charges were made against him at any time. His health, always delicate, was greatly and injuriously affected by his long confinement.

After his release from Fort Warren Mr. Wallis returned to Baltimore and took up the practise of his profession. His greatest legal triumphs were won during the next decade or so; but he never permitted his legal duties to absorb his whole attention or to wean him from those pursuits which make for culture and the elevation of taste as well as for the highest rational enjoyment. "There are

in all professions," he says in his fine essay on "Leisure," "men fortunately constituted who can find leisure in the midst of absorbing employment, and expansion in the very pressure of the most contracting influences—to whom literature blooms, a spontaneous wayside flower, along every path; and art, and taste, and fancy, and graceful and refining thought and occupation, come smiling and ministering, like a reaper's joyous children who troop around him in the harvest field." He drew a very accurate picture of himself when he wrote that. During this busy period of his life some of his best essays and addresses and critical articles were written. He took an active part in the intellectual life of his native city, and interested himself in public questions, in philanthrophy and art. Baltimore's great educational institutions—the Johns Hopkins University, the Peabody Institute, the University of Maryland, the Maryland Institute—all found in him a "guardian, champion, friend, and guide," and he served them in capacity of trustee or provost or otherwise. He became president of the Maryland Historical Society, and in the early days of the Civil Service Reform movement he was one of its stanchest supporters. One of the things in which he took great satisfaction in after years was the part he played in discovering and encouraging the young journeyman stone-cutter who was to become Maryland's greatest sculptor, William H. Rinehart.

He was often urged to enter political life, for which he was admirably fitted, but until the year of 1875 he steadfastly refused all the enticing offers made to him. Then, in becoming the candidate for Attorney-general of his State, on a ticket composed of Republicans and independent Democrats, he took the first active step in a course of action in which he persisted to the day of his death and which resulted in a movement of tremendous influence for good government in the State. Immediately following the war Mr. Wallis had, of course, united with the Democratic party. For his political views he had suffered disfranchisement, imprisonment, and loss of health, and if ever a man had cause to hate, Wallis had. Nevertheless, when ne found the control of the Democratic party vested in hands that cared less for political principles than for personal gain, and that maintained their rule by fraud and violence, he did not hesitate to join hands with the Republican party in an effort to restore righteous government. He announced his intentions in a sentence that has become historic in Maryland: "Democrat as I am, partisan as I am, when I see, as I have long seen, the party of my choice dragged down and debased by the traitors who corrupt while they destroy it, I feel as if the hoof of an unclean beast were upon my breast and I must cast it off, though I die."

Wallis and the ticket he ran on were defeated in the election of

1875, defeated by fraud, it was widely averred, but for a score of years he kept up the battle. He surrounded himself with a group of able young men to whom he was an idol, an example, and an ever chivalrous knight. By speech and pen and personal contact he kept alive in their hearts a passion for reform and for unselfish political action. He did not live to see the victory which finally came, but when it did come, a year after his death, his was the name to which all men turned as the inspiring influence of the reform movement. Mr. Wallis was criticized by many for his action in leaving the Democratic party, but these facts cannot be questioned: that the political conditions of Baltimore and Maryland have vastly improved in recent years, and that to Mr. Wallis and the splendid influence for clean government which he exerted more than to any other man, the credit is due. He died April 11, 1894.

The published writings of Mr. Wallis consist of a few miscellaneous essays and occasional addresses, a few poems, a number of political speeches and papers, and two volumes on Spain, the one a book of travel, purely, the other a keen survey of Spanish institutions and public men of the period of which he wrote, the second quarter of the Nineteenth Century. The political papers referred to relate chiefly to events of the Civil War and the causes leading up to it. As has been suggested above, Maryland, by reason of its situation as a border State, occupied a peculiar position during the great struggle between the States. In the first days of the war, and the few months preceding its outbreak, the great object of the National Government with reference thereto was to prevent, first of all, a declaration of secession, and secondly, to maintain an appearance of Union sentiment in the State irrespective of the actual views of the people. This course of conduct naturally produced many measures excusable, if at all, only on the plea of military necessity. The State, according to the plan of the Federal authorities, had to occupy a position of fidelity to the National Government, whereas a great proportion of its people, including public officials, both State and Federal, were in open sympathy with the South. To subserve the purpose of the government officials it was necessary to enter upon a course of systematic repression both of the laws of the State and the activities of many of its most prominent citizens. Federal troops were brought from the North to carry out this design; the police authorities of Baltimore were arbitrarily removed, and "perniciously active" citizens were placed under arrest.

As stated above, these actions could be justified only as war measures, and there was theoretically no war between the State of Maryland and the Government of the United States. Wallis, with his keen sense of logic and his thorough knowledge of Constitutional

law, saw at once the argumentative weakness of the position of the Federal authorities. The series of reports which he wrote as chairman of the House Committee on Federal Relations of the Extra Legislative Session of 1861, in point of broad knowledge of Constitutional principles, of sharpness of logic, and, also, fervor of faithfulness to the Constitutional government to which his allegiance went, no less than in their admirable literary expression, will bear comparison with the best State papers of any country or any crisis. With his State in the grip of the Federal Army, it was not to be supposed that these various resolutions and memorials, breathing a spirit of sympathy with the South, and the right of secession, and of opposition to the measures of the National Government, could have any effect upon the course of the latter. They were intended as protests, as the South-sympathizing Marylander's *apologia pro vita sua,* and as such they form splendid human documents. To his personal copy of one of the most thorough and able of them, the "Report and Resolutions of the Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland upon the Reports and Memorials of the Police Commissioners and the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, August 5, 1861," Mr. Wallis, two years later, after his fourteen months' imprisonment in Fort Warren, appended this note: "If my participation in the events of these times should be the subject hereafter of remembrance or consideration, I am willing that my reputation for personal and political rectitude, and for fidelity to the institutions of my State and the Union shall depend upon the judgment which may be passed upon this report."

To be classed with these political writings are several alleged book reviews originally printed in the *Southern Review* and other magazines. They are to be so classed because Wallis's concern was less with the books as such than with the burning questions to which they had reference. In his comments on the book entitled 'Prison Life of Jefferson Davis,' for instance, he magnificently disregards everything that the author has written, and goes on to argue in splendid passion his favorite thesis that a government founded on consent and consecrated to freedom had substituted a "scheme of arbitrary violence for a system based on written constitutions, and ruling and punishing only through its laws." His review of the ninth volume of Bancroft's 'History of the United States' was obviously written less to appraise that work generally than to call attention to some egregious errors of the author concerning the South and its people. His wholly interesting and poignant article upon 'The Life of P. T. Barnum' and Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe's 'Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands,' published in the *Metropolitan Magazine* of 1855 under the simple significant title of "Barnum and

Mrs. Stowe," was less the work of the critic than the partisan. In fact, Wallis could no more help being partisan than he could help being piquant of speech. Yet his wide knowledge, his keen-edged opinions, and the graces of his rhetoric, coupled with the bigness of his themes, make these random articles almost as readable to-day as when they were flung off in the white heat of passion a half century ago.

Wallis's 'Glimpses of Spain,' published in 1849, is yet listed among the authorities to which the infallible Baedeker directs his patrons. It is a pleasant and informing book of travel of the days when railroads were still exceedingly scarce in the Sunny Kingdom, and the post-coach was the chief method of passenger transportation. It is full of felicitous description, a charming humor, and not unworthy art criticisms. 'Spain, Her Institutions, Politics and Public Men,' the later volume, is still considered "the best account of Spanish politics at that time, and of then existing conditions of the monarchy within the reach of English readers." In his appraisement of the public men of that country, Mr. Wallis shows his admirable critical ability, his powers of analysis and classification; his carefulness and tolerance in dealing with human nature in a different setting from that of his own people, and shows how just were his judgments when unswayed by partisanship.

The few poems of Mr. Wallis's which found their way into print are polished and scholarly, though perhaps some of them are a little too didactic and conventional to suit present tastes. They must be considered, however, in the light of the time in which they were written. His essays and occasional addresses are altogether charming, and give us better than anything else from his pen a true insight into the spirit of the man. The essay on "Leisure" was read before the Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore in 1859, and was first printed eight years later. In it he urged upon men who have acquired a competence the duty of abandoning the pursuit of wealth in order to cultivate the arts and the graces of life. It is full of a broad, generous philosophy based on a profound knowledge of the art of *savoir vivre* and expressed with fascinating grace and elegance. In his addresses to graduating students which have been preserved—and which are models of their kind—Mr. Wallis preached to young men beginning life a similar high doctrine of devotion and industry and *noblesse oblige*. The same splendid spirit animates his address on George Peabody, a subtle and striking analysis of the character of the great philanthropist, which by reason of its sincerity and eloquence must needs be repeated before the Maryland Legislature at Annapolis, after being delivered in Baltimore. Wallis added oratory of high rank to his other accomplishments, and the written

accounts of these addresses carry with them still that musical quality inherent in composition of high merit intended to be addressed to the ear.

Severn Teackle Wallis was a man of widest information. He was on intimate terms with such varying authors as Carlyle and George Herbert, Shakspeare and Ecclesiasticus, Sir Thomas Browne and Emile Souvestre, Dickens and Jean Charles Simonde de Sismondi. He had a thorough acquaintance with the ancient classics, and he was especially versed in Spanish literature. The history of his own country and his own State he knew exceeding well. His legal equipment was not confined to the working knowledge of the ordinary successful lawyer, but included a broad grasp of the history and theory of the law of all ages. He was a lover of the beautiful and a student of the arts of form and color; this broad, general culture made him a man of sure taste and just critical judgment. His literary talent was one of no mean order; he was a stylist and eloquent in the written as well as the spoken word. He had a wit that was kindly or caustic as the occasion required, a grace and charm of language that were the outward reflection of his innate loftiness of spirit. He was a hater of shams and intolerance, of lowness and meanness, a lover of whatsoever is true and beautiful. The South is indebted to him for many a brave and chivalric deed done in its behalf, the whole English-reading world for many a noble and uplifting word. For those who came ever so indirectly within the sphere of his influence, it is difficult to speak of him in words that will not seem over-warm in praise to those who did not. He was one of those "high natures, amorous of the good," that are yet touched with no ascetic gloom, and his influence will outlive the bronze statues of himself which the people of his native city have erected to his honor in Baltimore's court-house and her most beautiful public square.

John Hanson Latrobe Adams

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LEISURE

We have all read, many times, and there are few of us who have not dropped a tear, now and then, over that wonderful and painfully suggestive poem, "The Song of the Shirt." A brother-humorist of Hood's, whose praise is almost fame, has said of it, with truthful sympathy, that, "it may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world." You remember, of course, its wild, and touching burden—

> Work, work, work!
> From weary chime to chime;
> Work, work, work!
> As prisoners work for crime.

And yet how few there are who pause to fathom all the depths of the story which it tells! Our hearts are wrung, and our eyes fill, as we gaze upon the single picture which it paints, of toil and hopeless and forsaken wretchedness; and we forget that the woman who

> Sits in unwomanly rags,
> Plying her needle and thread—

is only the melancholy extreme, and unhappy but legitimate consummation, of a social and political philosophy which throws its universal shadow over the most prosperous developments of modern civilization. We lose sight, in our pity, of the fact that "work, work, work!" is the great moral and maxim of the age in which we live—going home, it is true, with cruelest severity, to the comfortless dwellings of humble and ill-paid toil, but laying its iron hand, nevertheless, upon the lives and the destinies of almost all classes of society. . . .

One of the most popular and striking writers of the day, Mr. Carlyle—certainly a man of genius, though he has written a great deal which might not seem so novel or profound, I think, if it were done out of German into English—seems to have established, as the basis of his moral and philosophical system, that our purpose in this world is to do something; and that provided we are always doing, and in earnest, it makes no great matter what we do. The somewhat incongruous deductions which he draws from this fundamental idea, he calls

the "Evangel," and sometimes the "Gospel of Labor;" and it is the blessed message to humanity which, for the most part, he goes about proclaiming. I wonder it should never have occurred to so clever and acute a man, that such a "Gospel"—if it means anything but words—is but a message to our race of the primeval curse of the Old Dispensation, unrelieved and unredeemed by any of the charities or covenants of the New. I know no parallel to it, in point of consolation, except the discourse of the ranting preacher to the gipsy, in one of Hood's novels:—"Woman," cried he, "behold, I bring you glad tidings! You are an accursed race!" I do not marvel that in pursuing such a system to its legitimate conclusions, Mr. Carlyle should have blended in one picture, as heroes, the Founder of Christianity and the Prophet of Mecca.

While moralists and political economists thus combine to teach, and poets to sing, the sanctity of work, it would be quite unreasonable to expect that those who are called the "practical men" of the day would lag behind. I dare say you have all heard and read many discourses, in your time, concerning the dignity and nobility of labor. I myself have had the benefit of a great many; but I confess that the feeling which they have generally awakened, has been that of very profound disgust. The most of us understand, I am sure, from our experience, the very unpleasant though indispensable relation between the sweat of our brows and our daily bread. Upon that point, we certainly need no prompting; but to go beyond that—to collect a crowd of weary and toil-worn men together, and talk to them about the elevation and grandeur of the burden which weighs them daily to the ground—"no blessed leisure for love or hope"—is to pass, in my poor judgment, into the region of unmitigated cant and twaddle. No man, I believe, who is chained by necessity, along with the rest of the galley-slaves of this earth, to his toiling oar, can acquire from his own experience, unless he be strangely constituted, or from his observation of other people, any very lofty idea of the dignity of labor in itself. Respecting, for one, as far as respect can go, the manhood which treads the path of toil, however humble, to honorable independence—admiring, with heartiest admiration, the vigor and the constancy which hold men, through difficulty, sacrifice and pain,

unswervingly close to the duties and responsibilities of social and domestic life—I still can but regard the absorbing labor which makes the sum total of most men's existence, as one vast pool of Lethe, into which high faculties and generous feelings, joyous susceptibilities and graceful tastes, noble and gentle aspirations and priceless hours, go down, and are drowned out of hope and memory forever! I make no exclusion of any calling whatever, in this respect. I mean none. One may be more intellectual than another. One may give play to higher faculties than another. One may develop more of the purer and better nature than another. But I mean to say, that the tendency of any exclusive calling or profession which a man pursues for his bread, or for money, after he has bread enough—an occupation in which he merges himself and his thoughts—which dawns on him with the morrow's daylight, as it folded its raven wings above him, when he sank to his needful rest—is a plague and a scourge to him—his descended share of the hereditary blight to his race—bear it with what resignation and cheerfulness he may. And when I hear men peddling rhetoric about its dignity and its nobility, I am lost in surprise that the patience of the world should abide such infinite imposition. . . .

Can this be life? the life of men and nations? the intended orbit of a world which rolled into existence amid the songs of the morning stars, and arched over whose advancing pathway is the beauty of the bow of promise? It cannot be. We are living under a false philosophy, and are beguiled by a false science and by specious but empty words. The theory of our social progress, in its relation to individuals, is a mere delusion. We have taken fever for high health, and intoxication for happiness. We are sacrificing ourselves to our work. We are bartering life for the appliances of living. "We are pulling down our houses," as has been said, "to build our monuments." We have begun, socially and nationally, to feel the consequences. Can we not tear ourselves awhile, from this unresting idolatry of labor, and stand still to consider its effect upon ourselves, the human creatures who are the laborers?

A wise and true philosopher—one of the most able and enlightened thinkers and writers of the century, M. De

Sismondi, has left, among his various and admirable works, some most attractive essays upon Political Economy. When I say they are attractive, it will be readily understood that they do not belong to the Adam Smith School, which, perhaps, accounts for their not having been translated, except partially, into our language. This is to be regretted, certainly, as there are none who need the lessons which they teach, one-half so much as those who speak the English tongue. I know no writings which develop, with anything like the simplicity, wisdom and beauty of these essays, the rational philosophy of what Political Economy should be, if it aspires to rise above the level of a merely abstract science. The fundamental principle upon which they rest is this—that the human creatures who are assembled in society are, all alike, the objects, and the true and only objects, of any economical science which deserves the name; that Political Economy, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is but the science of accumulating wealth; while Political Economy, as it should be, is the science of so accumulating and distributing it, as best to promote the happiness and comfort of the men and women who produce it. The one is a system as abstract as mathematics—the other is the philosophy of individual and social happiness. The one deals with the producer as a machine, or as a unit in a calculation. The other regards him as a creature of flesh and blood—of hopes, desires and capabilities—to whom there is a future as well as a present—for whose enjoyment and development society was instituted. The object of the one is to cheapen the market—the object of the other is to economize human suffering and toil. . . .

How many men do we know, each of us, who are willing, with moderate fortunes, to rest on them—to give up or turn aside from their trades or their professions—in order to cultivate their minds, to improve and elevate their tastes, to form themselves for the duties of that essential, but almost non-existent class among us—the men of intelligence and cultivated leisure? We have high authority for saying that "Wisdom . . . cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise." How many do we know, any of us, who, in the maturity of their faculties, are willing—we will not say to desert their career, but to pause

in it merely, nay, even to slacken their pace, so that they may gather the fruit from the trees under which they pass—that they may have the opportunity of wisdom, of which the good man speaks? How many will say—cheerfully, or at all—"the labor of half the day suffices, I will devote the other half to myself?" Few, sadly few! . . .

In the Columbian Library, at Seville, I saw an old book on Cosmography, which had belonged to Christopher Columbus. It seemed to have been the text-book of his meditations, so full the margins were of notes in his handwriting. I noticed that he had not failed to mark, with most especial care, each passage in the ancient author, which told of spices, or of precious stones or metals, to be found upon the hills or through the valleys of the Indies. Indeed he had condensed such observations on some pages, and mountains all of gold, and islands strewn with pearls, were what he had prefigured as before him in his journey towards the setting sun. And yet, who dims the glory of that pure and lofty soul with one suspicion of a sordid thought? The wealth that made the Indies precious, was but the embroidered raiment of his dreams, and moved him none the more to grovelling appetite, than did the golden fringes of the clouds, beneath which, evening after evening, he sailed into the darkness—Manhood and Hope, like the angels in the legend, standing through its watches by his helm.

So, in the good old times, when merchants were princes, and deserved to be, the increase of wealth seemed of itself to work an enlargement of men's ideas. There was a perpetually expanding purpose in its pursuit a "large discourse, looking before and after." It had a past, on which it built, and a future, for which it labored grandly. Commerce was not, then, the speculation of to-day, or the hasty adventure of to-morrow—the short turn—the sharp bargain—the keen-scented thrift, snuffing news in advance of the mail. Glorious breezes filled its sails. The "lovesick winds" that wafted Cleopatra's barge, did not hover round more gorgeous canvas. Its freight was art, and literature, and civilization. The sea-weed, clinging now, like mourning drapery, along the marble walls of Venice, does but assert a rightful fellowship with splendor to whose triumphs the whole known seas were tribu-

tary. The pictures and the statues—the temples, the libraries, the palaces and gardens of Genoa and Pisa—of Florence, Bologna and Siena—all tell the story of great thoughts and noble tastes, which gold and trade may nurture, when nobleness and greatness deal with them. Judged by such standards—making all allowances for change of time and circumstances—conceding on the one side all that it has done for freedom and intelligence—requiring from it, on the other, fulfilment of the obligations since imposed on it by all the grand discoveries which science and genius have given it for handmaids—trade, as we find it now, is surely, in its spirit, far below the level of the high and intellectual calling which made itself so bright a name in history. I speak of its spirit and not of its material progress—of its influence on the men who pursue it, and not of its statistics. I am looking at the hand of the dyer, and not at the garish colors which flaunt from his door. The Son of Sirach has said, and I hope I may venture to say it after him, without offence, that "a merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong, and a huckster shall not be free from sin." I waive the question as to whether the Hebrews, in the days when Ecclesiasticus was written, furnished the most advantageous models of mercantile deportment; for I am quite persuaded that the great moralist told a truth in this, which was intended for all time. And if it be so difficult for men, in the legitimate paths of commerce, to avoid its corrupting tendencies, I fear they hardly can improve their chances by entering the still narrower walks of what commonly is known as mercantile retirement. Does a man widen the scope of his faculties, think you, or improve the opportunities of competence or leisure, because he withdraws himself from actual trade, to look after letting his money out on interest? Does he enlarge the domain of his heart, or open new sources of human sympathy, by watching the fluctuations of the stock exchange or the loan-market? Does the old age of mercantile industry grow in dignity or reverence under such influences? Does it thus heighten its claim to sway the opinions, and rule the counsels, and fashion the tastes and habits—nay, form the very destiny—of this magnificent Republic? Has it not rather let itself out on usury, with its capital, and made a sordid trade of its

faculties and opportunities? There may be—undoubtedly there are—some characters so privileged, that they can walk through the daily temptations of any calling, without a stain on their raiment. There are, in all professions, men fortunately constituted, who can find leisure in the midst of absorbing employment, and expansion in the very pressure of the most contracting influences—to whom literature blossoms, a spontaneous wayside flower, along every path; and art, and taste, and fancy, and graceful and refining thought and occupation, come smiling and ministering, like a reaper's joyous children who troop around him in the harvest field. So, too, in the least liberal pursuits of trade, are men, who gather and are generous—who grasp and yet give—whose hearts grow with their fortunes, and whose intellects expand with their experience—men with whom labor seems compatible with leisure, and whose manly nature has the ring of a metal purer than their gold. But such is not the common experience of the world, and it were not wise to write philosophy altogether for the Happy Valley, whose soil is the salt of the earth. We must deal with the rule—though we be thankful for the exception. . . .

It is of course impossible that all the baneful influences to which we have alluded, can operate upon the individuals who compose a nation, and yet fail to affect the national community itself. You cannot have the ocean at rest, when every separate wave in it is tossed as by a tempest. Thus there is, in the Republic of which we are citizens, the same feverish unrest which makes the citizens themselves build their houses of life upon quicksands—the same unwillingness, perhaps incapacity, to appreciate and quietly enjoy the blessings that are round about it. Of our actual greatness and future glory—of our expanding wealth, and territory and resources—the whole air is vocal with the tidings; but not a man, of those whom we call statesmen, lifts his voice to bid us pause and be happy in what we have; if we are free, to enjoy our freedom; if we are wise, to profit by our wisdom; if we are wealthy and powerful, to sit down in the sunshine of our wealth and power. With millions upon millions of acres, which we can neither cultivate nor enjoy, we are told that it is our policy to go searching after more. With peace

and plenty laughing at our doors, we are made to believe that we should welcome war, rather than not have the things we cannot need, which are far away from us. Has the age of political philosophers—of practical and honest public thinkers—died out altogether with us? Is there no one to tell us—with the voice of an authority which we will respect—that the true grandeur of nations is to be found in the development and happiness of the human creatures who live under their institutions; their true power in the virtue, independence and cultivation of their citizens; their own genuine and lofty mission, in their own example? For one, I had rather see the nation under whose flag I was born, compacted, for all time, within the limits where our fathers left it—with friendly and admiring nations growing up around it, enlightened by its example and blessed by its vicinity—its wealth brought home to be enjoyed, instead of being wasted in new conquests or the search after something more—its intellect devoted to its own civilization, instead of being maddened by crusading enterprise and its discord of ambitions—I had rather see this, than witness, as its destiny, the most magnificent march of empire that ever trod human hearts beneath its feet. I had rather see what already is our own, made to blossom with the arts of peace and beauty, than to hear of a province conquered, daily, for pensions, pre-emption rights, and land warrants! I should hold one fruitful, joyous, civilizing and refining hour of national repose, more precious than the most prodigal decade of national aggrandizement. . . .

Is there a nation, think you, save ours, on the face of the civilized earth, that has no national amusement except politics and steamboat excursions?—no manly, simple, common sports, which win crowds on holidays to robust and honest exercise and joy?—no links between boyhood and manhood, in the remembrance of common and innocent pleasure? We have, of course, the exotic enjoyments of music and the drama—though in but a modified degree, since a large part of the community are too good, and a very large part too busy, or too bad, to take genuine and healthy interest in them. But these have come to us—such as they are. They are not our own. We have, in fact, no national holidays, save of a political complexion; and the sports of those days are fierce

excitements rather of which the less that is said the better. I do not mention Thanksgiving, because its principal secular occupation is dinner, and that is too much of an unprofitable pleasure, we all know, to be permitted to occupy much of our valuable time. . . .

But after, and in embarrassing connection with this enumeration of the evils to be modified or cured—comes always the perplexing question—what is the cure? . . .

If those to whom Providence has vouchsafed education and liberal studies, and refining and intellectual occupation, will cast them all into the furnace (to vary Macaulay's admirable illustration), so that out of their gold may be made a calf, which they are content to adore—how can those with humbler opportunities and lower cultivation be expected to lift themselves into a loftier and purer worship? Upon those who have won the victories of life—to much or little purpose—are the responsibilities which belong to their position. Men are not worthy to be leaders of society, if they are not willing to undertake its guidance, and enlighten it by their example. One single private life, made noticeable by honorable effort and elevated tone—dignified, in its labors, by fidelity, and moderation, and in its leisure, by cultivation and true refinement—is, in itself and its attendant courtesies and charities, a noble republican institution. It is among the noblest, and worth a Senateful of demagogues and wranglers. When I see a man like George Peabody—a man of plain intellect and moderate education—who is willing to take away from the acquisition of successful trade, what would make the fortunes of a hundred men of reasonable desires, and dedicate it to the advancement of knowledge and the cultivation of refining and liberal pursuits and tastes, among a people with whom he has ceased to dwell, except in the recollections of early industry and struggle—I recognize a spirit which tends to make men satisfied with the inequalities of fortune—which is alive to the true ends and purpose of labor—which gives as well as takes—which sees, and in the very trophies of success, the high incumbent duties and the noble pleasures of a stewardship for others. And yet, one such man—in himself—in his life and the example which it gives—is worth tenfold more to a community, than all the beneficence of which

his heart may make him prodigal. And in that sense, the humblest of us may be benefactors to society. We have all one gift, at least, we can bestow on it—one Institute we can found—ourselves—cultivated, refined, developed, to the extent of our susceptibilities and faculties. And to this we come back at last that the only political or moral economy, whose lessons are other than a snare, is that which makes the vast workings of trade, and business, and profession—and struggles, inequalities and toils of life—subservient to individual development and happiness.

Let us then endeavor, practically, to divest ourselves of the unworthy idea, that we were made to be the slaves of our callings and not their masters. Let us strive—each in his allotted sphere, and with his influences, much or little—to live down the false philosophy which makes unrest and labor the only attributes of human duty, and spurns, as ignoble, tranquillity and contemplation. If ever a country needed the existence and services of a class whose habits and influences should counteract the feverish tendency of the whole race to excitement and the frenzy of gain and competition, ours is that one. We must cease worshipping men who are merely rich, as heroes. We must cease to regard all life as stagnant, except that whose waters are a whirlpool. We must learn to consider the season of toil as but the seed-time of rest. We must quench something of our thirst for public life and its excitements. We must recreate private life as a social institution, hedged around by the sanctities that belong to it and make it reverend. Men must teach their children that the private station, if honorably filled, is indeed the post of honor. Public men must be taught, by public opinion—in the shape, if need be, of public scorn—that to elevate the people, and not to flatter or corrupt them, is the road of successful ambition. Our moralists must cease their crusades against innocent amusements, and allow cakes and ale to other people, though they insist on being virtuous themselves. Our economists must spike the guns which they keep always levelled at the leisure that ventures to dwell or show itself where there is not a sign over the door. Those who work, in their turn, must forego their jealousy of those who rest. Those who have not enough, or who believe that they have not, or intend to

get more whether they have enough or not, must learn that it is bad sense, as well as bad taste and bad manners, to sneer at the refining occupations and modest desires of those who are willing to go upon the retired list, though with but half-pay. The social manifestations of wealth, too, must be something more than fine mansions, equipages and upholstery. Its pride, its pleasures, and its distinguishing characteristics must lie less in these. It must set itself to work to acquire or develop tastes, as well as to buy the products of taste. It must honor, and strive to appreciate art, as well as encourage artists —which though an excellent, is a very different thing. It must read books, as well as collect them in Gothic or Elizabethan book-cases. It must live in its houses, and open its doors, in sympathy and not in ostentation, to all who deserve to enter, and must make them welcome to the elevating influences which should dwell within. It must widen the social platform, so that all who are worthy may have room to stand on it. Men must be taught, by its encouragements, that their social position depends upon what they are—not upon what they have—that they can be poor and yet be prized. There must be an end of the humiliating and degrading doctrine—practically the maxim of the land—that all things worthy of struggle and ambition are like the mistletoe of the Druid, to be gathered only with a golden sickle. Thus, and not otherwise, can men be induced to turn aside, from their business and its gains, to themselves. Thus, alone, can they be tempted to cultivate the leisure which makes them men, instead of sacrificing what is best in them to the toil which makes them only rich.

Is this Utopia? It may be—yet, if it be, republicanism is Utopia likewise—for this, in its essence and its details, is neither more nor less than practical republicanism, rescued from the manipulations of the theorist and the unclean hands of the demagogue, and brought back to its legitimate and simple purpose—the advancement of human happiness. If it is not capable of condescending to so commonplace a destiny—if it is

> too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food—

if all its paraphernalia of principles and institutions can bring us nothing better, as their consummation, than a national life of turmoil and excitement, to grow powerful and an individual life of toil and sacrifice, to grow rich—it has fooled the world, and us especially, with a pretended mission, and should be listened to no more. Better bid it—with Bardolph's cozeners—"set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses," in search of "the solidarity of the peoples," or some similar Will-of-the-Wisp! I confess that I have a better opinion of it; and it is because I have, that I have ventured on so earnest an appeal, in its behalf—as I understand it.

THE EXILES OF PRAYER

He speaks! The lingering locks, that cold
  And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright, with childhood's clustered gold,
  When last that voice was heard as now.
He speaks! and as with flickering blaze
  Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
  His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah! who can tell what visions roll
  Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,
  His childhood's wakened memories rise!
The fields are green and gladsome still,
  That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
  Exultant echoes bounding come!

He treads that soil, the first he pressed,
  He shouts with all his boyish glee,
He rushes to his mother's breast,
  He clasps and climbs his father's knee;
And then—the prayer that nightly rose,
  Warm from his lisping lips, of yore,
Bursts forth, to bless that evening's close
  Whose slumbers earth shall break no more!

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood! we have still, in thee,
A link that holds us near to heaven!
When Mercy's errand angels bear,
'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
That blessed voice is surely thine!

God of his fathers! may the breath
That upward wafts the exile's sigh,
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
As the first prayer of infancy!
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
The old man heavenward seeks his way—
Thy light was on that morning track,
It can but lead to Thee and day!

BEAUTY AND FAITH

The Painter turned him to the sky,
And, as he gazed, a cloud went by,
Whose purple seemed to fold
A vision, round some golden hair
The morning stars a glory were,
And worshipped as they rolled.

Beneath his flashing pencil then
Grew forms of light, unknown to men,
And lo! the canvas gleams
As if the Painter's hand had caught
The vesture of a seraph's thought
To robe immortal dreams!

Time hath not dimm'd them! Pilgrims bow
Before that dazzling beauty now
As when, from opened heaven,
Rapt genius snatched its kindling ray,
And revelled in that glorious day
To inspiration given!

But he, the Painter, did he kneel
And in his own high phrensy feel
The awful, present God?
Not so! The shrine was poor and dim
Where faith, not beauty, lit for him
The path that angels trod!

Ah! for ourselves indeed 'twere well,
If Love were part of Fancy's spell,
And all things bright were dear;
If we could bless as well as build,
And Deity and worship filled
What temples we might rear!

In vain our hands shall altars raise,
Though meet they be for proudest praise,
And genius grave the stone;
For howsoe'er the gods be shrined
That lure the incense of the mind,
The heart adores its own!

TRUTH AND REASON

How beautiful the fantasy
That warmed the brain of him of old—
The watcher of the midnight sky—
Who, as the stars above him rolled,
Untaught of dim Primeval Cause
And crowned will and sceptered laws,
Had glimpses of a spirit-band,
Careering through the trackless air,
Each shaping, with a giant's hand,
The orbit of a blazing sphere!

A holier thought and not less bright
It is, that o'er the sands of time,
We walk not in the mystic light
Of Providence, far off, sublime—
Nor Fate, nor Chance, with baleful ray,
Kindles the lode-star of our way;

But that, where'er our tents are cast,
Each hath an angel by his side,
From the first life-sigh to the last,
His guardian, champion, friend and guide.

Such faith seems half idolatry
To speculation's earth-turned eyes,
But woe befall us, if we see
No truth save that in reason's guise!
The simplest child, in sun and storm,
Hath visions of God's awful form,
That dazzled science could not paint;
And he who bends to laws alone
May mock the worship of a saint,
Yet kneel unto a graven stone.

The Heathen, when his fancy gave
Their deities to all things fair—
Set Neptune's trident o'er the wave,
And temples made of earth and air—
Had more of worship in his heart,
More of religion's better part,
Than he who dives in reason's well
For all the truths to mortals given,
And from its depths alone, will tell
The starry mysteries of Heaven!

I would not that the dreams of old
Should veil again the darkened mind,
Nor mine their faith who idly hold
That to be wise we need be blind;
But, when I see how darkly lie
The plainest things before mine eye,
That with each turn of reason's wheel,
Falsehood and truth, both, upward go,
I can but think that what I feel
Is best and most of what I know!

CHRISTMAS

On the Swiss mountains, when I wandered there,
In the wild, awful passes, all alone,
A little cross of iron, cold and bare,
Rose, oft, before me, from some wayside stone.
Strange, uncouth names they bore—a holy sign
Traced by rude hands upon a rustic scroll,
And, blotted by the snows, a piteous line,
Begging our prayers for the poor sleeper's soul.

Some traveller it was, perchance, whose doom
The torrent of the avalanche had sped;
Mayhap was buried there some peasant, whom
The hunted chamois o'er the cliff had led.
His simple thoughts had never crossed the sea,
From whose far borders to his grave I came,
Yet, as a brother, called he unto me,
And my heart's echo gave him back the name!

Peace to thy spirit, Brother! I had felt
The quick'ning of the blood that wanderers feel,
At thought of home and country. I had knelt
At altars where the nations came to kneel—
But knew I never, in its depth, till when
Thy lonely shrine besought me for my prayer,
The sense of kindred with all sons of men—
One love, one hope, God's pity everywhere!

And so thy scroll, thou gentle Christmas-tide,
Reared on the cross, high o'er the wastes of time,
Speaks to earth's pilgrims, in His name who died,
Good will and peace and brotherhood sublime!
And, unto them that hail thee, chiefly worth
Are the glad wreaths thou twinest round the year,
For that thou bidd'st our kindled hearts go forth,
Wherever love can warm or kindness cheer.

Up the bleak heights of daily toil we press,
Too busy, with our journey and our load,
To heed the hurried grasp, the brief caress,
The brother fainting on that weary road.
Then, welcome be the hours and thoughts and things,
That win us from ourselves, a little while,
To that sweet human fellowship, which brings
The only human joy unstained of guile!

TO —

I've been a dreamer all my days,
Yet ne'er a dream came true—
And 'twould be strange if I could raise
A dreamland sprite for you;
You—through whose common, daylight air,
More gladsome visions sweep,
Than other, luckiest mortals, dare
To hope for—e'en in sleep!

Dream as you will then—brighter far
Your own pure thoughts, than all
The forms that round the midnight's car
A wizard's wand could call!
I only beg that, not too glad
Nor bright, your dreams may be;
For then—the chance were very bad,
That you should dream of me!

CATHARINE ANNE WARFIELD

[1816—1877]

CHARLES W. KENT

A SINGLE chapter at least in the romantic history of the Lower South should be devoted to the story of England's brief tenure of the Natchez country, and her use of it to reward by land grants some of her worthy sons. Among them was Captain Charles Percy, who, retiring from the British Navy on a pension, introduced into a life of pioneer simplicity the grand air of an English gentleman with large landed possessions. Just after his death, by which his children succeeded to ample property, his daughter, Mrs. Ellis, married Major Nathaniel A. Ware, of Natchez. He, too, had served his country, but in a civil position, for he had occupied the important office of Secretary of State of the Mississippi Territory.

To Major and Mrs. Ware two daughters were born; the elder, Catharine Anne, in 1816, and then, Eleanor Percy, whose birth was at the expense of her mother's life. The widowed father did not transfer his responsibility for his children to alien hands, but devoted himself, with assiduous devotion, to their rearing and education. In this he was controlled by two theories that got their chief value from his own intelligent application of them, namely, that home and not schools should furnish training for girls, and that travel was the most valuable complement to education through books.

These theories proved of very high value in the educational scheme improvised and executed by a man of such unusual scientific attainments as Major Ware, particularly when his own intellectuality was chastened and warmed by his grief for his wife's loss and his sympathy for his daughters, reduced to dependence upon awkward masculine guidance. Seeking their advantage, he moved to Philadelphia where he could summon skilled masters to his aid in giving them all the needed accomplishments. With all the advantages, however, of such an education under the tutelage of this old-fashioned Southern gentleman of wise leisure, there was the distinct loss of congenial companionship with other girls. But even this loss was more than offset, for the daughters were, of necessity, thrown on their own resources, and forced into intellectual association with their father and his friends.

Their talents, due, no doubt, in part to inheritance, but certainly

cultivated by study and travel, found outlet in literary expression, and, not unnaturally, in poetic form. When their shyness and reserve were subdued by friendly counsel and paternal request, they published, in 1843, 'The Wife of Leon and other Poems by Two Sisters of the West,' and encouraged by the reception accorded this first volume, ventured, in 1846, on another, entitled 'The Indian Chamber and Other Poems.' Both of these volumes must be reckoned among the books of promise rather than of performance, though the improvement of the second over the first suggests that fulfilment was fast following upon prophecy.

But our story of their work has outrun the course of their lives. At an early age Catharine married Elisha Warfield, a gentleman of Lexington, Kentucky. Here they lived among his distinguished connections until 1857, when a change in their circumstances induced them to move to a farm in Peewee Valley, near Louisville, Kentucky. In the meantime, Eleanor Percy had married Henry Lee, a Virginian resident in Mississippi. Their happy married life, spent in part on his estate in Hinds County, and later on Deer Creek, was terminated by the appalling epidemic of 1849. Her domestic life had, of course, seriously interrupted her literary productivity.

It was a similar devotion to household occupations and domestic happiness that restricted Mrs. Warfield's literary activities for a time to high conversation with her sister and father and to occasional contributions to newspapers. This could not satisfy for long a nature so well aware of its own unusual powers and so impelled by instinct and training to larger utterance. It was for this reason, presumably, that after the death of her sister, with whom, in affectionate collaboration, she had produced poetry, her mind struck out for itself a path through the expansive and inviting realm of fiction.

It was her first novel, 'The House of Bouverie' that made her fame, and her other books did no more than maintain it. This novel appeared in 1860, and was at once acclaimed as a virile and tragic novel of great dramatic power. Mary Forrest, in her very valuable book,* says: "We doubt if any such book was ever written before by an American woman—a work so great in conception and so masterly in execution."

Mrs. Warfield continued to reside near Louisville the remainder of her life, and died there in 1877. During this sojourn of about twenty years in this favoured Peewee Valley, she wrote, besides 'The House of Bouverie,' the following novels: 'The Romance of the Great Seal,' 'Miriam Montfort,' 'Hester Howard's Temptation,'

* 'Women of the South, Distinguished in Literature,' by Mary Forrest. Published by Derby and Jackson, New York, 1861.

'A Double Wedding,' 'Sea and Shore,' 'The Romance of Beauseincourt,' 'Feral Fleming,' and 'The Cardinal's Daughter.'

Mrs. Warfield's place in literature has been assailed by the popularity of modern novelists more facile and prolific than herself, but her position as a contributing factor to the development of Southern fiction is secure, and her work deserves the careful attention of the student though it may never again appeal to the general reader.

Charles W. Kent

THE BUILDING

From 'The House of Bouverie.'

My grandmother's spacious bedroom, ending in a half octagon, formed a central projection from the rear of the building. Three doors opened into this apartment from the sides that joined the house, and presented a stiff array, separated as they were by wide panels lined with mirrors. The central door opened with leaves into a square, or rather oblong, dining hall; the others, narrower and of simpler construction, gave into small rooms, evidently partitioned from the hall for convenience rather than symmetry, since the effect to the eye must have been far more liberal when the passage swept across the house, as I knew afterwards it had originally done. One of these chambers, some twelve feet square only, yet lofty and well ventilated, had been fitted for me with a care and taste that left me nothing to regret, even when I compared it with the comfort and luxury of my former home. That which I supposed to correspond with it on the other side (which indeed the form and size of the mansion made evidently the case), was kept strictly locked; and at first I conceived it to be my grandmother's oratory—recalling that of the mistress of Taunton Tower—or study, perhaps, where books and paintings, sacred to her eye alone, were cautiously concealed, as I had heard was the custom among the authors and artists of the world.

But my grandmother, I soon discovered, was neither the one nor the other; and when I found how simple, and even homely, were the details of her every-day life, I descended from my pedestal of fancy, and determined that this "Blue Beard Chamber," so mysterious and inaccessible to me, was nothing more nor less than a shy woman's dressing-room. A deep reticence of nature did indeed underlie, in a very remarkable degree, the sparkling cordiality of my grandmother's manner. You stumbled on this constitutional or habitual reserve, accidentally sometimes, as you might do on a stone hid in a bed of flowers, and with something of the same sharp, sudden anguish; but I am digressing to speak of this now. I wish to give at once, for reasons that will be plainer hereafter, as correct an idea as I know how to convey by words, of the construction of the house of Bouverie.

The central building, as seen from without, built as it was of the dun-colored sandstone common to that region, consisted of two stories surmounted by a circular dome or cupola. A glitter on the roof of this superstructure, which was observable at some distance from the mansion, pointed to the idea of a skylight or glass framework, which might, in the beginning, have lit the lower as well as the upper hall, if such, indeed, existed. No evidence that an upper floor formed any portion of the house was afforded by its internal construction; it contained no stairway, and the circular hall of entrance was ceiled over, so as to shut out any connection with that which might have been supposed to lie above it.

The house was built in the outline of a disproportioned cross, in which the small square vestibule in front, my grandmother's projecting chamber in the rear, and the two long wings, containing severally the gentlemen's apartments and accommodations and offices for servants, represented the four limbs. The main building contained only, as far as the eye could see within, the central circular hall, to which I have already referred, and one large room on either hand opening from this rotunda, and made square, or rather oblong, by means of triangular closets. The lateral hall, with its divided chambers, completed the quadrangles.

I understood later how it was that after her husband's death—one of violence and horror it was whispered—my

grandmother had cut off all communication with those upper rooms which he had chiefly inhabited, associated in her mind, as they were, with bloodshed and self-slaughter; and now,—as the dark legend crept stealthily around that night after night he might still be heard walking their floors, and had even been seen descending the spiral stairs that linked one circular hall with the other, while the moon shone down through the great skylight revealing to the startled watchers his ghastly lineaments and spectral form—she had, in the desperation of her fear and agony, sealed up forever those haunted and accursed chambers. For this purpose the stairway had been removed, and the space between the two halls floored and ceiled. This was done with an expedition that made food for conjecture in the neighborhood, having its origin, doubtless, in the almost frenzied terror of her own sensations, that caused her to spare neither expense nor urgency to have her alterations executed with despatch. The workmen who performed this task were summoned from a distant town and spoke in a foreign tongue. They came and went like shadows; and in this manner, she evaded, as much as possible, the neighborhood gossip and espionage which must otherwise have so annoyed her in her crushed condition. For, at the time all this was done, my grandfather's fearful death was recent; and the same artisans who removed the stairs and sealed away from sight and access those abhorred upper apartments, placed the simple marble obelisk, which bore his name, above his grave in the cedar grove.

A great lamp swung in the centre of that circular hall now, where the sunlight and moonlight had once streamed freely down from the transparent roof; and the restless ghost might walk forever in those large dim chambers, with their nailed-up windows, and disused and moldering furniture, and disquiet no one.

THE SECRET CHAMBER AND ITS OCCUPANT

From 'The House of Bouverie.'

In the centre of the room stood a ponderous rosewood bedstead, very dark from age, and shaped like a lengthened throne, and so placed as to give the inmate whatever advantage of light and air existed in that dusky atmosphere.

He lay on his snow-white bed propped with pillows scarce paler than himself, that remarkable man, whose face seemed to have become familiar to me in one brief gaze of terror and mystery. He was sleeping when my grandmother led me to his couch, and with noiseless step and lifted finger impressed on me the necessity of silence—sleeping the tranquil sleep of illness merged into debility.

"Dr. Quintil pronounces this a saving slumber," she whispered, "if not interrupted; yet if any observable change occurs during its continuance you must not hesitate to call him. He lies at present on the sofa in the opposite room, having watched all night; observe our patient closely, Lilian; I confide all to you!"

She withdrew, and I sat close by his side, watching a sleep that closely simulated that of death itself—so profound, so tranquil was it—and poring on his face, as though it were a book opened before me. An expression of tender repose, (if I may so express it), lingered over the thin, straight features, almost transparent from disease.

The gray hair, singularly indicative of strength and vitality, and bearing unmistakable traces of its original color, lay loose and wavy on the pillow. Long as it had seemed before, it had probably grown to an unusual length during his sickness, and now imparted an almost womanly character to his face and head.

His slender and elegantly formed hands were closed lightly on his breast, as those of the dead are often placed. A white napkin lay at his side, folded and glossy; but streaked and dappled with blood fresh from his bleeding lungs; a few Strombio roses were thrown carelessly by it, as if dropped from nerveless fingers.

Beside him, on a small table, was a flask of ice-water, a goblet of antique form, some grapes on a plateau of fine china, and a vial of pyramidal shape, filled with a liquid of such brilliant amber color that it seemed almost to diffuse rays of light around it.

During that long watch, my eyes became frequently riveted on this vial, and attracted by its lambent lustre, I raised it between them and the light so as to scrutinize the contents, I saw with an almost fascinated interest what appeared to be a hair of gold, waving to and fro in the liquid like a miniature serpent. Now rising to the top in spiral lines, as if trying to escape from its confinement; then collapsing in a ring to the bottom of the wide-based vial.

On the bottle a label was pasted, on which was inscribed, in small, clear Italian characters, the "elixir of gold." This, then, was that marvellous remedy, of which I had recently heard, for the first time, with more of interest than faith, I must confess! Here, then, was the realization of what had appeared to me to be but a mere fable!

A gentleman with whom we had met in travelling, a peculiar and striking person, whose name and mien indicated a foreign origin, had told Dr. Quintil a story in my presence, illustrative of the immediate efficacy of this medicine.

A child lay dying in a peasant's house, in which a horseman sought temporary refuge from the storm which raged without. Hope was over, and the death-struggle approached, the eyes were glazed and half-rolled back in their orbits—cold dew stood on the clammy face, the power of speech, of deglutition itself, was gone, when the stranger asked permission to pour a few drops from a small vial he drew from his bosom into the parted lips of the child. The request was granted, and at short intervals, he was allowed to repeat the experiment.

The subtle drug seemed to insinuate itself into the system without the assistance of the epiglottis; but, for a time, exerted little opposing influence against the power of the conqueror. He described the marvellous and sudden change that at last occurred—the returning hues of life, the renewed intelligence of the eye, the strength restored as if by magic. In an hour later the child sat up in bed, and called for food, and the next day rose to its feet convalescent! Such was the tale.

Something in the graphic manner of the narrator left the impression on my mind that he himself was the benefactor thus referred to, and I smiled at the faith the empiric lent to the work of his own hands—doubting not for a moment that the recovery he described had taken place from natural causes.

And now my incredulity seemed reasonably confirmed. Here was a dying man (he certainly seemed so to me) with this wondrous yet unavailing remedy in reach!

Yet what a radiantly beautiful fluid it was!

Had it been called "essence of sunshine," it would not have surprised me, for inherent radiance it certainly seemed to contain. I had just time to set the vial down, which I had raised between my vision and the line of light that came through the slightly opened door, when he awoke, coughing violently, and fixed his glittering eyes full on my face.

Aroused by the shrill summons, or perhaps already watching for such a signal, Dr. Quintil came almost instantly to his assistance, and sustained him in his arms; at the same time whispering to me to withdraw from the chamber, and remain without while the paroxysm lasted.

Fabius had arranged my breakfast in the hall on that great round table, from which books and papers were now cleared away, that stood beneath the skylight, and it was truly acceptable, for the day was on the tide, and I had not tasted food since the previous evening; I was half famished; yet I had hardly time to swallow a few mouthfuls and drink my coffee when Dr. Quintil called me from within.

I returned, greatly agitated. He was awake; he would speak to me. He, my mother's father! It was like the recognition of spirits in another world—ineffable, overpowering.

I advanced to the foot of the bed, and stood thrilled yet mutely before him.

"Come nearer, my love," he said, extending one long, thin hand to me, that fell in the next instant, almost lifeless, beside him. "Nearer that I may discern your features distinctly. Lilian, the child of Morna," he murmured, "the daughter of my child."

"Even so, grandfather," I said, as solemnly as ever a devotee gave back "Amen" to prayer and kneeling I bowed

my head on his nerveless hand, and my nature took on her new allegiance.

The very sound of his voice—clear, sweet, slightly tremulous at times, infinitely pathetic in its quality—vibrated through my whole being, as no sound, whether of speech or music, had ever done before. I felt, within me, then, the power won from the electric shock of the clashing chains of kindred in our veins; perchance to serve him faithfully from that hour with any sacrifice that he might see fit to demand, or that I might find it possible to make.

Yet, why was this? Others as nearly related to me had awakened no parallel enthusiasm in my soul. I have done wrong perhaps in thinking that it was the power of blood that stirred me thus. Was it not rather some fine magnetic influence totally independent of mere relationship, that rendered every faculty of my being as responsive to his will as the keys of the lute to the touch of the master player?

I know not how long I continued kneeling and praying silently beside him—if prayer might be called that almost unformed communing of my soul with God—more a mood than an utterance. He was now forbidden to speak; yet when I arose and stood beside him again, his beaming eye and smile were more eloquent than words. They seemed to say:

"Welcome, my love, to this solitary life of mine art thou as morning to the sleepless, or showers to the sear grass. Henceforth, thy being shall be blended with mine own, and the shadow that envelops me fall over thee also, even as from thy young existence, some light and joy shall gild the clouds of mine. For of this nature is the mighty and inscrutable bond of blood."

Such to my excited imagination seemed the meaning his mute but quivering features sought to convey; such the impression my mind received from their expression—never to leave it more.

Yet again I question, why was this?

ELIXIR OF GOLD AND BLOOD

From 'The House of Bouverie.'

He held my wrists in his grasp, silently for a time. I felt that he was counting my pulses.

"There is health enough in these young veins," he said, "to justify me in making the request I have sent for you to prefer. The rich life-blood abounds here even to superfluity. Lilian, you have blood, and to spare."

"Blood, grandfather!" I repeated, struggling slightly to withdraw my arm. "You do not want my blood, I hope. Is he insane, after all?" was the rapid thought that swept through me, "and is this a part of the past, so long esteemed a crime, mere madness at last?"

He relinquished his hold immediately, and said, with evident mortification: "You do not think I mean to harm you, Lilian?"

I stood before him with my head cast down, as the guilty stand before their accusers.

"No, no, indeed," I murmured, "I know you would not harm me, unless—unless—"

"Unless I were mad, Lilian, is that what you would say?" he asked, still surveying me with his piercing, reproachful eyes; then, waiting a moment for a reply which never came, he added, "you are right there; but I am not mad—have absolutely no capacity for madness, child. Listen, I only ask you for one cup of that generous blood, that flowed from my veins in the beginning."

"This is a strange fancy of yours, grandfather—a horrible fancy. Do you drink blood? Are you a vampire?" I tried to smile, but shuddered in the attempt. "I must not seem afraid," I thought, "for if this be mania, such evidence would increase it; and yet how can Fabius seem so unconcerned if he meditates any horrible thing? Perhaps they are going to unite and sacrifice me."

In spite of my better resolution, I felt myself trembling at the thought of playing the part of an unwilling Iphigenia. Fortunately, this passed unobserved.

"Hear me dispassionately," he said, "then decide as you

will. I ask your assistance in the preparation of a remedy on which my feeble life depends. I have been in the habit of drawing from my own veins, or those of Fabius, the required amount of fluid to complete my preparation; but since my long illness my strength has failed. His, too, declines, and unless the properties of perfect health be found in the blood thus used, it is of little or no avail. To-day I threw three hundred sovereigns, the last of my treasure, in the crucibles. All this will be wasted, unless I obtain the necessary ingredient wherewith to divide the smoldering mass from the ethereal spirit that makes the elixir."

"Why not use the blood of a lamb, or of a goat, grandfather; or beef's blood, as I have heard they do in sugar refineries? These can be easily procured, and human nature spared the horror of such an experiment."

"Because the chemical affinities are all wanting in these, that success depends on; but, Lilian, I will not urge you further; I will not ask again, even to save my own life, for a gill of the blood I gave you."

I was nerved to sudden determination by these words.

"Be sure you take no other, grandfather," I said, hazarding a feeble jest to raise my own courage. "Spare my De Courcy blood, I implore you;" and baring my arm, I stretched it forth, and turned away.

A small porcelain urn was brought forward, and Fabius breathed a vein with a dexterity that manifested practice. I had just begun to feel slightly faint and giddy, when my grandfather staunched the orifice, and bound my arm himself with bandages, in readiness for the occasion; first touching the wounded vein with a liquid that removed soreness from the arm and prevented all subsequent inconvenience.

"Aye, Lilian, this will do," he said, "this young and ruddy blood is what I needed. Do you know, child, that the time is not far distant when he who can afford to purchase such relays for his veins weekly, or even monthly, may put off death indefinitely? The surgeon will let young blood into the old man's veins, as easily as the barber trims his beard now, and it will be a part of the received hygeian system to do this, indispensable even to the toilet of every sexagenarian." He held the all but transparent cup between his eyes and the brilliant

lamps. "It is perfect," continued he, "every globule round as a drop of rain. I fear I have not spared your DeCourcy blood, as you requested, however. I think I discern a mixture; but come, you shall see the charm work. Medea was a bungler compared with Erastus Bouverie."

He led me to the crucible, red hot over its charcoal furnace, and, lifting the lid, showed me the dull, yellow molten mass within.

"Now look, Lilian."

He took from the marble slab, or counter, as I have elsewhere called it, a vial of white liquid, which, when opened, emitted the odoriferous and to me grateful and reviving smell of almonds, and bending over the crucible, poured in carefully about half the contents of the bottle, quickly replacing the close-fitting glass stopper.

Instantly, the seething mass stood still, a few large bubbles rose, flashed, dispersed, and a dull violet flame seemed to flit and flicker over the surface.

"Now, Lilian, all is ready. Look attentively, and behold the crisis!" His face was rigid as steel as he dashed in the blood.

The flame died out, the whole mass seemed to shudder and recoil; then separate as instantaneously as I have seen the curd and whey of milk divide under the action of an acid, or, to use a grandiose comparison, as earth and sea might have divided in the beginning of time. A mass of substance was precipitated to the bottom of the crucible, and oh, wondrous vision! in the clear, amber-colored fluid above, myriads of tiny serpents of flashing light seemed gliding, quivering, coiling in ring after ring, and springing in spiral movements to the surface!

"It is the vital principle at work," he said in suppressed tones, "electrifying the duller agent. The combination will be more than usually perfect. The blood of genius works well! Fabius, extinguish the fires." His voice was low and husky.

He spoke no more until this was done; then, steadily and slowly, and with every nerve strained to the fullest tension in the anxiety of the movement—for much depended on the accuracy of this movement—he poured into a silver bowl the wonderful elixir, preparatory to sealing it in crystal vials.

I HAVE SEEN THIS PLACE BEFORE

I have seen this place before—
'Tis a strange, mysterious truth;
Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,
In childhood or in youth;
I know these ruins grey,
I know these cloisters dim—
My soul hath been in these walls away,
When slumber chains each limb.

In a dream, a midnight dream,
I have stood upon this heath,
With this blue and winding stream,
And the lowly vale beneath;
The same dark sky was there,
With its bleak shade on my brow,
The same deep feeling of despair,
That clings about me now.

Friend, 'tis a fearful spell,
That binds these ruins grey;
Why came my spirit here to dwell,
When my frame was far away?
Can the wild and soaring soul
Go out on its eagle sweep,
And traverse earth without control,
While the frame is wrapped in sleep?

Hath memory caught a gleam,
From a life whose term is o'er,
And borne it back in that mystic dream—
Say, have I lived before?
Or was prophetic power
To that midnight vision lent?
Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower?
Speak! thou art eloquent.

MADELINE

All day that name has haunted me—
That sweet and gentle name—
Like some deep olden melody,
Forgotten long by fame,
Which in one unforgetting heart
Is loved and prized alone;
Beautiful from the thoughts that start
To life with every tone.

Oh, Madeline!—dear Madeline!
Thy name hath still a spell,
To lead me from this passing scene,
Back with the past to dwell.
And when I hear that gentle word,
So beautiful to me,
Wild tears within my heart are stirred,
I yearn to be with thee.

Thou hast a foreign grave, my friend,
A lone Italian bed;—
Oh! do green trees above thee bend?
Are blossoms o'er thee shed?
Or do the wild rank weeds alone,
In all their Southern bloom,
Clamber around the simple stone
They placed to mark thy tomb?

It is not there that thou shouldst sleep,
Nor yet in vault or aisle,
Where the sweet rain may never weep,
The glad sun never smile.
In that lone dell where clings the moss,
Hid from the burning noon,
Where evermore a fountain voice
Singeth the same low tune;

Where the wild flowers grow tall and fair
In the sun-chequered shade,
And the song of birds is in the air,
Should thy low grave be made.

I would that I could share thy sleep,
I sicken to depart:
I'm weary of the thoughts that keep
Their vigils in my heart.

I'm weary of the daily care,
The hourly dread and strife,
The joys that pall, the dreams that wear,
The energies of life;
I'm weary of the light and vain
That still to me are dear;
The hearts too weak to give again
The love I lavish here.

I meet on earth no sympathies;
My spirit stands alone;
I see with deeper, sadder eyes,
Than those around me thrown.
My smiles are sadder than my tears;
My sky is overcast;
I live with dreams of other years,
And memories of the past.

Even as I sit and dream alone
Within this antique hall,
With its dim echoing floor of stone,
Its dark empannelled wall,
With its neglected glimmering hearth,
Its twilight grey and drear,
Amid my lone and voiceless dearth,
I dream that thou art here.

I think I still can see thee stand
Amid the dying light;
Still hear thy voice, still touch thy hand,
As on that parting night;
For whereso'er thy step hath been,
Where'er thy voice was free,
To me—to me—dear Madeline,
Thou seemest still to be.

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